July 28, 1986

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Arsenic and Old Lace—A slam-bang revival of a hit comedy of the early nineteen-forties. The cast is headed by Jean Stapleton, Polly Holliday, and Tony Roberts. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/7/86.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cuba and His Teddy Bear—Robert De Niro is a Hispanic drug dealer (cocaine), who is bringing up his teen-age son. Reinaldo Povod's first play is considerably better than promising; Mr. De Niro's performance is remarkable, and he is well supported by Burt Young, Ralph Macchio, and Paul Calderon. Bill Hart directed. (6/2/86) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Saturday, July 26, at 2.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy with Swoosie Kurtz, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, Aug. 3: Gilbert and Sullivan's **PATIENCE.** (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mummenschanz—A return engagement by the mime-and-mask trio. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—Old-fashioned mock-Victorian nonsense, with book and songs by Rupert Holmes and direction by Wilford Leach. The cast includes George Rose, Betty Buckley, and Loretta Swit, to say nothing of the audience itself, which is put to work in the second act. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Gus Edwards' **LOUIE AND OPHELIA,** about the affair of a middle-aged Bronx couple—a mismatch from the start—is as humorous as it is disturbing. Love conquers all. In the leading roles, Elain Graham and Douglas Turner Ward could not be better. Mr. Ward directed. (5/26/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

Nunsense—A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A musical with a score by Grant Sturiale and book, lyrics, and direction by Barry Harman. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Out!—A drama by Lawrence Kelly. (Judith Anderson, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Perfect Party—A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s deliberately mannered comedy about a professor who is obsessed with perfection is often disappointing, but just as often Mr. Gurney's wit and high spirits break through the Wildean mold to redeem it. The acting by John Cunningham, Debra Mooney, and Charlotte Moore is very good. John Tillinger directed. (4/14/86) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sills & Company—The return of Severn Darden along with several other distinguished alumni of Paul Sills' "Second City" in Chicago, in an evening of cheerful improvisation. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Social Security—A lively, conventional comedy by Andrew Bergman, well acted by Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, Stefan Schnabel, Olympia Dukakis, and Kenneth Welsh. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sovereign State of Boogedy Boogedy—André De Shields in a comedy by Lonnie Carter, with music from the fifties and sixties. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A hit twenty years ago and deservedly a hit today. Bob Fosse has been its chief maker, assisted by Neil Simon (book), Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields (songs), and Robert Randolph (scenery). The star is a stunning little singer-dancer-gamine named Debbie Allen. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Today I Am a Fountain Pen—A play by Israel Horovitz. (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Vienna: Lusthaus—This evocation in dance, mime, acting, and music of turbulent Vienna before the First World War is often beautiful and always entertaining. It was created and directed by the imaginative Martha Clarke, with music by Richard Peaslee—the pair responsible for "The Garden of Earthly Delights" a couple of years ago. Witty text by Charles Mee, Jr. (5/5/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Wednesday through Saturday at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 27.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical version of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." Twain's great novel has been respectfully dealt with in a book by William Hauptman, with music and lyrics by Roger Miller. Heidi Landesman has somehow managed to put the Mississippi River onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum,"

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and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,920 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE SEARCH FOR SIGNS OF INTELLIGENT LIFE IN THE UNIVERSE:** A show that has nothing whatever to do with its title, which is just as well. It does have Lily Tomlin clowning her merry way through a number of skits by Jane Wagner, many of them very funny. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** The only two reasons for going to see this curious mishmash of a show are Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee, and perhaps those two reasons are enough. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

SPALDING GRAY—A monologuist presenting two programs. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 2; and Sundays at 7:30: **SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA.** . . . ¶ Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8: **TERRORS OF PLEASURE.** (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Closes Sunday, Aug. 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA—Presenting "Alice," "Hot House: Thriving on a Riff," and "Angali." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Wednesday through Friday, July 23-25, at 8; Saturday, July 26, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 27, at 3.)

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PILAR RIOJA—Programs of flamenco dance. (Repertorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Wednesday through Saturday, July 23-26, at 8, and Sunday, July 27, at 3 and 7.)

CLARK CENTER SUMMER DANCE FESTIVAL '86—Wednesday through Saturday, July 23-26, at 8, and Sunday, July 27, at 5: Tap dancer Charles (Cookie) Cook, Pat Cannon's Foot & Fiddle Company, and members of Ballet Hispanico of New York. On July 23, James (Buster) Brown will replace Mr. Cook. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 3, at 5: Paul Andrew Thompson & Troop Three. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. Through Sunday, Aug. 10. For information about tickets, call 246-4818.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the Oak Room you will find the vocal group Montgomery, Plant & Stritch singing and pattering in harmony Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow, nautical bar, restaurant, and jazz haunt. The weekend musicians: Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, pianist **LARRY VUCKOVICH** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ;** Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, tenor saxophonist **AL COHN** and his trio. Other groups can be heard the rest of the time. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—One-woman shows are the current fare here: Helen Schneider performs "A Flapper's Folly" Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine, and Sandra Reaves-Phillips sings and talks about "The Late Great Ladies of Blues and Jazz" starting Thursday, July 31, at eleven. Daytime-TV star Candice Earley sings on Monday nights at eight-thirty.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. Pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his trio and flutist **DAVE VALENTIN** and his quintet share the bandstand through Sunday, July 27; Haze Greenfield brings in his All-Stars (**JAKI BYARD, TOM HARRELL, RON MC CLURE,** and Newman Baker) on Monday, July 28; and singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** arrives on Tuesday, July 29. Music after nine. Tuesdays through Sundays after the last set until four in the morning, Jazz Messenger Jean Toussaint and his band provide the music. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Folk, rock, jazz, comedy, tables, chairs, and fries. The lineup, in part: Wednesdays, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday, July 25, **NRBQ;** Saturday, July 26, Rick Derringer; Thursday, July 31, Cabo Frio and **BILL EVANS** & TKO; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, ex-Stones guitarist Mick Taylor. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, Type A conversationalists, and some very good pianists (who play the very beautiful concert grand Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor) and bassists. **NORMAN SIMMONS** and **STEVE LA SPINA** work together through Saturday, July 26, and **JOHN HICKS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** move in on Monday, July 28. **KENNY WERNER** is the Sunday-night man. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLOS I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Gosh. It's so *nice* in here—long tables with pink tablecloths and pink napkins—you might mistake it for a jazz club on a movie set but for the real musicians onstage. Singer-songwriter **OSCAR BROWN, JR.,** has written a show about life in this city called "Sliced Apple," and he will be performing it, with support from his wife, daughter, and son, every night except Monday at nine and eleven. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The paintings of rabbits and of children and their guardians on the walls of the Bemelmans Bar are by Ludwig Bemelmans and the seamless piano music is by **DICK WELLSTOOD.** He plays Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs music room. **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who has a small, light, wispy voice that seems to float along beside a song, is singing here Thursdays through Sundays. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining. Closed Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—A Turtle Bay supper club, whose current resident, **MICHELE BAUTIER,** has a big, agile voice and a repertoire that runs from Berlin and Ellington to Joe Raposo and Janis Ian. She can be heard Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A cathedral-size bar and restaurant where you can hear and see (from the bar, however, you may want to use binoculars) good pianists. Through Saturday, July 26, **KUNI MIKAMI;** Monday through Thursday, July 28-31, **HAL SCHAEFER;** and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, **ROGER KELLAWAY.** Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, and at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN** sings with guitarist Scott Hardy and bassist Jay Anderson through Saturday, July 26; singer-pianist **BOB DOROUGH** (who collaborated with Dave Frishberg on "I'm Hip") and bassist **BILL TAKAS** begin a stint on Wednesday, July 30; Sundays and Mondays Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING.** All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. The dining-room grand is in the hands of Mike Lipskin through Saturday, July 26; **RALPH SUTTON** will settle in on Wednesday, July 30. Mondays belong to **DICK HYMAN,** Sunday, July 27, to Keith Nichols, and Tuesday, July 29, to Jim Badzik. Music Sundays through

Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant, low-key bar and restaurant in the piano-bass district. **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** team up through Saturday, July 26, and **RAY BRYANT,** an exuberant interpreter of the blues, takes over on Tuesday, July 29. Music at about nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—You can tell you're in New York and not in Texas: when they serve you a hamburger, they bring a jar of Dijon mustard along with it. Wednesday, July 23, the **RADIATORS;** Thursday, July 24, **ELVIN BISHOP,** with Mark Wenner, Pete Ragusa, and Jan Zukowski of the Nighthawks, plus Bobby Radcliff and the Illusions; Friday through Sunday, July 25-27, the Kreutzmann/Margen Band; Monday, July 28, David Lindley and El Rayo-X; Tuesday, July 29, Louisiana swamp cat **DR. JOHN;** Wednesday, July 30, Mitch Ryder; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, La Bamba and the Soozie Tyrell band. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—You can't get a meat pie or play darts in here, the beer is served in wineglasses, and the music tends to be traditional American jazz: this is a mid-Manhattan pub, after all. Two former big-band singers, **CHRIS CONNOR** and **ANITA O'DAY,** are sharing the bill now. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The partial schedule: Wednesday, July 23, Justin Page; Thursday, July 24, Ananda; Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Tuesday, July 29, the Mike Dolan band; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2, flugelhornist **ART FARMER'S** quartet, featuring **CLIFFORD JORDAN** on tenor saxophone. Music from about ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Thursday, July 24, Cactus World News; Friday, July 25, the **BLASTERS,** minus guitarist Dave Alvin; Saturday, July 26, Adolescents, Descendants, and Social Unrest; Thursday, July 31, the Cramps; and Saturday, Aug. 2, **X,** to whom **DAVE ALVIN** has taken his guitar and his rockabilly shoes. Shows begin after nine Sundays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—On its busy weekends, this club feels like the rush hour in Rio, and the music is the kind you won't find on "Solid Gold." Wednesday and Thursday, July 23-24, at ten, Jorge Ben; Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, **MIKATA;** Tuesday, July 29, the Black Rock Coalition Orchestra; and Wednesday and Thursday, July 30-31, Ras Posse: Freddie MacGregor, Brigadeer Jerry, and Peter Broggs, with the Studio One Band. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Knotty-pine walls and adventurous music: the **ART FARMER–BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET,** which features the front line it had when it opened at the Five Spot in 1959—**FARMER** on flugelhorn, **GOLSON** on tenor saxophone, and **CURTIS FULLER** on trombone—will be here through Sunday, July 27; the **LIBERATION MUSIC ORCHESTRA,** which is led by the fervent bassist **CHARLIE HADEN** (who also appeared at the Five Spot in 1959, with Ornette Coleman), will take the bandstand starting Tuesday, July 29. Mondays belong to trumpeter **OLU DARA** & the Okra Orchestra. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A simple basic blues and rock club. Wednesday, July 23, the Cor-Vairs, with Modern Pioneers; Thursdays, July 24 and 31, "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz," an R. & B. musical; Fridays and Saturdays, July 25-26 and Aug. 1-2, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Sunday, July 27, the Urbations; Monday, July 28, the ten-piece R. & B. band **JUMP STREET;** Tuesday, July 29, Cheryl Wheeler and Lucille; and Wednesday, July 30, Diane Scanlon. Shows after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa in the downstairs room at nine on Mondays; on July 28, **CONJUNTO CLASICO, BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA NUEVA COMPANIA,** and **JOHNNY PACHECO** will all be present. . . . ¶ On the Terrace after nine-thirty, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** engage in lively piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** drops by on Tuesdays, too.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty-one years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." Pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** saxophonist **FRANK WESS,** bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS,** and drummer Terry Lynn Carrington, who make up the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET,** will make hot New York Jazz through Sunday, July 27, and on Tuesday, July 29, tenor saxophonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET** will descend the stairs with his sixteen-piece big band. Monday nights are Blast-Off Nights for the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of jazz, blues, and comedy. Guitarist **DOM MINASI'S** trio is in the house through Sunday, July 27; the Ronnie Cole trio accompanies singer Laura Watson on Tuesday, July 29; and vibraharpist **JAY HOGGARD'S** ensemble moves in on Wednesday, July 30. Mondays are comedy nights. Music from about nine.

Whippoorwill, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—Seascapes, snowscapes, and bodyscapes are on the walls of this downstairs establishment. On the bandstand through Sunday, July 27, is a combo headed by organist **JIMMY MC GRIFF** and saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD,** and beginning Tuesday, July 29, it's drummer **CHICO HAMILTON'S** sextet. Mondays are claimed by trumpeter Tex Allen's band. Music from ten. Dining. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in Joanna (675-7900), **TOMMY FLANAGAN** is at the piano and **GEORGE MRAZ** is on bass through Sunday, July 27; **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** a bop-school pianist, begins a residence on Tuesday, July 29; and pianist **JACK WILSON** and bassist **BOOTS MALESON** fill in on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. **TAL FARLOW,** a stirring guitarist whether he plays lickety-split or at a lope, performs with bassist **GARY MAZZAROPPI** through Saturday, July 26; pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** will be on hand starting Monday, July 28. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jazz in July—Wednesday, July 23: Al Cohn & Buddy Tate, Derek Smith & Dick Hyman, the Copasetics, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: Vince Giordano & the Nighthawks, Dick Hyman's 92nd Street Red Hot Peppers, and Stan Kurtis. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29: Ralph Sutton & Jay McShann, Dick Wellstood & Dick Hyman, the Classic Jazz Quartet, Mike Lipskin, and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30: Peanuts Hucko, Toots Thielemans, Kenny Davern, Eddie Daniels, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: Dick Hyman, Ivan Davis, and the 92nd Street Y Jazz Festival Orchestra conducted by Maurice Peress. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

Neil Diamond—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday, July 24, through Thursday, July 31, at 8.

INXS—With Del Fuegos. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, July 26, at 8.)

Julio Iglesias—With Roseanne Barr. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Aug. 1, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

John Chamberlain—Four large recent sculptures, plus smaller works. Through Sept. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jan Groth / Gerhard Richter—Large black-and-white tapestries, plus pencil drawings, complement a show of the artist's work at the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	1	2

Guggenheim. / Abstract paintings on paper. Through Aug. 8. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robin Hill / Hannah Villiger—Abstract sculptures in wax, both natural and pigmented. / The artist's own body is the subject of her *photographs. Through Aug. 27. (Zabriskie,* 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Robert Israel—Ink drawings of costume designs for "Vienna: Lusthaus" and for the Seattle Opera's production of the Ring Cycle. Through Aug. 15. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Michael Mogavero—Still-life paintings. Through Friday, Aug. 1. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St. Opens at noon.)

David Montgomery—Cutout wall sculptures of torsos and figure fragments. The material is found metal, some of it with the patina that only time can give. Through Friday, July 25. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—Olympian doodles extracted from forty-five sketchbooks detailing the artist's day-to-day work. (He kept a hundred and seventy-five sketchbooks during his life.) Through Friday, Aug. 1. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

James Rosenquist—Prints and drawings complement a show of his paintings at the Whitney Museum. Through Friday, July 25. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Drawings and watercolors by an Austrian Expressionist. Through Thursday, July 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens Tuesdays through Fridays at noon.)

Thomas Schindler—Heavily symbolic oil paintings, bringing together bits of armor, a crown of thorns, massive nails, an artist's palette, strands of barbed wire. Through Aug. 15. (Sharpe, 175 Avenue B, at 11th St. Opens Wednesdays through Sundays at 1.)

The Dog Days of August—A lively summer show in which every dog has his day, if that's not putting too fine a point on it. Paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Willie Cole, Larry Holmes, John Kindness, William Wegman, and others. Through Aug. 20. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 20 W. 57th St.: The twenty-fifth annual Old Master print exhibition. Through Friday, Aug. 1. . . . ¶ The gallery has loaned to the Educational Alliance, 197 East Broadway, near Canal St., prints by artists (Baskin, Lozowick, Nevelson, others) who studied there. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **AUSTRIAN INSTITUTE,** 11 E. 52nd St.: Linoleum cuts, woodcuts, and other graphics, dated 1914 and 1915, by fashion and interior designers connected with the Vienna Workshop (Wiener Werkstätte). Through Aug. 29. . . . **AVENUE B GALLERY,** 167 Avenue B, at 11th St.: Four artists, from Germany, Scotland, Austria, and France, are participating in the initial Avenue Biennale. Through Sunday, July 27. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Jacobo Borges, Roxi Marsen, and Jim Peters are among fifteen artists represented by paintings and works on paper. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART,** 54 E. 68th St.: "African Aesthetics: The Carlo Monzino Collection," comprising works in wood, mainly, but also in gold, ivory, bronze, stone, and terra-cotta, and including the famous "Black Venus." Through Sept. 7. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **DAVIS,** 568 Broadway: Works by seven artists, including an abstract diptych by Andrea Belag and a wall sculpture in mixed mediums by Michael Gitlin. Through Saturday, July 26. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A show entitled "The Northern Landscape: Flemish, Dutch, and British Drawings from the Courtauld Collections" contains some of the major exponents of the landscape genre between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, among them Bruegel (Pieter, the Elder), Collaert, Constable, and Turner. Through Saturday, July 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by ten gallery regulars, who were asked to render something that is, for them, experimental, and by ten invited artists, who merely had to deliver large-scale drawings. William Beckman, William T. Wiley, Jo Anne Carson, Jim Gingerich, and others. Through Aug. 15. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: A show that complements the "Vienna 1900" exhibit at the Modern; works on paper, including prints, by Klimt, Schiele, and Kokoschka. Through Sept. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 99 Greene St.: Paintings by Helmut Federle, Olivier Mosset, John Armleder, and Gerwald Rockenschaub. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: American paintings from the first fifty years of this century, by Demuth, Hartley, Marin, and others, and by contemporary gallery artists, among the latter Karen Breunig and John Heliker. Through Friday, Aug. 1. . . . **LAMAGNA,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures, including a dazzler by Mattie Berhang, whose hanging sculpture gives the illusion of a box shape in space. Through Friday, Aug. 1. . . . **LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES,** 41 E. 57th St.: A dark-green canvas with a ribbon of red, white, and blue painted down one side, by Annette Lemieux, and a stained-glass panel, by Matt Mullican, catch the eye in a four-person show. Christopher Wool and the collaborators Fortuyn/O'Brien are also shown. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Paintings and works on paper by Susan Rothenberg, Wayne Thiebaud, Donald Sultan, and others. Through Friday, Aug. 1. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St.: Visionary landscape paintings by Tod Wizon, a painting in mixed mediums by Brigitta Rohrbach, a large diptych by Chuck Connelly, and other works. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **SCHOELKOPF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by first-generation American modernists Dove, Nadelman, Maurer, and others. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **HOLLY SOLOMON,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by ten young Italian artists. Through Friday, July 25. . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Two painters new to the gallery, Margaret Bowland (portraits) and Harry Orlyk (plein-air landscapes), are represented along with regular members. Through Aug. 15. . . . **TOLL,** 146 Greene St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and sculptures by eight gallery artists, including Liliana Porter, Steven Campbell, David Mach, and Dennis Kardon. Through Thursday, July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: Twelve contemporary Spanish architectural projects are outlined in a show of drawings, photographs, and models. Through Aug. 7. (Open Saturdays.) . . . **VIAFORA,** 568 Broadway: Drawings by Judith Shea, Richard Artschwager, Francesco Clemente, and others. Through Wednesday, July 30. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: An exhibit of unusual murals which affords a nice confrontation, on facing walls, between Sol LeWitt's cool, logical designs and one of Judy Pfaff's tangled caprices. The other artists are Michael Glier, Dorothea Rockburne, Vernon Fisher, and Krzysztof Wodiczko. Through Friday, July 25.

¶ Exhibitions of works by gallery members can also be seen at: **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **COOPER,** 155 Wooster St. . . . **CUTLER,** 164 Mercer St. . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 231 E. 60th St. . . . **FISCHBACH,** 24 W. 57th St. . . . **GERMANS VAN ECK,** 420 West Broadway. (Opens at noon.) . . . **HOFFMAN,** 429 West Broadway. . . . **MC KEE,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **PERLOW,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.

Sculpture—At the **GIBSON,** 568 Broadway: Tony Cragg, Mario Merz, Lawrence Weiner, and others. Through Wednesday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HERSTAND,** 24 W. 57th St.: An all-American all-abstraction selection, with pieces by Bourgeois, Calder, Wilmarth, Joel Fisher, and others. Through Aug. 15. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Figurative sculptures by William King, Marisol, Linda Peer, and others. Through Wednesday, July 30. (Closed Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bill Brandt (1904-83) / **Picasso** (1881-1973)—Vintage photographs of nudes. / Manipulated and cutout prints resembling his Cubist paintings. Also, portraits of the artist made by his contemporaries—Man Ray, Irving Penn, Robert Capa. Through Friday, Aug. 1. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Wendell MacRae (1896-1980)—Prints of New York in the thirties and forties by an artist who was a staff photographer for Rockefeller Center during its construction. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; opens Saturday, July 26, at noon.)

Jay Maisel / Todd Webb—Large-scale photographs of the American landscape over the past thirty years. / Photographs concentrating on New York and Paris and dating from 1945 to 1960. Through Sept. 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Rosalind Solomon—The Museum of Modern Art has mounted a show of prints by an artist who has found a connection between, for example, a Santa on duty in the Northgate Mall in Chattanooga, Tennessee, a condomblé *initiation in Brazil, and a wedding in Burma.* See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

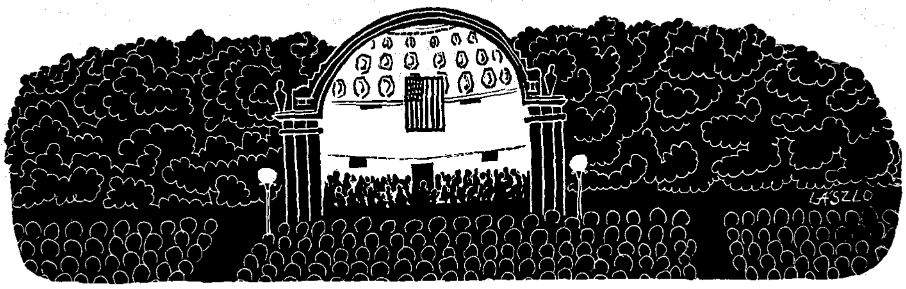
John Thomson (1837-1921)—Albumin and carbon prints of the Orient by a Scottish photographer. Through Aug. 3. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Mostly contemporary photographs centering on sporting activities—rodeos, football, hunting, fishing. Eadweard Muybridge, Garry Winogrand, Nancy Dwyer, Stephen Frailey, and others. Through Aug. 29. . . . **LAURENCE MILLER,** 138 Spring St.: Photographs and works that incorporate photographs, by Lee Friedlander, Sandra Haber, Gary Brotmeyer, and others. Through Friday, July 25.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Japanese color woodblocks reflecting the impression Westerners made on late-nineteenth-century Japanese artists. Lincoln Kir*stein gave these prints to the museum.* Through Sept. 7. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza of garments and accessories evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Through Aug. 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & Design," an exhibit that cuts a wide swath through a pivo-



tal period in the early history of modernism in Europe. Paintings and drawings by Klimt, Kokoschka, Schiele, and others; Vienna Secession posters; and decorative arts from the Wiener Werkstätte, among them a wrought-silver vitrine by C. O. Czeschka. . . . ¶ A comprehensive selection of prints by Jasper Johns. Through Aug. 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by Rosalind Solomon. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with popular turn-of-the-century Viennese music performed by an ensemble of Juilliard alumni, and—*wunderbar*—an open-air period café.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"The Expressive Figure from Rousseau to Bacon," paintings, sculptures, and works on paper that are based on the figure but were done during the rise of abstractionism. Through Sept. 1. . . . ¶ A small show of sculptures and collages by Louise Nevelson, including an environmental piece called "The Floral Garden," which the artist recently gave to the museum. Starts Thursday, July 24. . . . ¶ A display of six large-scale tapestries by Norwegian artist Jan Groth, and related drawings in crayon. A complementary show is at the Marian Goodman Gallery, 24 W. 57th St. Through Sept. 1. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of large-scale paintings by James Rosenquist, including many of his Pop Art works. Through Sept. 21. A complementary show (ending Friday, July 25) is at Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ Shaker design, exemplified by furniture, textiles, farming equipment, cooking utensils, etc., plus watercolors done as religious tokens. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ A show of Robert Cumming's drawings, photographs, prints, and sculptures of imaginary machines, completed since the late sixties. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—On the third floor, refurbished galleries house the museum's Egyptian archeological and artistic works from 1291 to 30 B.C. . . . ¶ The Third Western States Exhibition: a hundred and twenty-seven works by forty-five contemporary artists, most of whom have not shown their art in our region before. Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the nineteenth-century American artist William Rimmer, including two of his best-known works—the bronze "Falling Gladiator" and the oil "Flight and Pursuit." Through Monday, July 28. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of recent North American Indian textiles, pottery, baskets, jewelry, and carvings. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The virtuosity of Hungarian metalsmiths is underscored in a display of gold and silver objects dating from the ninth century to the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . . **NOTE:** On Tuesday, July 29, at 6:30, the Michael Gordon Philharmonic will perform compositions of experimental music by David Lang, Jeffrey Brooks, and Mr. Gordon.

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese porcelains, first and foremost (but also Japanese-influenced wares from China and Europe), which were exported to England when a passion for Arita and Kakiemon gripped collectors there. These particular pieces are from Burghley House and most appear on its inventory lists dated 1688 and 1690. Through Sunday, July 27. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Twenty-four contemporary American artists have looked to Jewish history and interpreted it in paintings, sculptures, graphics, and photographs. Bill Thompson's fourteen-foot-wide photocollage of an Auschwitz gas chamber, Audrey Flack's Photo-Realist rendering of a Margaret Bourke-White photograph of survivors of Buchenwald, Rodney Ripps's abstract canvas of the land of Israel, and Ann Sperry's welded-steel sculpture entitled "The Creation; Seven Days" are included. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings, watercolors, prints, and photographs (some of the latter by Beato, Frith, and Bourne) that document British rule in India. Through Thursday, July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-three paintings of animals and birds commissioned from seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Italian, Flemish, and Dutch artists by various Medicis, whose households seem to have been enlivened with pheasants, two-headed lambs, storks, and, of course, lapdogs and hunting dogs. On loan from the Pitti Palace. Through Sept. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"Damaged Goods" is the provocative title of a show about glamorous-looking consumer products which visitors enter through Justen Ladda's gantlet of extended arms (they are attached to pedestals crowned with jello), emerging into a gallery of familiar objects pressed into unfamiliar contexts. Through Aug. 10. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—About seventy specimens of botanical illustration will be displayed in books, prints, magazines, drawings, and watercolors: the laurel tree of Carolina (*Magnolia altissima*) from Catesby's volume "The Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands" (1731-43); lilies and azaleas from Paxton's *Magazine of Botany* (nineteenth century); paintings and drawings by Asher Durand, Baroness Hyde de Neuville, and others. Starts Friday, July 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A twelve-foot painted-plaster diorama of the Statue of Liberty made by its sculptor, Bartholdi, salutes visitors to a scholarly tribute entitled "Liberty: The French-American Statue in Art and History." Taking care of the art part are models, maquettes, photographs, and paintings, showing both the influences on the statue's design and some of the art engendered by it; the history section details funding, construction, shipping, negotiations, and the 1886 dedication by President Cleveland. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

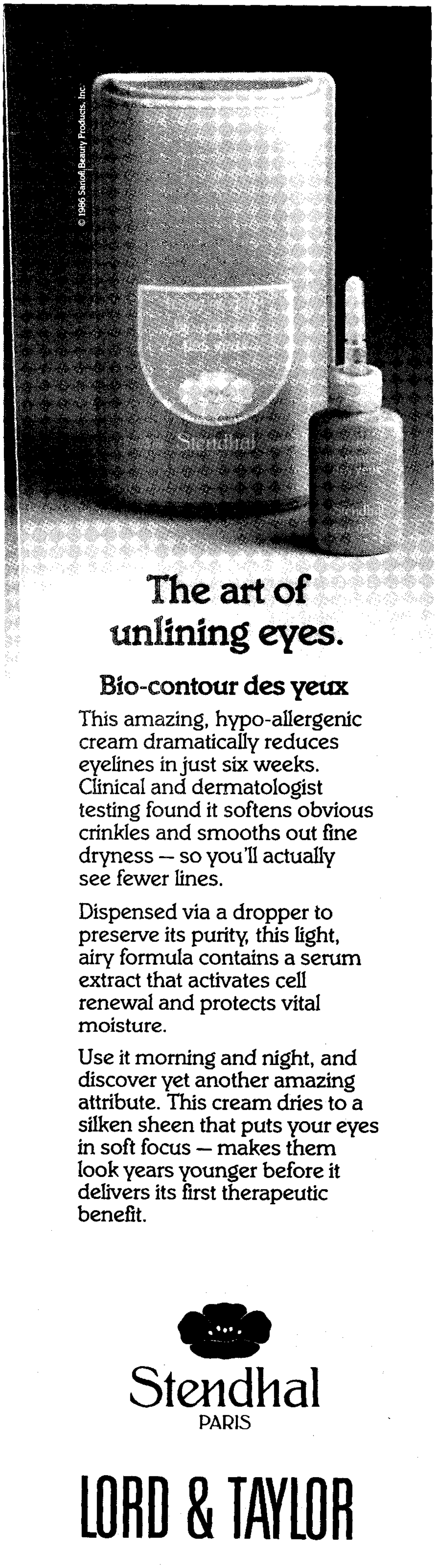
(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Peter Rose (performance), Friday through Sunday, July 25-27, and Thursday through Sunday, July 31-Aug. 3, all at 8.

NOTE—A company of dancers, musicians, and others will perform in Anne Elias's "Paint, Shades & Blinds," at the New York Experimental Glass Workshop, 142 Mulberry Street, on Friday and Saturday, July 25-26, at 9. Tickets at the door.

MUSIC

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, July 23, at 8: A new production of Massenet's "Werther," with Claudette Peterson, Wendy White, Jerry Hadley, and William Stone; conducted by Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Elizabeth Holleque, Richard Leech, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 2: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Cynthia Rose, Kurt Link, and Timothy Nolen; Hugh



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wolff. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8: "Die Fledermaus," with Leigh Munro, Claudette Peterson, Michael Cousins, and Theodore Baerg; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29, at 8: "Werther," with Claudette Peterson, Wendy White, Jerry Hadley, and William Stone; Sergiu Comissiona. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30, at 8: "Carmen," with Susanne Marsee, Margaret Cusack, John Absalom, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 8: "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," with Faith Esham, Michael Cousins, Stephen Dickson, and Stanley Wexler; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 8: The company's première of Massenet's "Don Quichotte," with Victoria Vergara, Samuel Ramey, and Joseph McKee; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Maria Spacagna, Jane Shaulis, Richard Leech, and Robert McFarland; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elizabeth Hynes, Erie Mills, Cynthia Rose, Kurt Link, and Timothy Nolen; Hugh Wolff. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, *which start at 8, with pre-concert* recitals at 7—Wednesday, July 23: Edo de Waart conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, and Cho-Liang Lin, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: *The Beaux Arts Trio. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday*, July 25-26: Edo de Waart conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. On Sunday, July 27, at 3, this program will be repeated. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27: Pinchas Zukerman and Marc Neikrug in a program of Mozart sonatas for violin and piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Monday, July 28: The Tokyo String Quartet, with Emanuel Ax, piano, and Pinchas Zukerman, viola. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 29-30: Gerard Schwarz conducting the orchestra, with Mr. Ax and Oscar Shumsky, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: Members of the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, with Michele Zukovsky, clarinet, and David Jolley, horn. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 1-2: Robert Shaw directing the orchestra, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano; Marvis Martin, soprano; Lucille Beer, mezzo-soprano; Randall Outland, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the Westminster Choir. (No pre-concert recitals.) (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 23.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 24, at 8:30: Alfred Brendel, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 7: Malcolm Lowe, violin. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Brahms program, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting a Bernstein-Tchaikovsky program, with Mi Dori, violin, in a Serge and Olga Koussevitzky Memorial Concert. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa and Oliver Knussen conducting a Knussen-Beethoven program, with Mr. Brendel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29, at 8:30: The Juilliard String Quartet, with Bernard Greenhouse, cello. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30, at 8:30: Benjamin Luxon, baritone, and Frederick Moyer, piano, performing Schubert's song cycle "Die Schöne Müllerin." . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 7: Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute; Harold Wright, clarinet; Jules Eskin, cello; and Gilbert Kalish, piano, in an all-Weber program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: A program of music for brass instruments, performed by the Canadian Brass, the Empire Brass, and ten members of the Boston Symphony, with Seiji Ozawa, conductor. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8: Seiji Ozawa directing the Boston Symphony in a concert version of Weber's opera "Oberon," with Elizabeth Connell, soprano; Paul Frey and Philip Langridge, tenors; Mr. Luxon; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 2:30: Neeme Järvi conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 31. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

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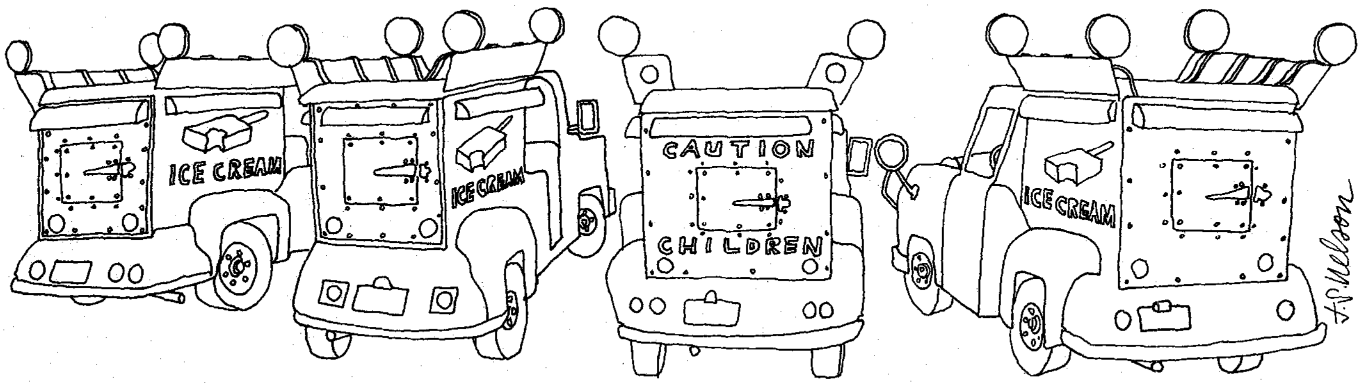
Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 24, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with David Oei, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25, at 9: The ensemble in an all-Mozart program, with Debra Vanderlinde, soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ *Sunday, July 27*, at 5:30: The ensemble in an all-Bach program, with Gerald Ranck, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31, at 4:15: The ensemble in a C.P.E. Bach–Prokofiev–Dvořák program. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1, at 9: John Finney, organ; Stephen Taylor, oboe; and the ensemble in a program of baroque music. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: John Nelson directing the orchestra in a performance of Handel's oratorio "Theodora," with Juliana Gondek, soprano; Shirley Close, mezzo-soprano; Michael Dash, countertenor; Peter Kazaras, tenor; Jeffrey Wells, bass; and the Caramoor Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3, at 5:30: The Beaux Arts Trio in an all-Haydn program. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 24. On Saturdays, trains leave Grand Central Terminal at 12:48, 2:48, and 5:48, and are met at Katonah by buses for Caramoor. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Wednesday, July 23: The Monkees, Herman's Hermits, Gary Puckett & the Union Gap, and the Grass Roots. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 24: Joan Armatrading and Graham Nash. . . . ¶ Friday, July 25: Peter, Paul & Mary. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 26: .38 Special and Honeymoon Suite. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 27: Mr. Mister and the Bangles. . . . ¶ Monday, July 28: Whitney Houston. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 29: The Kingston Trio, the Limeliters, and Melanie & Glenn Yarbrough. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30: Tex Beneke's orchestra, with Helen Forrest and the Modernaires & Paula Kelly, Jr. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 31: Manhattan Transfer. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 1: Loverboy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2: John Denver. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 3: Julio Iglesias and Roseanne Barr. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Sunday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 399-4444, in New York.)

Summerfare '86—Final performances of a festival of music, dance, and theatre. **WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, AT 7:30:** Craig Smith directing the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra in a performance of Mozart's opera "Così Fan Tutte." . . . **WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, JULY 23-24, AT 7:45:** The Guthrie Theatre production of Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 25, AT 7:30:** "Così Fan Tutte." . . . **AT 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 8:** Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . **AT 8:15:** "Conversations on a Homecoming," a play by Tom Murphy, presented by the Druid Theatre Company of Galway, Ireland. . . . **AT 8:30:** "Phoenix Travelling Circus," a production of Compañias Divas, an all-female Mexican theatre troupe. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 26, AT 2:45 AND 7:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 5:** An all-Haydn concert. . . . **AT 8:** Pilobolus Dance Theatre and, also, Craig Smith directing the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Jeanne Ommerie, soprano; Mary Westbrook-Geha, mezzo-soprano; Frederick Urrey, tenor; Sanford Sylvan, bass-baritone; and the Westchester Choral Society. . . . **AT 8:15:** "Conversations on a Homecoming." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Phoenix Travelling Circus." . . . **AT 10:45:** Leroy Jenkins' Sting. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 27, AT 2:** Joan Benson, clavichord and fortepiano; Barbara Harbach, harpsichord; and Gilbert Kalish, piano, in a four-hour program of Haydn sonatas. . . . **AT 2:30:** "Così Fan Tutte." . . . **AT 2:45:** "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . **AT 3:** Pilobolus Dance Theatre. . . . **AT 3:15:** "Conversations on a Homecoming." . . . **AT 3:30:** "Phoenix Travelling Circus." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 31, AT 8:** The Druid Theatre Company production of Synge's "The Playboy of the Western World." . . . **AT 8:15:** A trilogy of one-act plays by Samuel Beckett—"Footfalls," "Enough," and "Rockaby"—performed by Billie Whitelaw. . . . **FRIDAY, AUG. 1, AT 8:** "The Playboy of the Western World." . . . **AT 8:15:** The Beckett trilogy. . . . **SATURDAY, AUG. 2, AT 5:** Julianne Baird, soprano; Christopher Hogwood, fortepiano; and the Amadeus Winds in an all-Haydn program. . . . **AT 8:** "The Playboy of the Western World," Susan Marshall & Company in a program of modern dance, and Mr. Hogwood and others in a second all-Haydn program. . . . **AT 8:15:** The Beckett trilogy. . . . **AT 10:45:** The Chico Freeman quartet, with Cecil McBee, Larry Willis, and Freddie Waits. . . . **SUNDAY, AUG. 3, AT 3:** "The Playboy of the Western World," Susan Marshall & Company, and Mr. Hogwood conducting a new orchestra in a Haydn-Mozart program, performed on original instruments, with Malcolm Bilson, fortepiano. . . . **AT 3:15:** The Beckett trilogy. (State University of New York at Purchase. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900. For information about round-trip bus transportation from Lincoln Center to Purchase, call 1-914 963-6585.)

Waterloo Festival Orchestra—The fourth and fifth in a series of six weekly concerts. Saturday, July 26, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano. At 7:30, Mr. Schwarz will conduct a pre-concert performance of Barber's "Mutations from Bach," for brass choir and tympani. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2, at 8:30: Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg, violin. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. Through Saturday, Aug. 9.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing—Through



Saturday, July 26: The Mark Morris Dance Group. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 29-Aug. 2: Pilar Rioja and the Mandala Folk Dance Ensemble. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. Through Saturday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, July 23, at 1. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Friday, July 25, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, July 26-27, at 1:30. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Monday, July 28, at 7:35; Tuesday, July 29, at 5:35 (doubleheader); and Wednesday, July 30, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Montreal, Friday, Aug. 1, at 7:35, and Saturday, Aug. 2, at 7:05.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** Daily at 1; through Monday, July 28. The Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 26. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:45 and 1:13, and Saturday and Sunday between 11:01 and 1:19.) . . . **SARATOGA:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30, from Wednesday, July 30, through Monday, Aug. 25. The Schuylerville, Wednesday, July 30; the Test, Thursday, July 31; the Saratoga Special, Friday, Aug. 1; and the Whitney Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 2. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 26, and the Sorority, Saturday, Aug. 2. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Aug. 30. The Matchmaker, Saturday, July 26.

TENNIS—Volvo Tennis/New Jersey. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Wednesday through Friday, July 23-25, at noon and 7; semifinals Saturday, July 26, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, July 27, at 12:30. For information about tickets, call 1-201 740-1715.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8 and Tuesdays at 1; through Sunday, Aug. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 2.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Gunther Herbig conducting the second in a series of three programs. **VAN CORTLANDT PARK,** Bronx, Wednesday, July 23, at 8. . . . **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Monday, July 28, at 8. . . . **MARINE PARK,** Brooklyn, Tuesday, July 29, at 8. . . . **SNUG HARBOR,** Staten Island, Wednesday, July 30, at 8.

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summer series. Friday, July 25: Joan Armatrading and Graham Nash. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 30: Santana. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 2: Jean-Luc Ponty and Stanley Jordan. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. Through Saturday, Sept. 13. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays and Sundays at 8.) . . . ¶ The Max Morath quintet. (Monday, July 28, at 7.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Performances in the 72nd Street Bandshell—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in the last two in a series of productions. Thursday, July 24, at 7:30: Verdi's "Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio." . . . Thursday, July 31, at 7:30: Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." (The rain date for either production is Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ Bethune Big Band. (Saturday, Aug. 2, at 3.)

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC—Tania León conducting a program of symphonic jazz, with Noel Pointer, violin. (Prospect Park Bandshell. Friday, July 25, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Park Picnic House.)

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Arturo Delmoni conducting the Festival Orchestra and acting as violin soloist. The second in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 29, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

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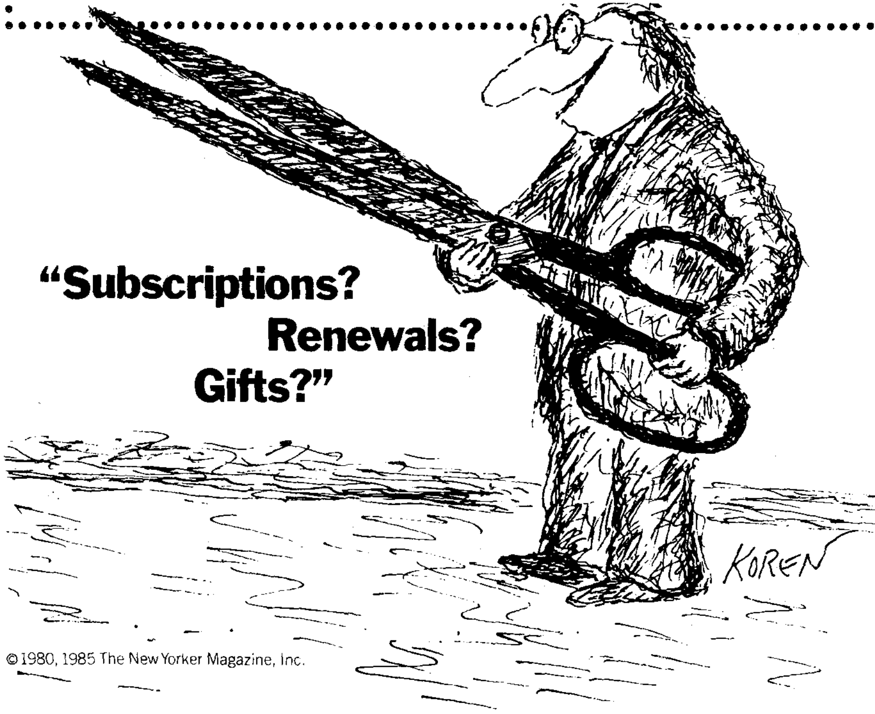
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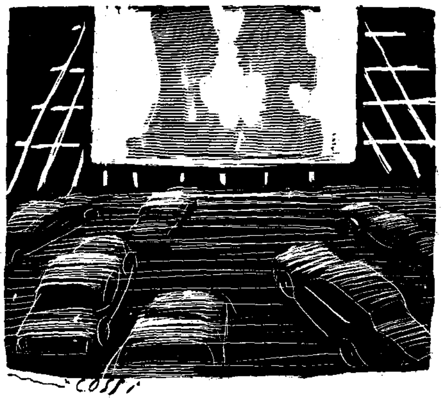
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 12.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through July 24: "After Hours" (†) and "Dreamchild" (†).

From July 25: A program of films by Larry Cohen; and "Dreamchild" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).

Theatre 2: "Club Paradise" (directed by Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis.

Theatre 3: Through July 24: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 25: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

Theatre 2: "Back to School" (†).

Theatre 3: Through July 24: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. From July 25: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

"Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Love Songs" (Elie Chouraqui), with Catherine Deneuve, Christopher Lambert, and Nick Mancuso.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.

Theatre 2: Through July 24: "Club Paradise" (Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis. From July 25: To be announced.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Theatre 2: Through July 28: "Saving Grace" (Robert M. Young), with Tom Conti. July 29: Theatre closed. From July 30: "Flight of the Navigator."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"Top Gun" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Mona Lisa" (†).

Theatre 2: "Malcolm" (Nadia Tass), with Colin Friels and John Hargreaves.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Back to School" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 24: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly. From July 25: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Ruthless People" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

Theatre 2: Through July 24: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick. From July 25: "Legal Eagles" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"3 Men and a Cradle" (Coline Serreau; in French).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through July 24: "Legal Eagles" (†).

From July 25: "Heartburn" (Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Back to School" (†).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.

Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Under the Cherry Moon" (Prince), with Prince. From July 25: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.

Theatre 2: Through July 24: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through July 29: "Meantime" (1983; directed by Mike Leigh), with Marion Bailey; and other films produced by Britain's Channel 4 television. From July 30: "The Assam Garden" (1985; Mary McMurray), with Deborah Kerr and Madhur Jaffrey.

Theatre 2: July 23: "L'Avventura" (1959; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "Il Grido" (1957; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Steve Cochran, Alida Valli, and Betsy Blair. July 24-26: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer. July 27-28: "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers. July 29-30: "A Portrait of th Artist as a Young Man" (†) and "Ulysses (†). July 31-Aug. 2: "The Seventh Seal" (and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker S (674-2560)

Theatre 1: Through July 24: "What Ha pened to Kerouac?" (Richard Lerner an Lewis MacAdams), a documentary. Fro July 25: "Vagabond" (†).

Theatre 2: "Hail Mary" (Jean-Luc Godar in French).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), wit David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.

Theatre 2: "Ruthless People" (†).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mon days through Fridays, theatre opens in th late afternoon.)

Theatre closed.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. a 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "About Last Night . . ." (†).

Theatre 2: "A Great Wall" (Peter Wang; i English and Mandarin), with Wang.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Salvador" (†).

Theatre 2: Through July 24: "Hard Choices (Rick King). From July 25: "Vamp" (Ric ard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace.

Theatre 3: Through July 24: "Hannah an Her Sisters" (†). From July 25: "Letter t Brezhnev" (Chris Bernard).

Theatre 4: "Desert Hearts" (Donna Deitch).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Top Gun" (July 25-29: (Matinées only) "The Grea Mouse Detective," an animated film; an (evenings only) "Top Gun" (†). From Jul 30: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Ma shall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Glea son.

Theatre 2: Through July 29: "The Karat Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), wit Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morit From July 30: "Flight of the Navigator."

Theatre 3: Through July 24: "The Grea Mouse Detective," an animated film. Fro July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle with Anthony Michael Hall.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Great Mouse Detective," an animate film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through July 29: "Pirates" (Roman Polan ski), with Walter Matthau.

From July 30: "Flight of the Navigator."

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Spring Symphony" (Peter Schamoni; in Ger man), with Nastassja Kinski.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

"Hannah and Her Sisters" (†). No perfor mances on Wednesday, July 23.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"About Last Night . . ." (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through July 24: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

From July 25: "Heartburn" (Mike Nichols with Meryl Streep and Jack Nicholson.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757 2280)

Theatre 1: Through July 29: "Vagabond" (†) From July 30: "Men . . ." (Doris Dörrie; i German).

Theatre 2: Through July 29: "A Great Wall (Peter Wang; in English and Mandarin) with Wang. From July 30: "Men . . ."

Theatre 3: "The Girl in the Picture" (Car Parker), with John Gordon-Sinclair an Irina Brook.

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877 4040)

Theatre 1: "Ran" (†).

Theatre 2: "Letter to Brezhnev" (Chris Ber nard).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724 6745)

Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).

Theatre 2: "Sincerely Charlotte" (Carolin Huppert; in French), with Isabelle Hup pert.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 3: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 4: "About Last Night . . . " (†).
Theatre 5: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 6: "Ruthless People" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Club Paradise" (Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: Through July 24: (Matinées only) "The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film; and (evenings only) "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins. From July 25: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 3: Through July 24: "Top Gun" (†). From July 25: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.
Theatre 4: Through July 24: (Matinées only) "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly; and (evenings only) "Back to School" (†). From July 25: "Vamp" (Richard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Under the Cherry Moon" (directed by Prince), with Prince.
Theatre 2: "Club Paradise" (Harold Ramis), with Robin Williams, Peter O'Toole, and Rick Moranis.
Theatre 3: Through July 24: "The Color Purple" (†). From July 25: "Maximum Overdrive" (Stephen King), with Emilio Estevez.
Theatre 4: Through July 24: "Cobra" (George P. Cosmatos), with Sylvester Stallone. From July 25: "Legal Eagles" (†).
Theatre 5: Through July 24: "Raw Deal" (†). From July 25: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly.
Theatre 6: Through July 29: "Big Trouble in Little China" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell. From July 30: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Ruthless People" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 24: "Short Circuit" (†). From July 25: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
Theatre 4: "Ferris Bueller's Day Off" (John Hughes), with Matthew Broderick.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through July 27: "Psycho III" (Anthony Perkins), with Perkins.
From July 28: Theatre temporarily closed.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Legal Eagles" (†). From July 25: "Vamp" (Richard Wenk), with Chris Makepeace.
Theatre 2: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Great Mouse Detective," an animated film.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "Labyrinth" (Jim Henson), with David Bowie and Jennifer Connelly. From July 25: "Out of Bounds" (Richard Tuggle), with Anthony Michael Hall.
Theatre 2: Through July 29: "About Last Night . . . " (†). From July 30: "Nothing in Common" (Garry Marshall), with Tom Hanks and Jackie Gleason.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "Aliens" (James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver.
Theatre 2: "Aliens."

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through July 24: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From July 25: "Haunted Honeymoon" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Gilda Radner.
Theatre 2: "Back to School" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 24: "Barbarella" (1968; directed by Roger Vadim), with Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law, and David Hemmings; and "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.
July 25-26: "They Came from Within" (1976; David Cronenberg), with Paul Hampton; "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar; and "Rabid" (1977; David Cronenberg), with Marilyn Chambers and Frank Moore.
July 27-29: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "Smash Palace" (†).
July 30-31: "Clue" (1985; Jonathan Lynn; endings A, B, and C); and "Foul Play" (1978; Colin Higgins), with Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase.
Aug. 1-2: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "Silkwood" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 23: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "The Worst Woman in Paris?" (1933; Monta Bell), with Adolphe Menjou, Benita Hume, and Harvey Stephens.
July 24-26: "Topper" (1937; Norman Z. McLeod), with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, and Billie Burke; and "Ninotchka" (1939; Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, and Sig Rumann.
July 27-28: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "Midnight" (†).
July 29-30: "The Bank Dick" (1940; Edward Cline), with W. C. Fields and Una Merkel; and "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1946; George Marshall), with Bob Hope and Joan Caulfield.
July 31-Aug. 2: "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn; and "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
July 23: "Café Flesh" (1983); and "Demon Seed" (1977; Donald Cammell), with Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver.
July 24: "The Company of Wolves" (1985; Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner; and "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" (1974; Jaromil Jires; a Czech film).
July 25-26: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze and Jackie Joseph; and "The Kirlian Witness" (1978; Jonathan Sarno).
July 27: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Say Amen, Somebody" (†).
July 28: A program of cartoons.
July 29: "Hollywood Out-Takes & Rare Footage" (1983); and "Moron Movies" (1985).
July 30: "A Hard Day's Night" (†) and "Yellow Submarine" (†).
July 31: "The Magic Christian" (†); and "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" (1972; William Sterling).
Aug. 1: "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin; and "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger.
Aug. 2: "Five Easy Pieces" (†) and "The Last Detail" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
July 23: "The World of Apu" (1959; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali); and "The Music Room" (1958; Satyajit Ray; in Bengali).
July 24: A program of cartoons.
July 25-26: "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze and Jackie Joseph; and "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns.
July 27: "We All Loved Each Other So Much" (†) and "Viva Italia!" (†).
July 28: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943 †) and "Cluny Brown" (†).
July 29: "Barry Lyndon" (1975; Stanley Kubrick), with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson.
July 30: "The Wanderers" (†); and "The Dark End of the Street" (1981; Jan Egleson), with Laura Harrington.
July 31: A program of cartoons.
Aug. 1-2: "Immoral Tales" (1976; Walerian Borowczyk; in French); and "The Beast" (1975; Walerian Borowczyk; in French), with Sirpa Lane.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
July 23: "Detective Story" (1951; William Wyler), with Kirk Douglas, Eleanor Parker, and William Bendix; and "The Desperate Hours" (1955; William Wyler), with Humphrey Bogart, Fredric March, Martha Scott, Arthur Kennedy, Dewey Martin, and Gig Young.
July 24: "Performance" (1970; Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
July 25-26: "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.
July 27-28: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned;" 1950; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish); and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal.
July 29: "Blood and Sand" (1941; Rouben Mamoulian), with Tyrone Power and Rita Hayworth; and "Captain from Castile" (1947; Henry King), with Tyrone Power and Jean Peters.
July 30: "Monsieur Verdoux" (†) and "Limelight" (†).
July 31: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains; and "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937; William Keighley), with the Mauch Twins and Errol Flynn.
Aug. 1-2: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945; Richard Thorpe) and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941; W. S. Van Dyke),

BAIT
Presto

both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: July 24 at 2:30: "Love and Anarchy" (1971; directed by Lina Wertmüller; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato. . . . ¶ July 24 at 6: "Swept Away" (1974; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2:30: "Le Farò da Padre" (1974; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Luigi Proietti and Irene Papas. . . . ¶ July 25 at 6: "Scent of a Woman" (1974; Dino Risi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Vittorio Gassman. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2: "Swept Away." . . . ¶ July 26 at 5: "Love and Anarchy." . . . ¶ July 27 at 2: "Scent of a Woman." . . . ¶ July 27 at 5: "Le Farò da Padre." . . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: "L'Ingorgo" (1979; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Marcello Mastroianni, Alberto Sordi, and Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶ July 28 at 6: "My Friends" (1975; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi, Philippe Noiret, and Adolfo Celi. . . . ¶ July 29 at 2:30: "Alfredo, Alfredo" (1973; Pietro Germi; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Dustin Hoffman, Stefania Sandrelli, and Carla Gravina. . . . ¶ July 29 at 6: "Come Have Coffee with Us" (1970; Alberto Lattuada; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Ugo Tognazzi. . . . ¶ July 31 at 2:30: "My Friends." . . . ¶ July 31 at 6: "L'Ingorgo." . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 2:30: "Come Have Coffee with Us." . . . ¶ Aug. 1 at 6: "Alfredo, Alfredo." . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 2: "Lo Scopone Scientifico" (1972; Luigi Comencini; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi, Silvana Mangano, Bette Davis, and Joseph Cotten. . . . ¶ Aug. 2 at 5: "Un Borghese Piccolo Piccolo" (1977; Mario Monicelli; in Italian, with English subtitles), with Alberto Sordi and Shelley Winters.

Theatre 2: Theatre closed.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (82nd St. entrance on Tuesdays) (570-3949)—July 23 "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Eva Marie Saint . . . ¶ July 24: "Yankee Doodle Dandy" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with James Cagney Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. . . . ¶ July 25: "Carousel" (1956; Henry King), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones. . . . ¶ July 28: "The Mirror Crack'd" (1980; Guy Hamilton), with Angela Lansbury. . . . ¶ July 29 "The Deer Hunter" (1978; Michael Cimino) with Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken and Meryl Streep. . . . ¶ July 30: "Charade" (1963; Stanley Donen), with Cary Grant Audrey Hepburn, and Walter Matthau. . . ¶ July 31: "Love Me or Leave Me" (1955 Charles Vidor), with James Cagney and Doris Day. (All showings at 6:30. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St. (860-1863)—"Murder, Inc." (1960; Bud Balaban and Stuart Rosenberg), with Peter Falk Stuart Whitman, and Mai Britt. (Tuesday July 29, at 7.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

About Last Night . . .—In "Sexual Perversity in Chicago," David Mamet's one-act play about singles bars and the hostility between the sexes, Bernie, the major character, is a macho braggart; his stooge, the passive Danny, soaks up Bernie's poison—his obsession that women are out to trap them. In this adaptation, written by Tim Kazurinsky and Denise DeClue, and directed by Edward Zwick (it's his first picture), Danny, played by Rob Lowe, is the major character—and a hero. He's intimidated by his pal Bernie (Jim Belushi), but he learns to trust his love for Debbie (Demi Moore) and get off the singles treadmill. And Debbie casts out the doubts that are engendered by her roommate, the caustic Joan (Elizabeth Perkins). The movie is close to being a conventional romance about the adjustments that lovers have to make in their first year together—except that Bernie is around yelling, and Joan keeps putting everybody down. The screenwriters retain much of Mamet's dialogue, but they piece it out, and the director punches up the breaks between scenes with rock music. It's like being pounded on the back every two minutes when your back is already sore (because the dialogue has been whacking you so hard). If anyone comes out of this enterprise with honor it's Perkins, who, in her first screen appearance, brings appealing, plaintive undercurrents to a ghastly role. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/14/86.) (Sutton, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century National Twin; through July 29.)

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (9/23/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through July 24.)

Back to School—With Rodney Dangerfield, directed by Alan Metter. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, U.A. East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and U.A. Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through July 24, evening performances only.)

Cluny Brown (1946)—A girl with a passion for plumbing is terribly repugnant to stuffy people who don't want to admit that they have drains. This wonderfully suggestive idea is at the center of Ernst Lubitsch's mischievous satire on English propriety, set in rural England. Jennifer Jones is Cluny (it's her lightest, funniest performance, rivalled only by her dippy blonde in "Beat the Devil") and Charles Boyer is a debonair scrounger—a displaced European sophisticate who encourages her to flout social conventions. It's a lovely, easygoing comedy, full of small surprising touches. With Richard Haydn and Una O'Connor. (Thalia SoHo; July 28.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect, and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Criterion Theatres; through July 24.)

Dreamchild—Coral Browne plays Lewis Carroll's Alice in 1932, just before her eightieth birthday, when she sails to New York to speak at the Lewis Carroll centenary celebration. Disoriented by the voyage and exhilarated by New York City, she experiences a second childhood; her mind wanders back to 1862, when the young Reverend Charles Dodgson (Ian Holm) had attempted to entertain her and her sisters by spinning his nonsense tale. It's only now that the elderly Alice grasps how deeply tormented he was and that he loved her. And with New York jogging her out of her confining Victorian primness, she sees how narrow her life has been. Written by Dennis Potter and directed by Gavin Millar, the picture is a curio, but it's very enjoyable, and in some scenes it achieves levels of feeling that movies rarely get near. Nothing in Coral Browne's other screen performances suggests the frailty and beauty she brings to her Alice, and Ian Holm's performance is wonderful. With Amelia Shankley as Alice at ten, Jane Asher, Peter Gallagher, Nicola Cowper, and six Lewis Carroll–Tenniel creatures from Jim Henson's Creature Shop. (10/21/85) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when times give out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Thalia; Aug. 2.)

Hannah and Her Sisters—A minor, agreeably skillful movie by Woody Allen. It's likable, but you wish there were more to like. The principal characters are members of a show-business family, with the stable, dependable Hannah (Mia Farrow), a successful actress who manages a career and children with equal serenity, as the pivotal figure, and Barbara Hershey and Dianne Wiest as her sisters. Hannah's parents are played by Maureen O'Sullivan and the late Lloyd Nolan her financial-consultant husband by Michael Caine, and her TV writer-producer ex-husband by Allen himself. The picture would be lifeless without him; the other roles are so thin that there's nobody else to draw us into the story, and all the vital vulgarity of Woody Allen's early movies is gone. With Max von Sydow, Julie Kavner, Carrie Fisher Daniel Stern, Sam Waterston, Tony Roberts (uncredited), and Bobby Short as himself (2/24/86) (New Carnegie. No performances on Wednesday, July 23. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema through July 24.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George Paul, and John. Their first film, and wonderful. Richard Lester directed, from Alun Owen's script. (Thalia; July 30.)

Heaven Can Wait (1943)—Ernst Lubitsch produced and directed this whimsical uneven, yet generally disarming comedy of manners. Perhaps it isn't well known because it stars the rather drab Don Ameche, who appeared in many forced and charmless routine pictures, but here he's reasonably engaging. He plays a wellborn New Yorker, Henry Van Cleve—a lifetime dandy and stage-door Johnny—who thinks that his sexual improprieties are sinful and qualify him for Hell but as he applies to Satan and tells his story we see his life in flashbacks and see his essential generosity and innocence. Gene Tierney plays the Kansas girl he steals from his stuffy cousin (Allyn Joslyn). With Charles Coburn, Marjorie Main, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington. (Thalia SoHo; July 28.)

The Last Detail (1974)—After fourteen years in the Navy, Buddusky (Jack Nicholson), the tattooed signalman, lives on ingrained resentment, quick anger, and booze. The movie is the record of the beer-soaked journey that Buddusky and a gunner's mate (Otis Young) take when they're assigned to escort a morose eighteen-year-old seaman (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The film is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue. It's often very funny. It's programmed to wrench your heart, though—it's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed. With Michael Moriarty, Carol Kane, Luana Anders, Clifton James, Nancy Allen, and Gilda Radner. (Thalia; Aug. 2.)

Legal Eagles—As a New York assistant district attorney, Robert Redford reminds you of what made him a star—but his affable performance is no more than a reminder. Debra Winger is confined in the prim, tailored-suit role of a dedicated young defense lawyer; she has glimmers of humor, but the part is an emotional straitjacket. And Daryl Hannah, who is charged with stealing one of her dead artist father's paintings, and then with murder, has no character to play—she goes through the movie pouting, her long blond hair flowing, her eyes blank. The cast includes Terence Stamp (more assured every year and looking great), David Clennon, Brian Dennehy, Roscoe Lee Browne, Christine Baranski, Sara Botsford, Steven Hill, and many other gifted performers who flit onscreen and off, with nothing to do but push the engine-less plot uphill. Directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/30/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East, and Loews State; through July 24. . . . ¶ Loews New York Twin, and Criterion Theatres; starting July 25.)

IMELIGHT (1952)—Chaplin's sentimental and high-minded view of theatre and himself. His exhortations about life, courage, consciousness, and "truth" are set in a self-pitying, self-glorifying story. As Calvero, the old, impoverished English clown, he appears at a gala benefit and shows the unbelievers who think him finished that he is still the greatest, and then dies in the wings as the applause fades; this is surely the richest hunk of self-gratification since Huck and Tom attended their own funeral—and Chaplin serves it up straight. With Sydney Chaplin, Nigel Bruce, and Claire Bloom. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

HE MAGIC CHRISTIAN (1970)—Terry Southern's satirical novel, in a sloppy British version, directed by Joseph McGrath, that never quite seems on target. There are funny moments, but they don't add up to enough. With Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr, Laurence Harvey, Spike Milligan, Raquel Welch, Leonard Frey, Christopher Lee, John Cleese, Graham Chapman, Dennis Price, Patrick Cargill, Roman Polanski, and Wilfrid Hyde-White. (Thalia; July 31.)

IDNIGHT (1939)—Rapturous fun. Slim-hipped, wide-eyed Claudette Colbert, stranded in Paris in an evening gown, gets involved with rich, aristocratic John Barrymore, who is trying to regain the affections of his straying wife, Mary Astor, who is hooked on dapper gigolo Francis Lederer. This romantic comedy, directed by Mitchell Leisen, is one of the authentic delights of the thirties. The cast includes Hedda Hopper, Monty Woolley, Elaine Barrie, Rex O'Malley, and Don Ameche. Actually, Ameche has an important role; he isn't bad—for Ameche. (Regency; July 27-28.)

ONA LISA—Directed by the Irish novelist turned moviemaker Neil Jordan, the whole movie has some of the potency of cheap music that's represented by the title song (in Nat King Cole's 1950 recording). The short, chunky Bob Hoskins is tremendous as a one-time petty crook, just emerged from prison; given the job of chauffeuring a black call girl (Cathy Tyson) on her nightly rounds, he falls in love with her. She sets him to searching for a friend she's worried about—a blond fifteen-year-old heroin addict. As he makes his way through the strip joints and whores' hang-outs, he's sickened by the way the girls are mistreated, and he sees that his old boss (Michael Caine) is in the rotten thick of it. Jordan shows a gift for making the emotional atmosphere visual, and vice versa. And the way he uses baroque touches and the clichés of old thrillers they become part of a fluid, enjoyable texture. With Robbie Coltrane, Clarke Peters, and Zoe Nathenson. Script by Jordan and David Leland. (6/16/86) (Cinema I.)

ONSIEUR VERDOUX (1947)—Chaplin as a Parisian bank clerk—a dapper Bluebeard—in a comedy with attempted Shavian ironies. This private entrepreneur who charms rich widows and murders them for their money feels guiltless, and contrasts what he does with what governments do in war. "Numbers sanctify," he says. Chaplin is more talented in his pantomime bits than in the talky, anti-war passages, which are meant to be complexly unsettling and come across as dubious, and even rather lamebrained. With Mady Correll, Martha Raye, Isobel Elsom, Marilyn Nash, and William Frawley. Produced, written, and directed by Chaplin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 30.)

Y BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Embassy 72nd St.)

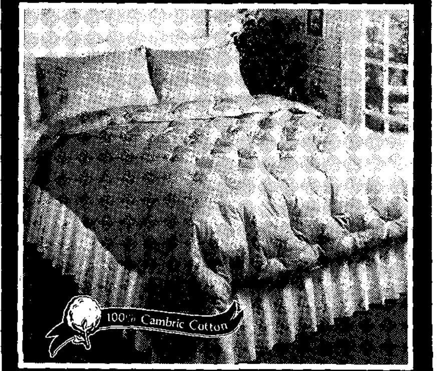
A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN (1979)—A film by Joseph Strick of James Joyce's crucial and innovative work. One remembers many things: the beguiling performance by Luke Johnston as the ten-year-old Stephen Dedalus; the keenness of spirit that cuts through the film; the vivacity of thought; the clear air of Joyce's insight into Dublin's fustiness, exemplified by Simon Dedalus. This book is in our bones, and Strick makes us know that Stephen Dedalus is indeed an artist, civilization's lay soothsayer. (Film Forum; July 29-30.)

RAN—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema Studio.)

RAW DEAL—It's reprehensible and enjoyable, the kind of movie that makes you feel brain dead in two minutes—after which point you're ready to laugh at its mixture of trashiness, violence, and startlingly silly crude humor. As a lawman who infiltrates the biggest mob in Chicago, Arnold Schwarzenegger is a puzzling, cartoon phenomenon, like a walking brick wall, and the director, John Irvin, sets the other characters to bouncing off that wall. The cast includes Kathryn Harrold, who shows the physical abandon of a good slapstick comedienne; Sam Wanamaker, who has some juicy, egocentric moments as the gangland boss; and Paul Shenar, Steven Hill, Darren McGavin, and Ed Lauter. (6/30/86) (Criterion Theatres; through July 24.)

A ROOM WITH A VIEW—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

RUTHLESS PEOPLE—A lot of normally bright people seem to like getting dumbed-out when they go to movies in the summer, and that may explain the whooping-it-up audience for this cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as



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if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker—from a script, by Dale Launer, that provides a semblance of clever construction, though you see each complication being set in place. (The plot is a reworking of an O. Henry twist that has served many other screenwriters, as in the 1967 "The Happening.") (7/14/86) (Bay Cinema, Beekman, Waverly, Loews 84th Street Six-plex, and Embassy 1.)

Salvador—With James Woods and John Savage, directed by Oliver Stone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Quad Cinema.)

Say Amen, Somebody (1982)—A sensitive and absorbing documentary about the lives of the pioneers of gospel music. It features Thomas A. Dorsey, an eighty-three-year-old hepcat who is still bouncing to the jazz rhythms that he brought into black people's churches in the late twenties and the early thirties, when he fused their profane and their sacred music and called the result gospel. The music keeps its singer-evangelists young, radiant, hearty. That's the film's unspoken message. Talented as he is, the young director, George T. Nierenberg, may be too genteel for his subject. The movie doesn't acknowledge that for a lot of people the rhythmic excitement and spiritual uplift of gospel make it an overpoweringly pleasurable combination that leads to the convulsive writhing and muttering of religious possession. With Willie Mae Ford Smith, the Barrett Sisters, and the twin O'Neal brothers. (Thalia; July 27.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth-century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years on the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 31-Aug. 2.)

Short Circuit—Ally Sheedy is painfully adorable here, and so is the whole movie. She's a girl who takes in stray animals, and she plays opposite Steve Guttenberg, perhaps the least likely of all the young actors who have been cast as scientific prodigies. One of the robots—Number Five—that this genius has invented for Army use as "the ultimate soldiers" escapes from the military compound. Sheedy takes him in, Guttenberg comes after him, and they try to save Number Five (who is charmed by butterflies) from being slaughtered by the government meanies. The picture is smoothly directed, but it has so little individuality that it seems merely an example of a simpering new genre: sci-fi for the teen market. With Fisher Stevens, Austin Pendleton, Brian McNamara, and Tim Blaney's voice (for Number Five). (Embassy; through July 24.)

Silkwood (1983)—An absorbing but cloudy and unfocussed account of Karen Silkwood's union activism, her contamination by plutonium, and her death in a single-car crash. Directed by Mike Nichols, this passive advocacy film raises suspicions of many kinds of nuclear-age foul play; it's permeated with paranoia and hopelessness. As the heroine, Meryl Streep has the external details of "Okie bad girl" down pat, but something is not quite right. She has no natural vitality; she's like a replicant—all shtick. Kurt Russell, who plays Karen's lover, is used mostly for his bare chest and his dimples. Cher (as Karen's friend and roommate) has a lovely, dark-lady presence, but she's used as a lesbian Mona Lisa, all faraway smiles and shrugs. As a cosmetician in a mortuary, Diana Scarwid sounds like Jean Harlow as a Valley Girl. (Cinema Village; Aug. 1-2.)

Smash Palace (1982)—A remarkable film from New Zealand on the theme of separating. The husband and wife, played by Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, embody a basic male-female conflict. He's flesh-and-blood and growing bald; she's French-born and fine-boned and fastidious. He runs the business he inherited from his father—the Smash Palace, a vast wrecking yard in an isolated area in New Zealand—and, except for the pleasure he takes in watching their seven-year-old daughter, Georgie (Greer Robson), scooting around in miniature cars, he lives like a single man. He ignores his wife's complaints, but when she leaves him and, enjoying the upper hand, gets a legal order to prevent him from seeing Georgie, he goes a little crazy. The director, Roger Donaldson, has the kind of neo-neorealist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; the director disappears into the story. Even the easy, dry wit seems to belong to the material, along with the summery light. Donaldson wrote the script with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence. (Cinema Village; July 27-29.)

Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. As writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes themes in an intricate plot structure. And in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, and its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful, and epigrams shine. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck. With Ulla Jacobsson, Harriet Andersson, Margit Carlquist, and Gunnar Björnstrand. In Swedish. (Film Forum; July 31-Aug. 2.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the rel tively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed be the most daring of her students. Whe McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shin homoerotic commercial; the pilots stru around the locker room, towels hangin precariously from their waists. In betwee the bare-chested maneuvers, there's foota of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshin around in the sky, and landing while t soundtrack calls up Armageddon and t Second Coming. What is the movie sellin It's just selling, because that's what t producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruc heimer, and the director, Tony Scott, kno how to do. Selling is what they thin moviemaking is about. With Val Kilme Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerrit (6/16/86) (D. W. Griffith, and Embassy. . ¶ Olympia Quad; through July 24. . . . ¶ 23 St. West Triplex; through July 29, evenin only July 25-29.)

Ulysses (1967)—No doubt the director, Josep Strick, hoped for a great deal more, but t film he made is merely an act of homage Joyce's novel in the form of readings from t book plus illustrated slides. On the soun track are the lines we want to hear, and it good to be reminded of them, but they don have the sensuality or the weight that th had in the novel; they're merely quotatio from a classic—well selected and intelligen ly read. With Maurice Roeves as Stephe Milo O'Shea as Bloom, Barbara Jefford Molly, and T. P. McKenna, Anna Manaha and Maureen Potter. (Film Forum; July 2 30.)

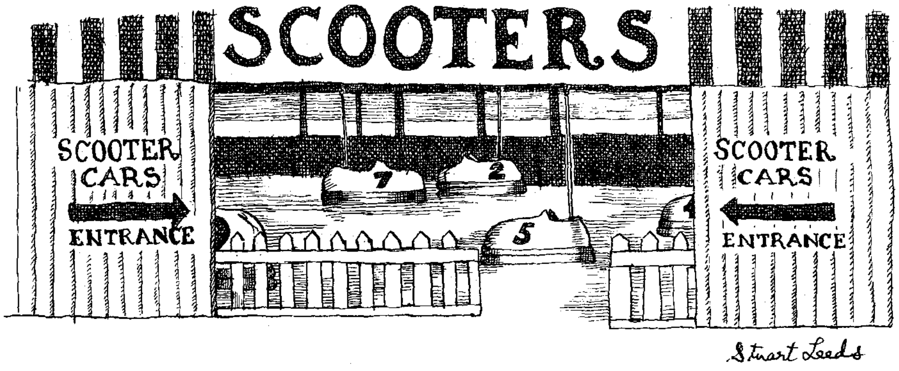
Vagabond—Agnès Varda wrote and direct this scrupulously hardheaded film about eighteen-year-old girl on the road, a delibe ately homeless drifter who lives on handout thefts, a little prostitution, and the occasion odd job. At the opening, her frozen body discovered in a ditch in the countrysid Varda presents the movie as a documenta investigating how this happened. The cha acters are the sullen, suspicious, vacant-ey young girl (played immaculately by Sandri Bonnaire) and the witnesses to her last week The purity and boldness of Varda's approa may call Robert Bresson to mind, but we s the closed-off girl strictly from the outsid and this factual, objective view isn't enoug With Macha Méril. In French. (5/19/8 (Lincoln Plaza; through July 29. . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; starting July 25.)

Viva Italia! (1978)—An Italian anthology fil in which at least four of the nine sketches a really fine, including a recklessly funny kitc en story of regional cooking gone berserk a a poignant piece about a hypocritical son lu ing his mother into an old-age home. The fil stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi, a was directed by Mario Monicelli, Etto Scola, and Dino Risi. In Italian. (Thal SoHo; July 27.)

The Wanderers (1979)—The Bronx, 1963: dea end kids vs. adolescent nightmares, to t music of Dion, the Shirelles, etc. A go adaptation, somewhat more upbeat, of t lurid novel by Richard Price. Directed Philip Kaufman, who wrote the screenpla with Rose Kaufman. (Thalia SoHo; July 30.

We All Loved Each Other So Much (1977)—A Italian film by Etorre Scola that is a com commemoration of some of the reasons w find Italians congenial: bombast, the gift f abusive lifelong friendship, puff-chestednes dignity in making gaffes, a talent for chaos, genius with babies, intense solemnity abo professionalism in anything from male nur ing to car parking to film buffery to polic men dressed up like generals. Vittorio Gas man plays a well-heeled lawyer, Nino Ma fredi plays a hospital orderly, Stefano Satt Flores plays a film buff, blanched and bespe tacled from all the films he has watched. I Italian. (Thalia SoHo; July 27.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—A Pop Art animate feature with hippie heroes (cartoon versio of the Beatles) going to the rescue of the pe ple of Pepperland and saving them from t Blue Meanies by using the weapons of lo and music. Good-natured, full of verba visual jokes, and surprisingly entertainin though the love is less impressive than t music (ten songs by the Beatles). Directed George Dunning; the chief designer w Heinz Edelmann. (Thalia; July 30.)



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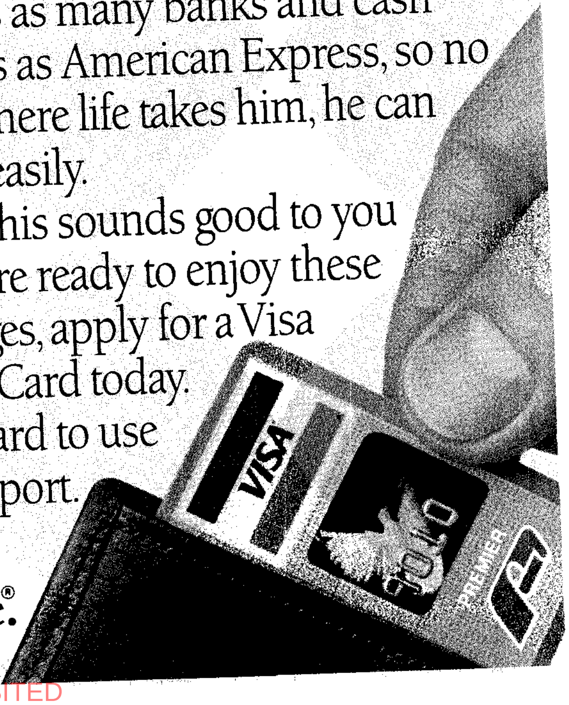

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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND who lives in the country writes:

I took a walk the other afternoon along the hedgerow that bounds the southern edge of my place, and came upon a seedling maple tree—a scion, clearly, of the big Norway maple up in the dooryard. It was maybe eighteen inches high: a compact density of green, a perfect miniature maple. Standing there looking down on it from my towering height, I saw it as a kind of mosaic, a mosaic in depth, of leaves—of leaves of many sizes but each so placed and so layered as to offer its face to the sky, to catch and hold every possible touch of sun. I had never before seen a tree so close from above, and it was a rare and beautiful view. It was, indeed, much more than that; it was a beautiful definition of natural function. But it also, after a moment or two, stirred and awoke a memory. I knew that I had seen it, or something much like it, not very long ago. I stood and thought, and then it came to me. It was the Statue of Liberty weekend, and I was gazing at the television screen, and onto the screen in grace and glory sailed one of the great Tall Ships—a full-rigged sailing vessel. The stretch and reach of its sails, the perfectly positioned layers of white, seemed another mosaic, another marvel of beauty, another marvel of function. It was, I remembered thinking, most certainly among man's noblest creations. But now I saw it differently. The ship was the work of man, but only in execution. The idea, the principle, was as old as the natural world, as old as my little maple tree.

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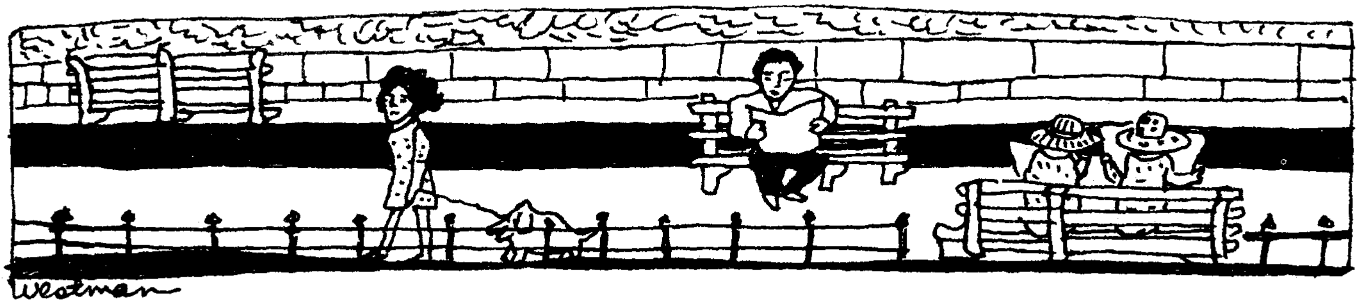
ANOTHER friend writes:

Working here, as I've been doing for the past several years, in the offices of a well-known and widely respected human-rights-monitoring agency, I've got used to all sorts of phone calls—some of the things coming in over the phone can be fairly harrowing, and then sometimes there are sudden splashes of grace and hope—but the call I got just now has really thrown me. The guy on the other end of the line introduced himself as an assistant producer for a local television news program based in— I forget. Pittsburgh or Cleveland, or someplace. Anyway, he told me his show had been running a series of features on the theme of "Liberty's Children," or some such—portraits, that is, of Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, Jews, Poles, Russians, Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Vietnamese, Koreans, Pakistanis, the whole vast sweep of American immigration—as part of its salute to the centennial of the Statue of Liberty. In each segment, he explained, the immigrant was invited to describe the tyranny or the squalor or the peril back in the home country and then to celebrate the freedom and the welcome and the bounty he or she had found here in America. He explained how he encouraged his subjects to discourse on what the protections of the Constitution meant to them. And then he explained that the reason he was calling my office was that he knew we'd done some reports on Guatemalan and Salvadoran asylum-seekers and he wanted to get hold of some of those types, so as to include them in his series.

I, in turn, explained to him that he might have a problem there, because it is precisely the point that, despite the extraordinarily perilous circumstances that propel these people to flee their countries and seek safe haven here, and although those circumstances clearly fall within the rubric of our government's laws on political asylum and of the various international conventions to which we are a signatory, immigrants from El Salvador and Guatemala hardly ever succeed in their applications for asylum. Last year, for example, only five Guatemalan applications were approved: not five per cent—five *total*. Salvadorans fare hardly any better. It would be sort of pointless to try to get these people to discourse on what the Constitution has meant to them, I explained to this producer, since the whole point is that currently they enjoy none of its protections. They are here illegally, they live secret half-lives, working in sweatshops (if they are lucky enough to find work at all), and in dread at



every moment of accidentally running afoul of the law, being discovered (or betrayed), getting picked up and shipped back to a country where, simply because they had been thus singled out, their very lives could well be in jeopardy. (A while back, the American Civil Liberties Union documented fifty cases of Salvadoran refugees who were "disappeared"—kidnapped and presumably murdered—after being deported from the United States to their homeland.) I told this guy about one woman I've been seeing here at the office, a meek twenty-eight-year-old Guatemalan. You ask her about the fate of her family—who in that family has been murdered or disappeared—and very calmly she'll recite the names of her father, her younger brother, her older brother, an aunt, an uncle, a cousin, another cousin: sixteen close relatives in all. After her third brother was kidnapped, about eighteen months ago, and she herself began receiving death threats, she bolted, fleeing first to Mexico and eventually to this country. But she has been told by several lawyers here in the city that her application for asylum in the United States stands virtually no chance of approval. So she hasn't even dared to apply. And she's just one case—there are thousands like her. Such people could hardly be expected to expose themselves on television, for all the Immigration people to see.

My television-producer friend listened impatiently to all this, interjecting hems and haws, and then broke in, protesting, "But that wouldn't present any problem at all. We could film them from behind, and they wouldn't have to go into all that negative stuff. They could just tell the part about how wonderful America is compared to the old country."

At that point, I hung up on the fellow and decided to write you this note.

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Eduardo Galeano

EVER since we read the first volume of the remarkable "Memory of Fire" trilogy, entitled "Genesis," we'd been eager to meet its author, the Uruguayan Eduardo Galeano, and a while back we got our chance. Galeano was in town, and though he was spending most of his time deep in the recesses of the New York Public Library researching entries for the final volume of his trilogy he agreed to take time out to join us for lunch. He arrived physically sore. "This work is a torture on the rump but a joy to the heart," he told us. "Memory of Fire" has proved a daunting undertaking: Galeano is attempting to generate nothing less than a unified history of the Western Hemisphere, incorporating the experiences of the Spaniards, the Frenchmen, the Englishmen, the black Africans, the Aztecs, the Mayans, the Incas, the Iroquois, and countless others, and then—as his chronicle proceeds and these peoples blend into new races, new entities—the interactions of their descendants, the Yankees and the Latin Americans. Each volume is made up of hundreds of anecdotes. They are arrayed in strict chronological order; each one is set apart, headed with a date and a place name, recounted in vivid prose, and flagged with a concluding number, in parentheses, which refers to a numbered list of sources at the back of the volume. (Volume I, elegantly translated by Cedric Belfrage, was published last year by Pantheon; the second volume will be published this winter.)

Galeano himself is a vigorous, medium-tall forty-five-year-old. In the photograph on his book's dust jacket he's wearing a black beret, which gives him an intense, Gallic air. In person, hatless, he turns out to be bald, with an expansive, pleasantly tanned forehead and an expansive, sunny personality to match. A fringe of graying hair surrounds his smooth dome, and he has a thin nose, thin, almost gaunt cheeks, and a neatly trimmed salt-and-pepper beard. Far from being intense, he turns out to be quite jaunty. This is somewhat surprising, given his life as a journalist who has been hounded out of one South American country after another and was forcibly exiled from Uruguay for over a decade. But then perhaps it's related to the fact that he has recently been permitted to return to his native Montevideo, as part of Uruguay's democratization.

RECIPES
Judith Shahn

We asked Galeano about the origin of his project. Had he particularly fancied history as a youth?

"On the contrary," he said. "Back in school, history classes were terrible—boring, lifeless, empty. Mostly a roster of hollowed-out dates to be memorized and instantly forgotten—principally dates from military history. And the sentences that dying generals were alleged to have recited and we were supposed to memorize—the generals must have died simply from running out of breath. There was no connection to reality. It was as if the teachers were intentionally trying to rob us of that connection, so that we would become resigned to our present—not realize that history is something people make, with their lives, in their own present. So, you see, I tried to find a way of recounting history so that the reader would feel that it was happening right now, just around the corner—this immediacy, this intensity, which is the beauty and the *reality* of history. And that is how I came upon this notion of little pieces, building up to a whole. It's a highly personal collation, very subjective. Everything I've included is well documented, it's all true, but I tell it in an engaged way. The individual entries are structured like discrete prose poems. I've tried very hard to cleanse the language, to get to the flesh and bones, with no grease—to get down to the essential words that can transmit the electricity of history. And the entries are tied together in a structure that might be called symphonic. Themes rise, subside, and then recur."

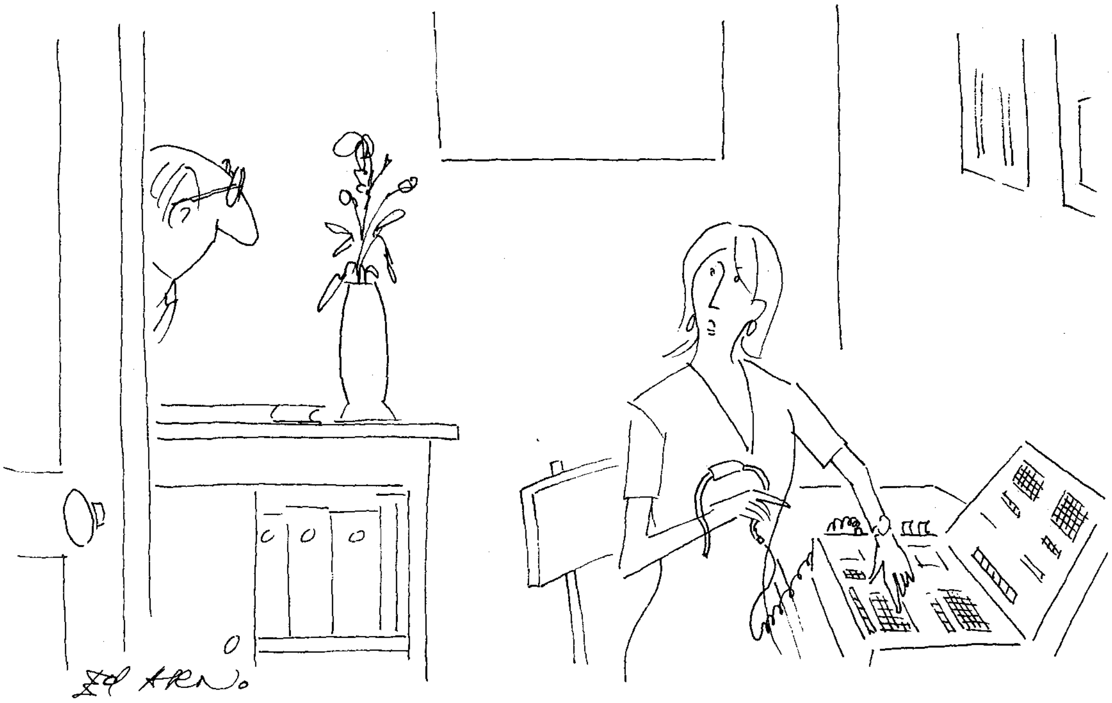
As Galeano said this, we recalled one example of the symphonic pattern which we'd noticed as we read the first volume. In an entry headed "1495: Salamanca" Galeano had recorded what appears to be the first published instance of an American word in a European language—the word "*canoa*," defined in a Spanish-Latin vocabulary published that year as a "boat made from a single timber." It's a fascinating epiphany: the first American word to cross the linguistic membrane was indeed a word of first contact—the word for the boats that had gone out to greet Columbus's newly arrived fleet. Some pages later, in an entry headed "1522: Seville," the tattered remnants of Magellan's expedition return after circumnavigating the globe, the survivors babbling amazing tales, among them the fact that "when the Molucca Indians saw the small boats launched from the ships, they thought those boats were small daughters of the ships, that the ships gave them birth and suckled them." And then, over a hundred pages later, following the emergence and subduction of dozens of other themes, there is an entry headed "1637: Massachusetts Bay": "For the first time, the Indians saw a floating island. The mast was a tree, the sails white clouds. When the island stopped, the Indians put out in their canoes to pick strawberries. Instead of strawberries they found smallpox."

"I agree with my wife," Galeano continued. "She says that music always humiliates writing. Writing longs to achieve the intensity, the *penetration*, of music. I am extremely interested in the music of words. The entries were written to be read aloud."

We asked him when and how he had hit upon this particular form.

"I was in Barcelona in 1979, in my second exile—first from Uruguay to Argentina, and then from Argentina to Spain," he said. "I was trying to write a novel, feeling obliged to write, to be doing something, but it was like making love without real desire. So I destroyed it—burned the manuscript. I felt myself absolutely empty afterward. It was a terrible period politically. Hardly a day went by when I didn't hear of some new imprisonment or torture or death of a friend in Uruguay or Chile or Argentina or Guatemala. I was feeling bad music inside. I happened to read some poetry of Cavafy, and it was there that I discovered my form, the idea of seeing the whole of history as if through a keyhole. Cavafy is marvellous—his tenderness toward the littlest facts, something in his tone, his way of speaking of greatness in the intimate whisper one might reserve for a loved one. Then, of course, I had to undertake my research, and this involved spending months, years, in libraries and archives, burrowing into primary sources, manuscripts, secondary histories, mining for treasure. Often—in fact, usually—it was stupefyingly dull work. I remember, for instance, spending a whole day in one Madrid library hunched over a horribly boring chronicle published by a Bolivian priest-anthropologist in 1909. I was having to pinch myself to stay awake. But then, just as the library was about to close, at the very end of the book I uncovered a jewel: the fact that when the Chiriguano Indians were first exposed to paper, early in the eighteenth century, they called it 'the skin of God.' This is a most wonderful image. And a warning to writers as to the import of what we do."

Gradually, the conversation roamed toward the present. He told us about being back in Montevideo. "These days, things are more hopeful in Uruguay," he said. "The gates of the political prisons have been thrown open, and hundreds released. I don't know whether you realize this, but Uruguay, the country that used to be known as the Switzerland of Latin America, for its democracy and its stability—well, during its state of siege Uruguay had the highest rate of torture of any country in the world. One of about every fifty Uruguayans was either tortured or imprisoned or was subjected to having his or her home searched. Now, with people being released, we are hearing all kinds of stories. The other day, back in Montevideo, I was talking with a friend who told me of a friend of hers who had described his years in prison. He had recalled how his little five-year-old daughter would come to visit. She would prepare all week for her visit by making him a drawing for his cell wall. Only, the prison guard served as censor and confiscated the drawings, one after another, before she could even show them to her father. 'No pictures of people,' he told her one week. 'No pictures of houses,' he told her another. The next time, she came with a colorful crayon drawing of a bird. 'Birds are forbidden,' she was gruffly told, and that drawing, too, was confiscated. The next week, she arrived with a drawing of a grove of trees, and this time the guard grudgingly let it through. Her father held his little daughter in his lap and admired her drawing. 'This is beautiful,' he told her, 'and it means so much to me that you brought me this present. I'm so touched. I'll be able to put it there on the wall and it will be like a window. Look at the wonderful trunks that you draw, and the thick branches, and the leaves, and then, here, what are these—those little circles among the leaves? Are these fruit trees? Are those lemons?' 'Sh-h-h!' his daughter interrupted him, whispering sternly. 'Be quiet, Daddy. Those are the eyes of the birds. *They're hiding!*' " Galeano's own eyes opened wide as he spoke the last lines of his story. "They're hiding," he repeated. "Thus is one present as the entire tradition



"Donald Trump on lines one through six."

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of Latin-American literature is reinvented by a new generation."

Attractions

MANY people feel that simply because they are alive at this moment they are participating in the Information Age. This is wrong. It is more than wrong—it is dead-double-wrong. It makes no more sense than assuming that if you live in Kansas City you play shortstop for the Royals. To truly join the Information Age, you need, in addition to the two passport-size current photos, some information. We realized this early—in the first quarter of fiscal '84 at the latest. And since then we've been squirrelling away data. The sound engineer Robert Cowlyn calculated that an Australian audience screamed at a level exceeding a hundred and twenty decibels before the band Duran Duran even took the stage for a November, 1983, concert. Sometimes one can trade information with other collectors, but it is more reliable if you pick it up on your own, and that is why we were out at Coney Island on Saturday. The Urban Park Rangers led a tour of the boardwalk and the beach and said a number of interesting things; several people ostensibly listening to the tour guide also provided a number of facts.

First, the Rangers: Coney Island used to be called Rabbit Island; a man who was on trial as a hired killer escaped by jumping out of a window of the Half Moon Hotel, which is now the Metropolitan Jewish Geriatric Center; four advances of the glaciers formed the Brooklyn area; the slipper shell is hermaphroditic, but it can change its sex only once and thereafter must live with its decision; the Canarsee Indians sold Coney Island for a blanket, three guns, a kettle, and fifteen fathoms of seawant, a sort of wampum; a number of elephants lived at Luna Park; and the female crab has flipperlike claws, for easy mobility.

And from people taking the tour, many of whom had lived in Coney Island for a long time, and some of whom may have been reliable: One of the amusement parks used to exhibit premature babies in an incubator, and the doctor who ran the exhibit married one of the nurses and they had a child, prematurely; Sigmund Freud said that Coney Island was the only place in America that interested him; a man named Murray or something like that who used to run a children's zoo near the subway station wanted to convert the abandoned parachute jump into a giant bird feeder; a fellow named Mighty Adam the Jewish Strongman used to hang out on the boardwalk selling potions and demonstrating his musculature; the best thing for jellyfish stings is meat tenderizer; and the son of a family that lived in a house under one of Coney Island's roller coasters proved that it couldn't have been so bad by growing up to go to law school.

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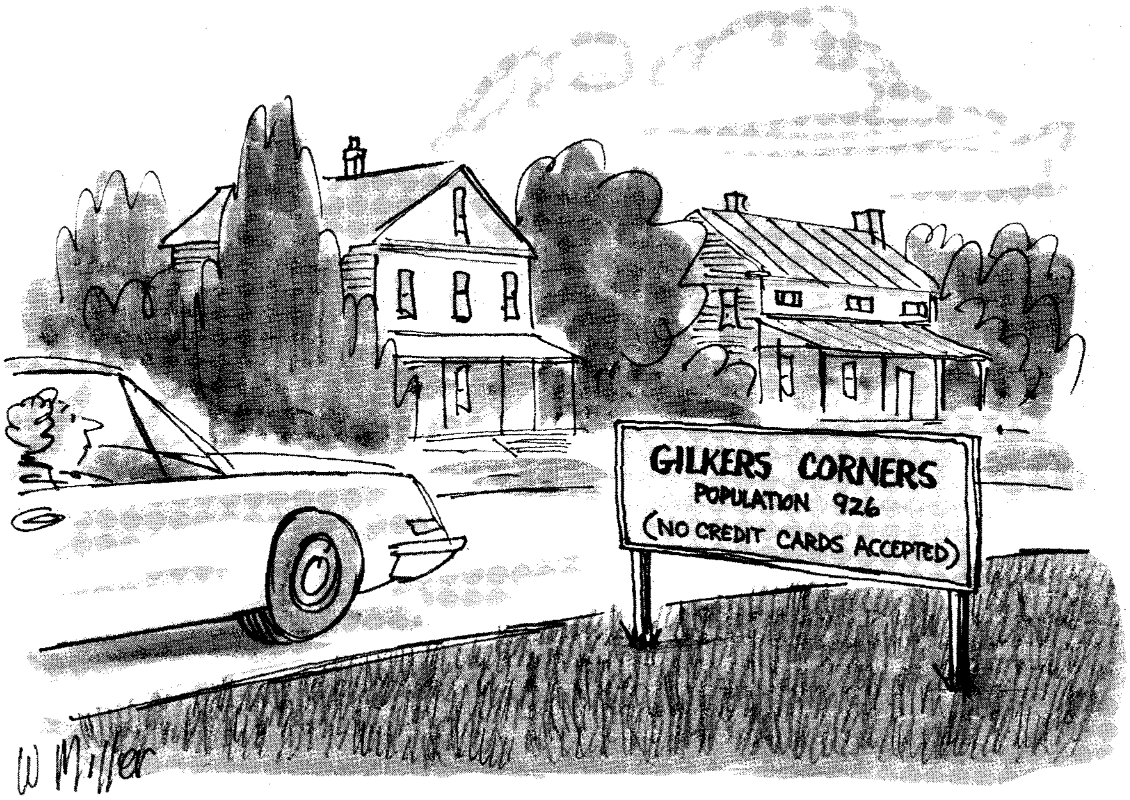
"I'VE known a lot of people over the years," Melvin Burkhart was saying. "Robert Wadlow, tallest man in the world—eight feet eleven inches, hell of a nice guy. Most of your giants are sweet people. Gottlieb and Frieda Fischer, world's tallest married couple, they ran a motel in Sarasota for years—very nice people. After a while, they're just old So-and-So—you don't even notice what they are anymore." We met Mr. Burkhart in a pavilion a few hundred yards down the boardwalk from the Park Ranger office. Mr. Burkhart, who started out with Ringling Brothers and has been an entertainer for sixty years, performs daily with three other people—Serpentina (the snake-charming lady and also the contortionist), John Bradshaw (flames), and Todd Knight (swords and pins)—at what is, as far as any of them know, the only real, working sideshow east of the Mississippi. "I do four acts in this show—magician, the electric-chair illusion, the Human Blockhead, and the Anatomical Wonder," said Mr. Burkhart, who was taking off his shirt. "Put your fingers here on my chest. I am the only person in the world who can breathe out of one lung at a time. I have been to doctors' conventions and amazed them. I am the Two-Faced Man as well. I mean I can smile out of one side of my face and frown on the other." He can, actually. "I'm also the Rubbernecked Man."

The sideshow, which is drawing big crowds to the nonprofit Sideshows by the Seashore complex, was organized by John Bradshaw. "I joined Vista when I got out of school," he told us. "I was working with migrant farm laborers in Florida and I went to a carnival and I saw Melvin, and I just started working on an act. I can do magic, and if Melvin's not here I can do the Human Blockhead. But my forte, really,

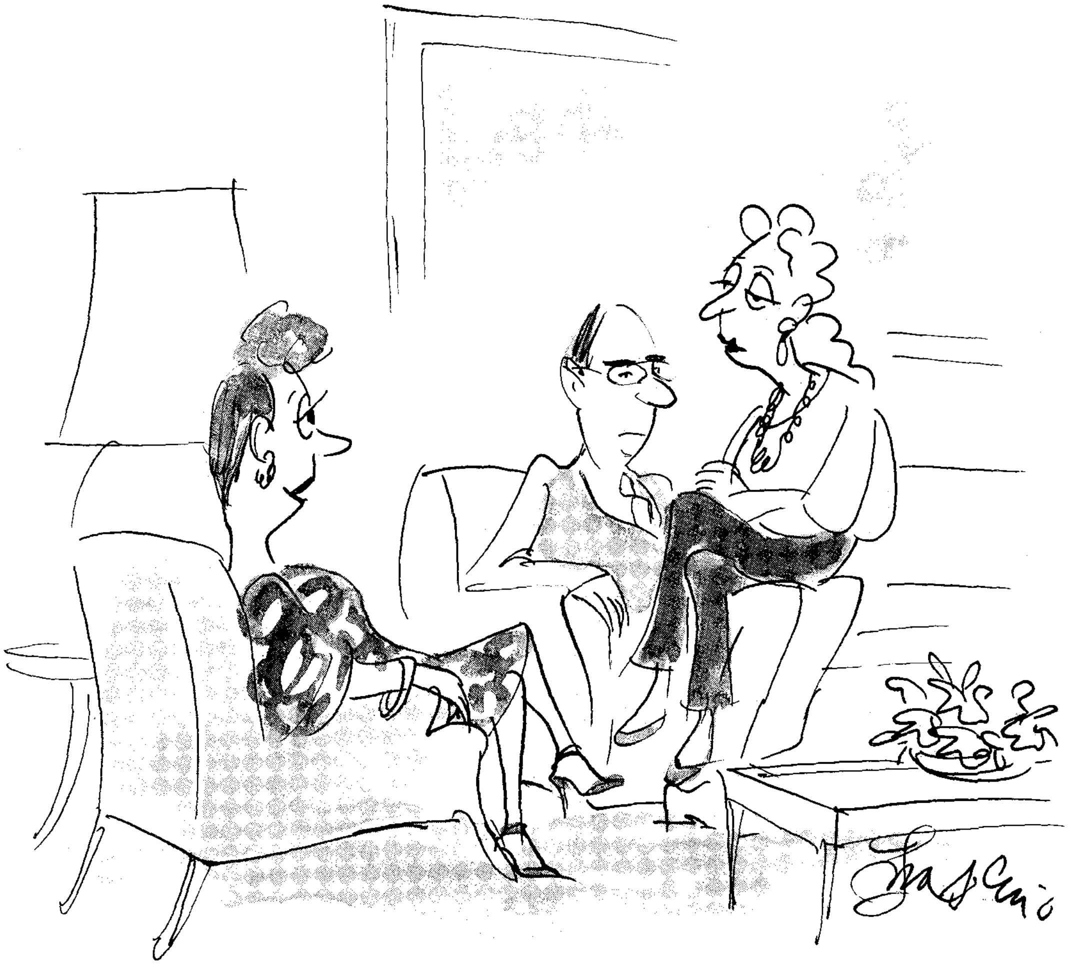


is running my mouth—never say one word if you can say four." He went out front on the boardwalk to demonstrate, and pretty soon he had a big crowd gathered around him to gawk at Serpentina ("The snakes love me, 'cause I smell good," she'd told us earlier) and watch Mr. Knight slide a sword down his gullet. Mr. Bradshaw referred to the snakes as being from "the green hells of the Amazon jungles," and added that they grew to as much as thirty feet in length—a good thing to add, since no one would have guessed it from these particular specimens. He lured about twenty people inside for the actual show (only a dollar that day, a rainy afternoon), and everyone seemed to enjoy it, except maybe during the Human Pincushion segment. "You might as well look," said the Pincushion. "You paid for it."

While we were standing around backstage, Mr. Burkhart walked by holding some knives. "You want to stand against the wall and I'll throw some knives around you?" he asked.

"No," we said.

"That's what everyone says," he said, a little sadly.



"I can't get over it. You kids are still like honeymooners."

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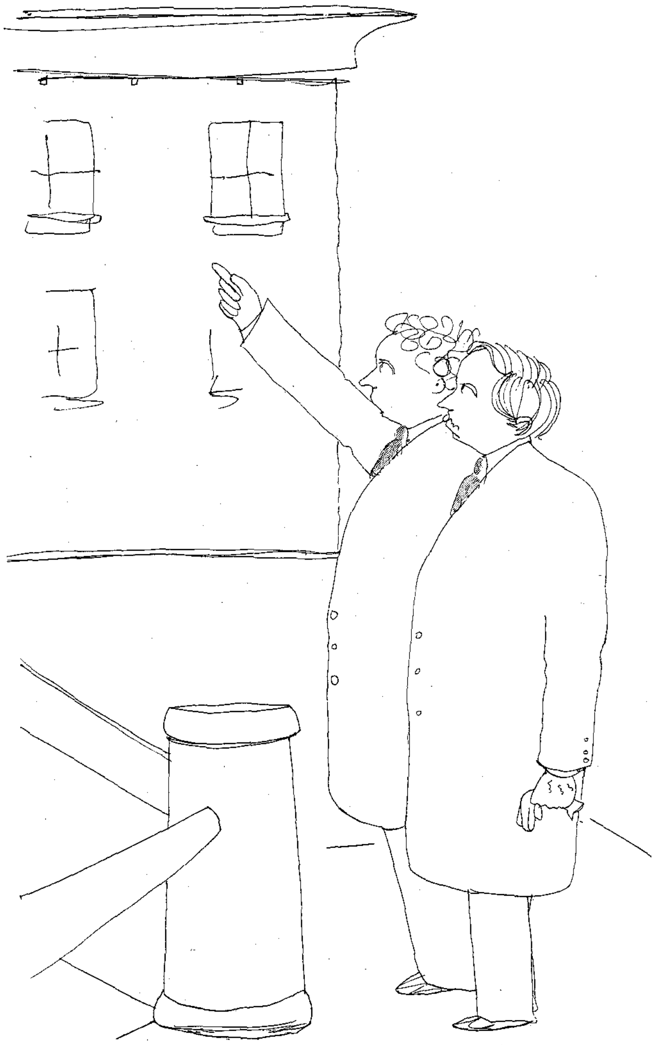
RIGHT at the beginning, we're going to tell you that they didn't break the world ice-cream-eating record. "At home, we have soup bowls and you can get your lips clear over the edge and into the ice cream," Peter Dowdeswell said. "These bowls aren't quite right." But who really cares? For one thing, it's not in the winning, it's in the striving. And, for another, Mr. Dowdeswell already holds two hundred and seventy-nine world eating records anyway, not including ice cream. The ice-cream record was held by his son Tony, and they were hoping that one or the other of them could lower Tony's mark.

We met the pair on a Monday in the Guinness World Records Exhibit Hall, which is situated in the basement of the Empire State Building but, spiritually, is an extension of the Coney Island boardwalk. Mr. Dowdeswell, who has eaten three pounds of mashed potatoes in one minute and twenty-two seconds, said, with a very strong Cockney accent, that he was happy to be in America. And why not! The week before, at a Rochester Red Wings baseball game, he'd bested his own prunes mark, set the standard for jelly, and gone his own ale record one better. "The hardest was the baby eels," said Mr. Dowdeswell. "Normally, a person would eat one or two, but in 1978, in Bristol, I had a pound in 13.7 seconds. There are thirteen hundred in a pound. It's not advisable for anyone to do what I do," continued Mr. Dowdeswell, who has eaten sixty-two pancakes, each six inches in diameter, in 58.5 seconds, a hundred yards of spaghetti in 21.7 seconds, a hundred and seventy squares of ravioli in five minutes and thirty-four seconds, and two pounds of strawberries in 12.95 seconds.

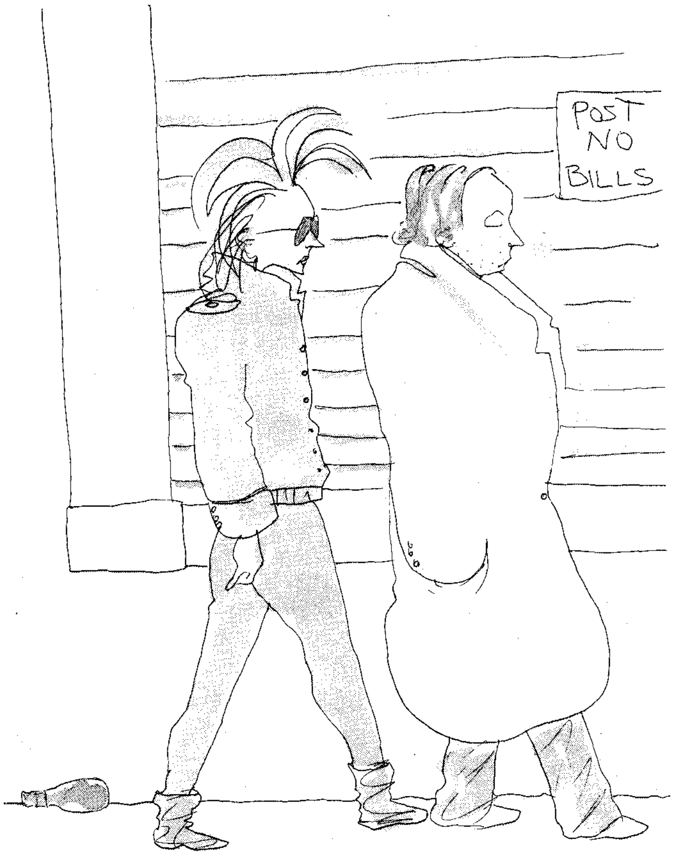
We talked briefly with Ray Hyde, a representative of the "Guinness Book of World Records," and he told us that a Frenchman known as Monsieur Mangetout had eaten, in the course of his career, ten bicycles, a supermarket cart, seven television sets, six chandeliers, a coffin, and a Cessna aircraft.

Mr. Dowdeswell's son Tony, who holds the cockles mark, told us he'd been eating professionally for four years, or since he was seventeen. "My father's been doing it for what—twelve years? So I grew up with it. When you're done with one of these eats, you don't feel really good. When you're doing ice cream, you can't have it with the nuts and that—it slows you down," he said. (For their record attempt, the Dowdeswells ate Empire Vanilla, the flagship flavor of the New York Ice Cream Company.) "The doctors tell us not to eat like this," Tony said. "But I'm going to carry on a little while. It's a family thing. My father did it, and then my mum got on to doing it—she holds the women's ale-drinking record—and then my brother-in-law. He ate three pounds twelve ounces of chicken in twelve minutes thirty-seven seconds."

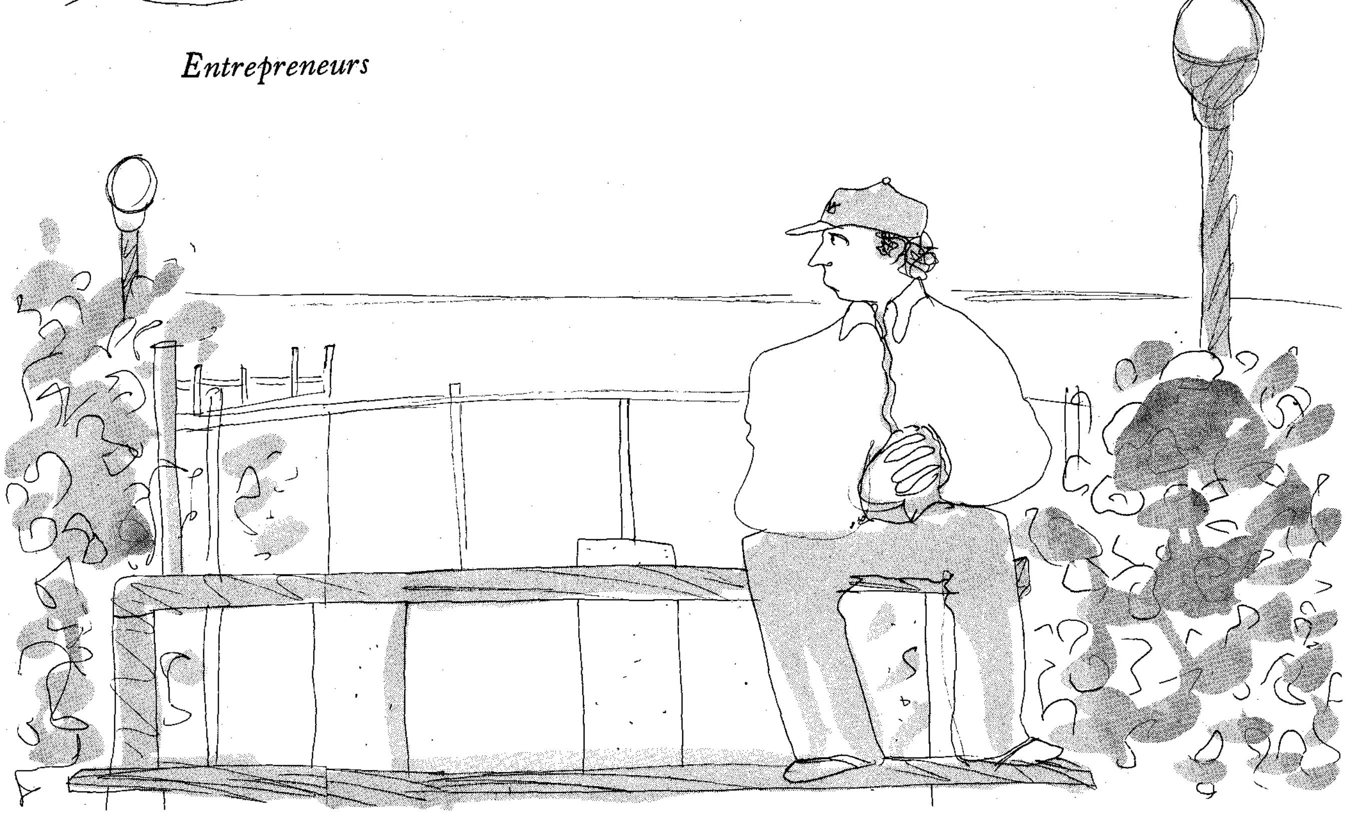
AVE. A



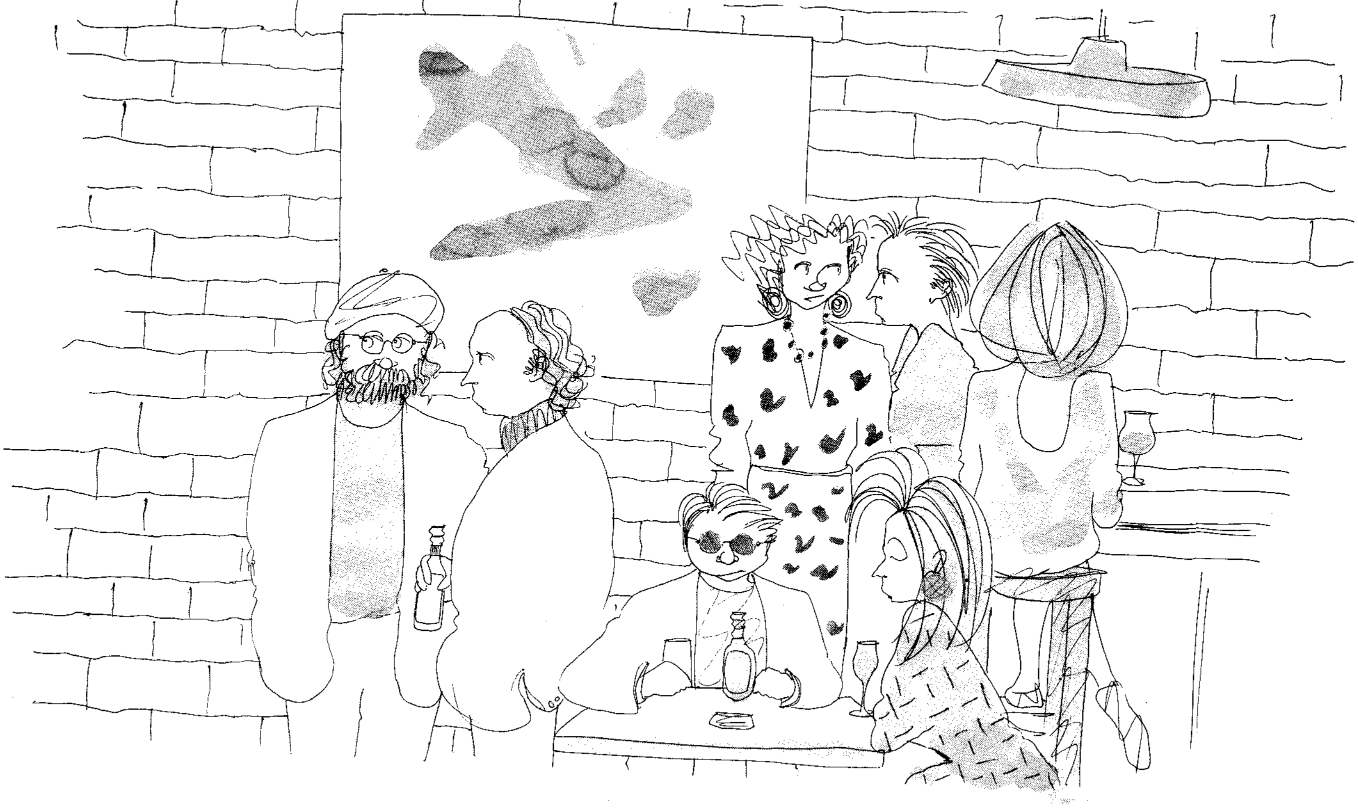
Entrepreneurs


POST
NO
BILLS

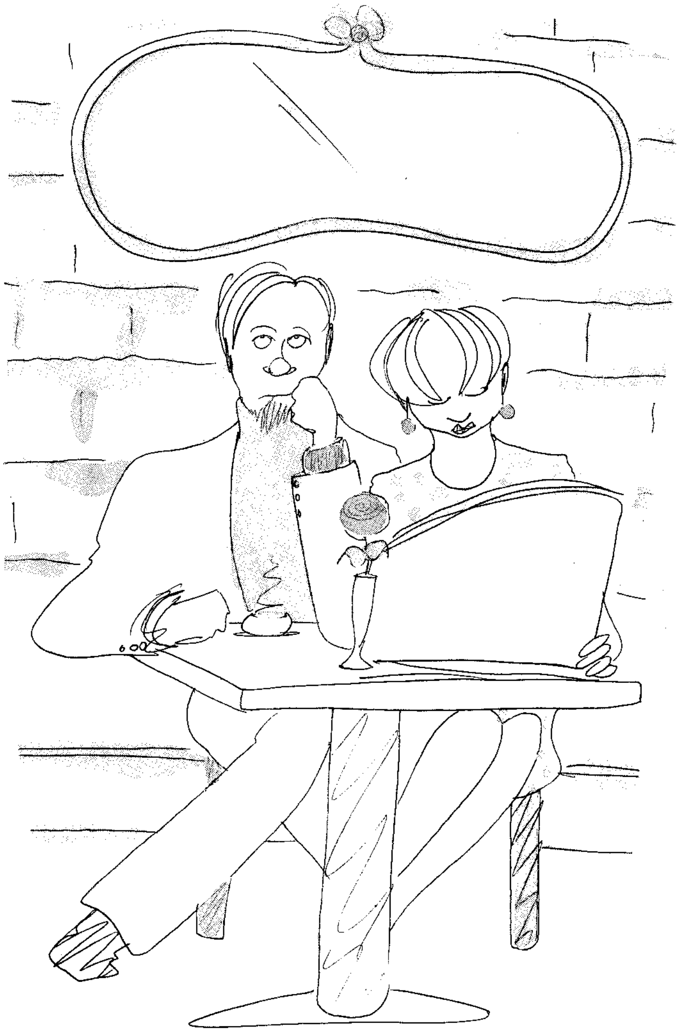
Denizens



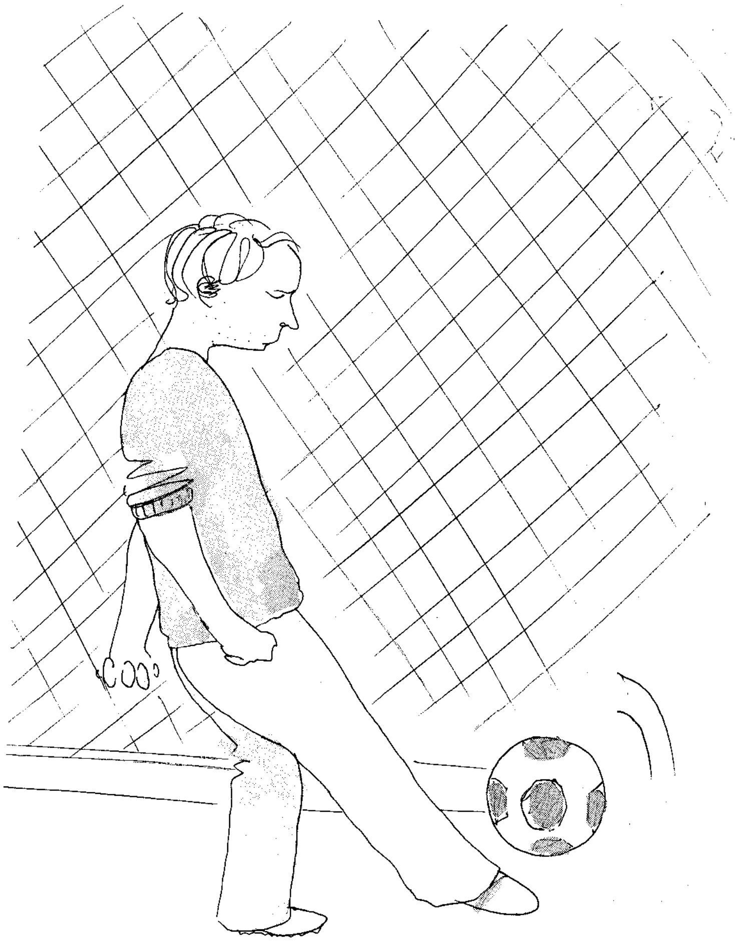
Hanging Out



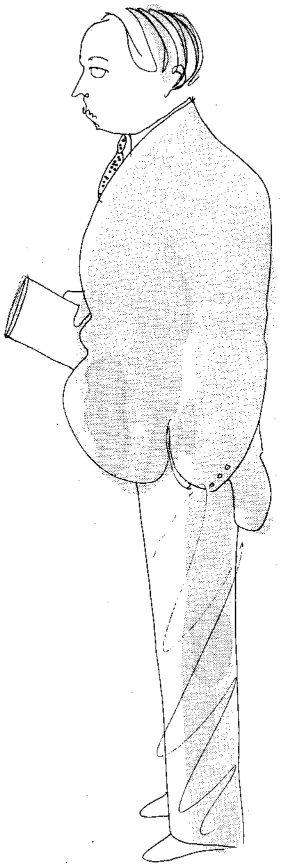
Art Bar



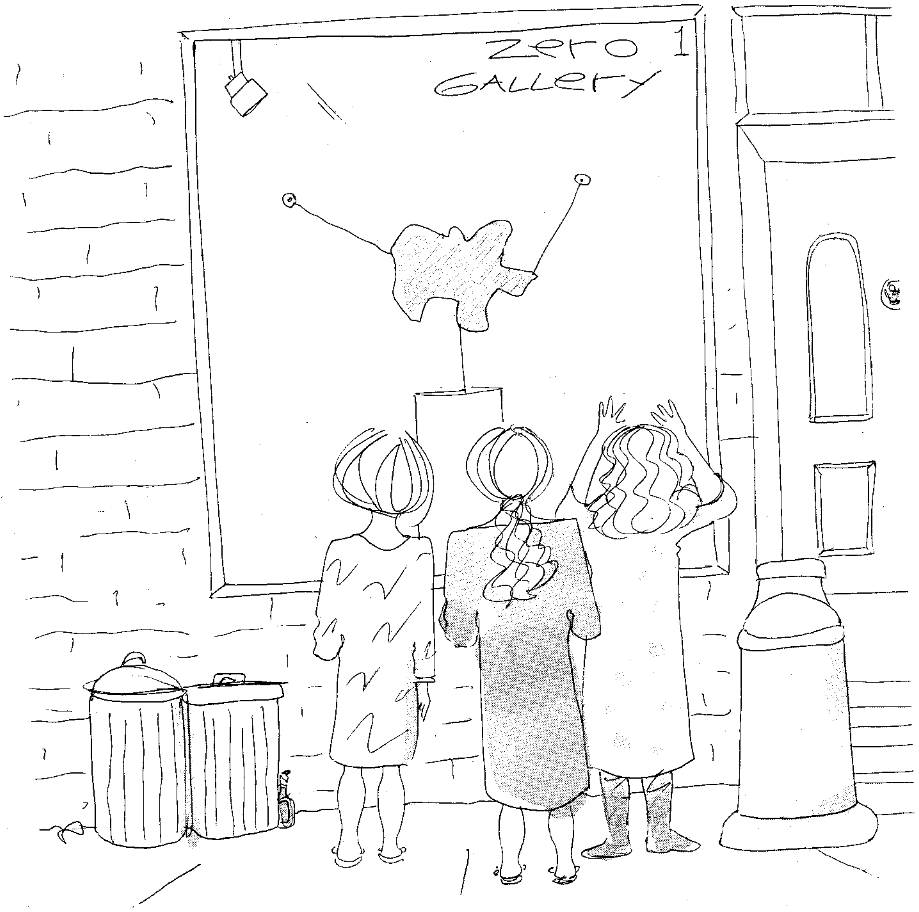
La Vie de Bohème



Divertissement

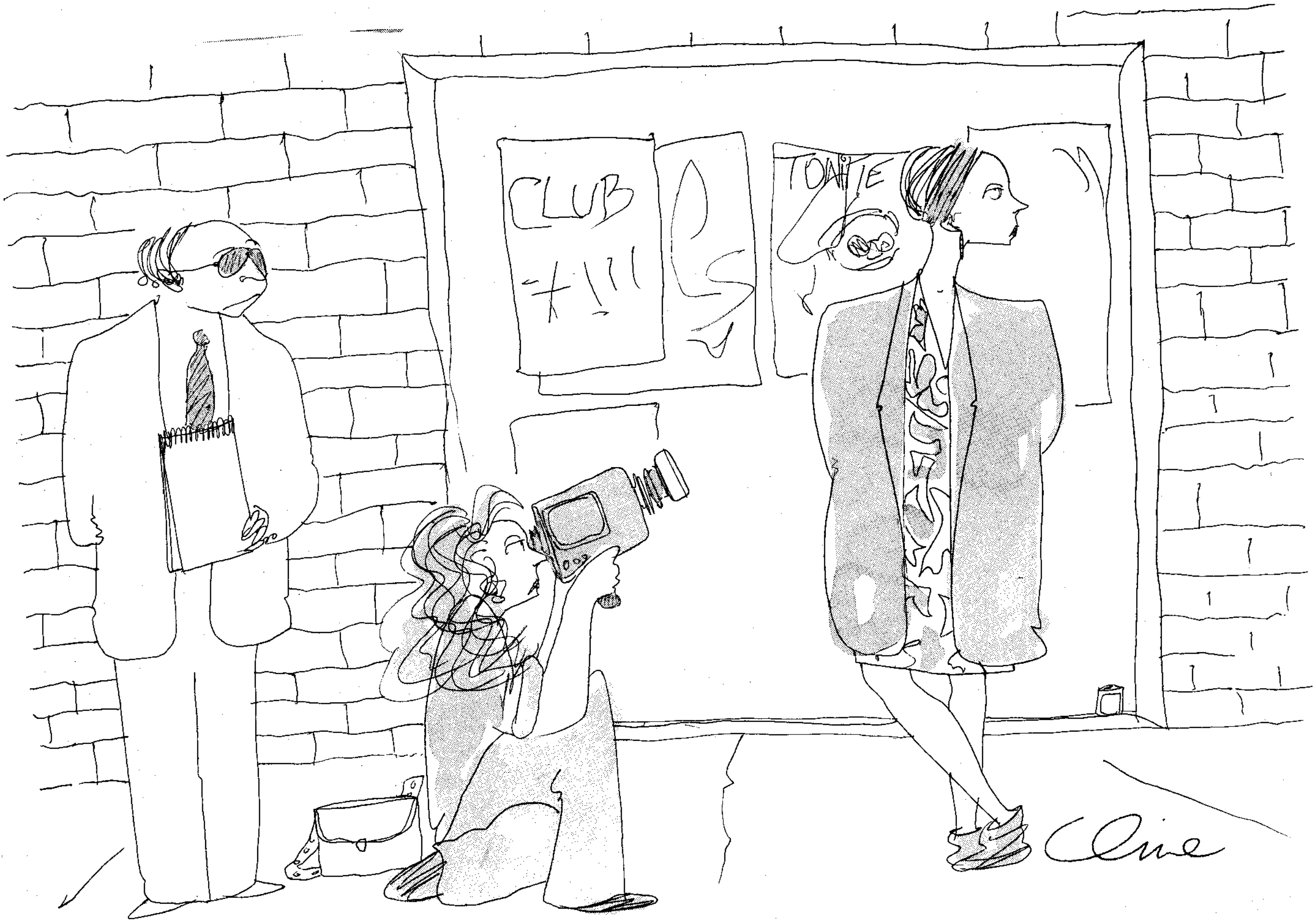


Curator



Zero
Gallery
1

Bus Tour



CLUB
TONITE

Fashion Shoot

WHITE DUMP

"I DON'T know what color," says Denise, answering a question of Magda's. "I don't really remember any color in this house at all."

"Of course you don't," says Magda sympathetically. "There was no light in the house, so there was no color. There was no attempt. So dreary, I couldn't believe."

As well as having the old deep, light-denying veranda on the Log House torn down, Magda—to whom Denise's father, Laurence, is now married—has put in skylights and painted some walls white, others yellow. She has hung up fabrics from Mexico and Morocco, and rugs from Quebec. Pine dressers and tables have replaced badly painted junk. There is a hot tub, surrounded by windows and greenery, and a splendid kitchen. All this must have cost a lot of money. No doubt Laurence is rich enough now to manage it. He owns a small plastics factory near Ottawa which specializes in window panels and lampshades that look like stained glass. The designs are pretty, the colors not too garish, and Magda has stuck a few of them around the Log House in rather inconspicuous places.

Magda is an Englishwoman, not a Hungarian, as her name might suggest. She used to be a dancer, then a dancing teacher. She is a short, thick-waisted woman, still graceful, with a smooth, pale neck and a lovely, floating crown of silver-gold hair. She is wearing a plain gray dress and a shawl of muted, flowery colors which is sometimes draped over the settee in her bedroom.

"Magda is style through and through," Denise said once to her brother Peter.

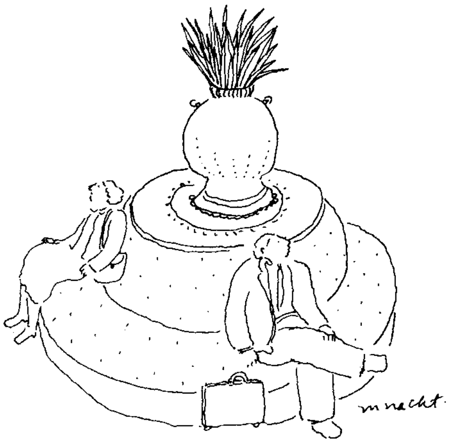
"What's wrong with that?" said Peter. He is a computer engineer in California and comes home perhaps once a year. He can't understand why Denise is still so bound up with these people.

"Nothing," said Denise. "But you go to the Log House and there is not even a jumble of scarves lying on an old chest—there is a *calculated* jumble. There is not a whisk or a bowl hanging up in the kitchen that is not the most elegant whisk or bowl you could buy."

Denise has driven up from Toronto, as she does once or twice every summer, to visit her father and her stepmother. Laurence and Magda spend the whole season here, and are talking of selling their house in Ottawa and living here year round. It is a Sunday afternoon in late August, and the three of them are sitting out on the brick-paved patio that has replaced part of the veranda. Magda's ginger pots are full of late-blooming flowers—geraniums are the only ones that Denise can name. They are drinking wine and soda—the real drinks will come out when the dinner guests arrive. So far, there have been no preposterous arguments. Driving up here, Denise determined that there wouldn't be. In the car, she played Mozart tapes to steady and encourage herself. She made resolves. So far so good.

Denise runs a women's center in Toronto. She gets beaten women into shelters, finds doctors and lawyers for them, goes after private and public money, makes speeches, holds meetings, deals with the varied and sometimes dangerous mixups of life. She makes less money than a clerk in a government liquor store.

Laurence has said that this is a typical pattern for a girl of affluent background. He has said that the women's center is a good idea, for those who really need it. But he sometimes wonders. Frankly, he sometimes wonders if some of those women—*some* of them—aren't enjoying all the attention they are getting, claiming to be battered and raped and so on. Laurence customarily lays the bait, Denise snaps it up. (Magda floats lilylike, but unappreciated, on top of these muddy waters.) Denise can't tell if he really believes what he says, or half believes it, or just feels compelled to say these things to her. She has gone out in tears more than once, got into her car, and driven back to Toronto. Her lover, a cheerful Marxist from a Caribbean island, says that old men, successful old men, in a capitalist industrial society are almost purely evil—there is nothing left in them but raging defenses and greed. Denise argues with him, too. Her father is not an old man, in the first place. Her father is a good person underneath.



Today, her resolve has held. She has caught the twinkle of the bait but has been able to slip past, a clever, innocent-seeming fish, talking mostly to Magda, admiring various details of the renovation. Laurence, an ironic-looking, handsome man, with a full gray mustache and soft, thinning gray-brown hair, tall but with a little sag now to his shoulders and his stomach, has got up several times and has walked to the lake and back, to the road and back; he has sighed deeply, showing his dissatisfaction with this female talk. Finally, he speaks abruptly to Denise, breaking through what Magda is saying. "How is your mother?"

"Fine," says Denise. "As far as I know, fine."

Isabel, her mother, lives far away, in the Comox Valley, in British Columbia.

"So—how is the goat farming?"

The man Isabel lives with is a commercial fisherman, who used to be a TV cameraman. They live on a small farm and rent the land, or part of it, to a man who raises goats. At some point, Denise revealed this fact to Laurence (she has taken some care not to reveal the fact that the man Isabel lives with is several years younger than she is and that the relationship is periodically "unstable"), and Laurence has ever since insisted that Isabel and her paramour (his word) are engaged in goat farming.

"Fine," says Denise, smiling. Usually she argues, points out the error, accuses him of distortion, ill will, mischief.

"Enough counterculture left out there to buy goat milk?"

"I would think so."

Laurence's lips twitch under his mustache impatiently. She keeps on looking at him, maintaining an expression of innocent, impudent cheerfulness. Then he gives an abrupt bark of a laugh. "Goat milk!" he says.

"Is this the new in-joke?" says Magda. "What am I missing? Goat milk?"

Laurence says, "Magda, did you know that on my fortieth birthday Denise took me up in a plane?"

"I didn't actually fly it," says Denise.

"My fortieth birthday. 1969. The

year of the moon shot. The moon shot was actually just a couple of days after. She'd heard me say I often wished I could get a look at this country from a thousand feet up. I'd go over it flying from Ottawa to Toronto, but I never saw anything."

"I only paid enough for him to go up, but as it happened we all went up, in a five-seater. For the same price."

"We all went except Isabel," says Laurence. "Somebody had to bow out, so she did."

"I made him drive—Dad drive—blindfolded to the airport," says Denise to Magda. "That is, not drive blindfolded—" They were all laughing. "*Ride* blindfolded, so he wouldn't know where we were going and it would be a complete surprise."

"Mother drove," says Laurence. "I imagine I could have driven blindfolded better. Why did she drive and not Isabel?"

"We had to go in Grandma's car. The Peugeot wouldn't take us all, and I had to have us all go to watch you, because it was my big deal. My present. I was an awful stage manager."

"We flew all down the Rideau Lake system," Laurence says. "Mother loved it. Remember she'd had a bad experience that morning, with the hippies? So it was good for her. The pilot was very generous. Of course, he had his wife working. She made cakes, didn't she?"

Denise says, "She was a caterer."

"She made my birthday cake," says Laurence. "That same birthday. I found that out later."

"Our oven wasn't working," says Denise, her voice gone cautionary and slightly regretful.

"Ah," says Magda. "What was the bad experience?"

WHEN Denise and Peter and their parents arrived at the Log House every summer from Ottawa, their grandmother, Sophie, would be there already, having driven up from Toronto, and the house would be opened, aired, and cleaned as much as it was ever going to be. Denise would run through all the dim, cavelike rooms and hug the lumpy cushions, making a drama out of her delight at being there. But it was a true delight. The house smelled of trodden bits of cedar, never-vanquished damp, and winter mice. Everything was always the same. Here was the boring card game that taught you the names of Canadian wildflowers, here was the Scrabble set with the "X" and one of the "U"s missing, here were the dreadful, irresistible books from Sophie's childhood, the First World War cartoon book, the unmatched plates, the cracked saucers Sophie used for ashtrays, the knives and forks with their faint, strange taste and smell, which was of either metal or dishwater.

Only Sophie would use the oven. She turned out hard roast potatoes, cakes raw in the middle, chicken bloody at the bone. She never thought of replacing the stove. A rich man's daughter, now poor—she was an assistant professor of Scandinavian languages, and through most of her career university teachers were poor—she had odd spending habits. She always packed sandwiches to eat on a train trip, she had never visited a hairdresser, but she wouldn't have dreamed of sending Laurence to an ordinary school. She spent money on the Log House grudgingly, not because she didn't love it—she did—but because her instinct told her to put pots under leaks, to tape around warped window frames, to get used to the slant in the floor which indicated that one of the foundation posts was crumbling. And however much she needed money she wouldn't have thought of selling off any of her property around the house.

Denise's mother and father had a name for Sophie that was a joke between them and a secret: Old Norse. It seemed that, shortly after they met, Laurence, describing Sophie to Isabel, had said, "My mother isn't quite your average mom. She can read Old Norse. In fact, she *is* sort of an Old Norse."

In the car on the way to the Log House, feeling Sophie's presence ahead of time, they played this game:

"Is an Old Norse's car window ever mended with black tape?"

"No. If an Old Norse's window is broken, it stays broken."

"What is an Old Norse's favorite radio program?"

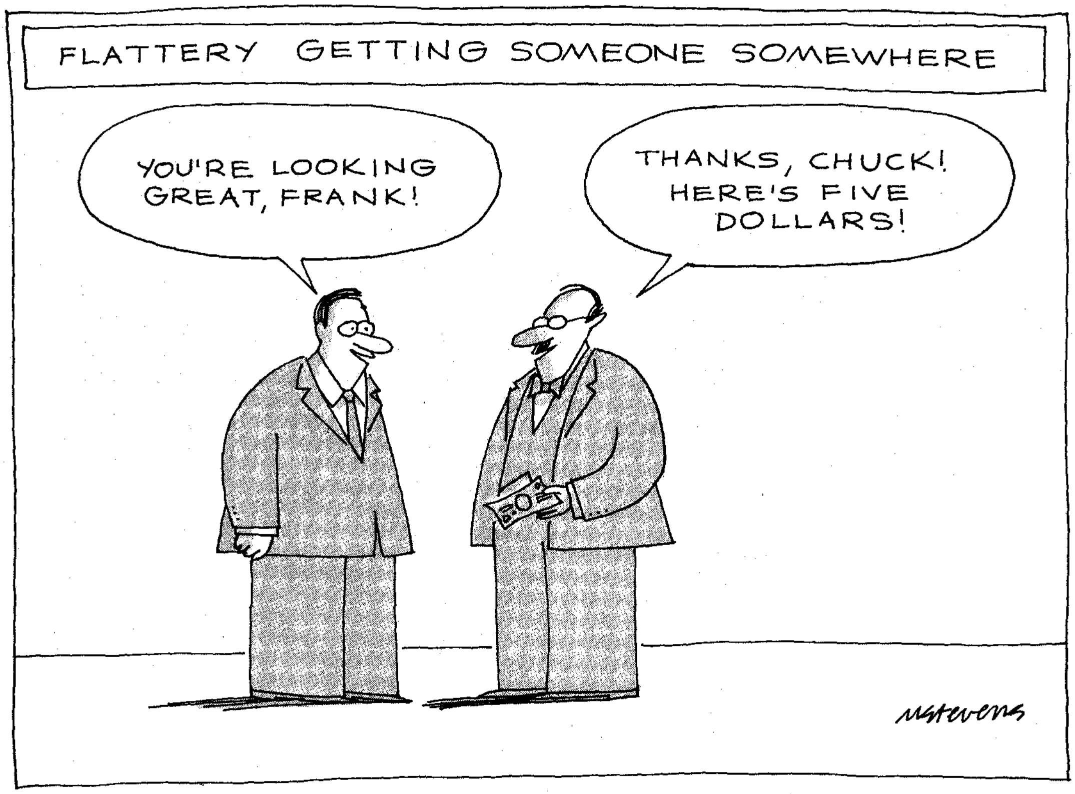
"Let's see. Let's see. The Metropolitan Opera? Kirsten Flagstad singing Wagner?"

"No. Too obvious. Too élitist."

"'Folk Songs of Many Lands'?"

"What is an Old Norse breakfast?" said Denise from the back seat. "Porridge!" Porridge was her own most hated thing.

"Porridge with codfish," said Laurence. "Never tell Grandma about this game, Denise. Where does an


FLATTERY GETTING SOMEONE SOMEWHERE
YOU'RE LOOKING GREAT, FRANK!
THANKS, CHUCK! HERE'S FIVE DOLLARS!
MStevens

Old Norse spend a summer vacation?"

"An Old Norse never takes a summer vacation," said Isabel severely. "An Old Norse takes a winter vacation. And goes north."

"Spitsbergen," said Laurence. "The James Bay Lowlands."

"A cruise," said Isabel. "From Tromsö to Archangel."

"Isn't there a lot of ice?"

"Well, it's on an icebreaker. And it's very dark, because those cruises only run in December and January."

"Wouldn't Grandma think the game funny, too?" Denise said once. She pictured her grandmother coming out of the house and crossing the veranda to meet them—that broad, strong, speckled old woman, with a crown of yellowish-white braids, whose old jackets and sweaters and skirts had some of the smell of the house, whose greeting was calmly affectionate and slightly puzzled. Was she surprised that they had got here so soon, that the children had grown, that Laurence was suddenly so boisterous, that Isabel looked so slim and youthful? Did she know how they'd been joking about her in the car?

"Maybe," said Laurence, discouragingly.

"In those old poems she reads—you know, those old Icelandic poems—there is the most terrible gore and hacking people up," said Isabel. "Women, particularly—one slitting her own kids' throats and mixing the blood in her husband's wine. I read that. And then Sophie is such a pacifist and socialist. Isn't it strange?"

GOING OUT of BUSINESS
LAST 10 DAYS
EVERYTHING MUST GO
Modell

ON the morning of Laurence's birthday Isabel drove into Aubreyville in the morning to get the cake. Denise went with her, to hold the cake on the way home. The plane ride was arranged for five in the afternoon. Besides Denise, only Isabel knew about it, having driven her to the airport the week before. It was entirely Denise's idea. She was worrying now about the clouds.

"Those streaky ones are O.K.," said Isabel. "It's the big piled-up white ones that could mean a storm."

"Cumulus," Denise said. "I know. Do you think Daddy is a typical Cancer? Home-loving and food-loving? Hangs on to things?"

"I guess so," said Isabel.

"What did you think when you first met him? I mean, what attracted you? Did you know this was the person you were going to end up married to? I think that's all so weird."

Laurence and Isabel had met in the cafeteria of the university, where Isabel was working as a cashier. She was a first-year student, but a poor one, wearing a tight pink sweater, which Laurence always remembered. The first thing she said to Laurence was "That's a mistake." She was pointing to his selection—shepherd's pie.

Laurence was too embarrassed or too stubborn to put it back. "I've had it before and it was O.K.," he said. He hung around for a moment after he got his change. "It reminds me of what my mother makes."

"Your mother must be an awful cook."

"She is."

He phoned her that night, having asked around to find out her name.

"This is Shepherd's Pie," he said shakily. "Would you go to a movie with me?"

"I'm surprised you're still alive," said Isabel, a brash-talking tight-sweatered girl who was certainly going to be a surprise for Sophie. "Sure."

Denise knew all this by heart. What

she was after was something else. "Why did you go out with him? Why did you say sure?"

"He was nice-looking," said Isabel. "He seemed interesting."

"Is that all?"

"Well. He didn't act as if he was God's gift to women. He blushed when I spoke to him."

"He often blushes," said Denise. "So do I. It's terrible."

She thought that those two people, Laurence and Isabel—her father and mother—kept something hidden. Something between them. She could feel it welling up fresh and teasing or lying low and sour, but she could never get to understand what it was or how it worked. They would not let her.

Aubreyville was a limestone town, built along the river. The old stove foundry, from which Sophie's father had made his money, was still there on the riverbank. It had been partly converted into a crafts center, where people blew glass and wove shawls and made birdhouses, which they sold on the premises. The name Vogelsang—the German name that also appeared on the stoves and had contributed to the downfall of the company during the First World War—could still be read, carved in stone, over the door. The handsome house where Sophie was born had become a nursing home.

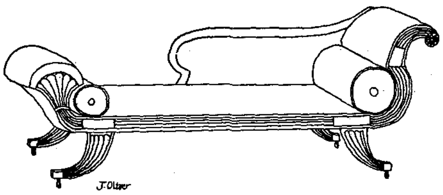
The catering woman lived on one of the new streets of town—the streets that Sophie hated. The street was recently paved, broad and black, with smooth curbs. There were no sidewalks. No trees, either, and no hedges or fences—just some tiny ornamental shrubs with a roll of wire to protect them. Split-level and ranch-style houses alternated. Some of the driveways were paved with the glittering white crushed stone called, around Aubreyville, "white marble." On one lawn three spotted plastic deer were resting; at a doorway a little plastic black boy held up a lantern for coaches. An arrangement of pink-and-gray speckled boulders prevented people from crossing a corner lot. "Plastic rocks," said Isabel. "I wonder if they have weights or are stuck into the ground."

The catering woman brought the cake out to the car. She was a stout, dark-haired, rather pretty woman in her forties, with heavy green eyeshadow and a perfect gleaming bouffant hair style. "I've been on the lookout for you," she said. "I have to run some pies over to the Legion. You want to take a look at this and see if it's O.K.?"

"I'm sure it's lovely," said Isabel, getting out her wallet. Denise took the cakebox onto her lap.

"I wish I had a girl this size around to help me," the woman said.

Isabel looked at the two little boys—they were about three and four years old—who were jumping in and out of an inflated wading pool on the lawn. "Are those yours?" she said politely.



"Are you kidding? Those are my daughter's—she dumped them on me. I've got one married son and one married daughter and another son—the only time I see him he's in a motorcycle helmet. I was an early starter."

Isabel had begun to back the car out of the drive when Denise gave a cry of surprise. "Mom! That's the pilot!"

A man had come out of the side

KATE SMITH IN THE GRANDSTAND

Try to think now what she sang
at suppertime, the hearty tunes that everybody
hummed when soldiers cheered at the idea of war.
The youngest star, she entertained America
before its big sendoff. Even on radio,
you had to gussy up for your début.

Big voice, big girl, wearing red for her début
as Pansy Sparks in "Flying High"—she sang
a syncopated "Hallelujah" that won praise on radio
but taunts of "Hey, fat girl" from almost everybody.
In tears, she hankered for a blind date with America
and had her chance after the crash, before the war.

In the bread-line days before that war
the country hungered for a grand début
of melody into the round of hoopla-starved America.
For her songs, the airwaves filled. She sang
the moon over the mountain, and won the hearts of
  everybody,
who pulled chairs up closer to the radio.

It was the intimate, cajoling radio
and her huge voice that sold 300,000 war
bonds in an afternoon. Everybody
called in for Kate, to make her fund-raising début
an a-cappella feat that sang
the Stars and Stripes, good will, and bounty of America.

"This is Kate Smith—this is America,"
announced Roosevelt to England, listening on the radio.
And all her silent audience applauded as she sang
"The Last Time I Saw Paris." All Europe blurred by war,
they sent her off to soldiers making their début
on battlefields—she conveyed the prayers of everybody,

who tuned in every night to hear her call "Hello, everybody"
out to the vast wavelength that called itself America.
They listened then, and heard, before the blue début
of video, the "Statue of Liberty of radio,"
Kate's massive stir of voice, that waged war
on old despair and static when she sang.

And everybody had hummed along when she sang
"God Bless America" on the twilight radio
when the country made its début into the war.

—Cynthia Zarin

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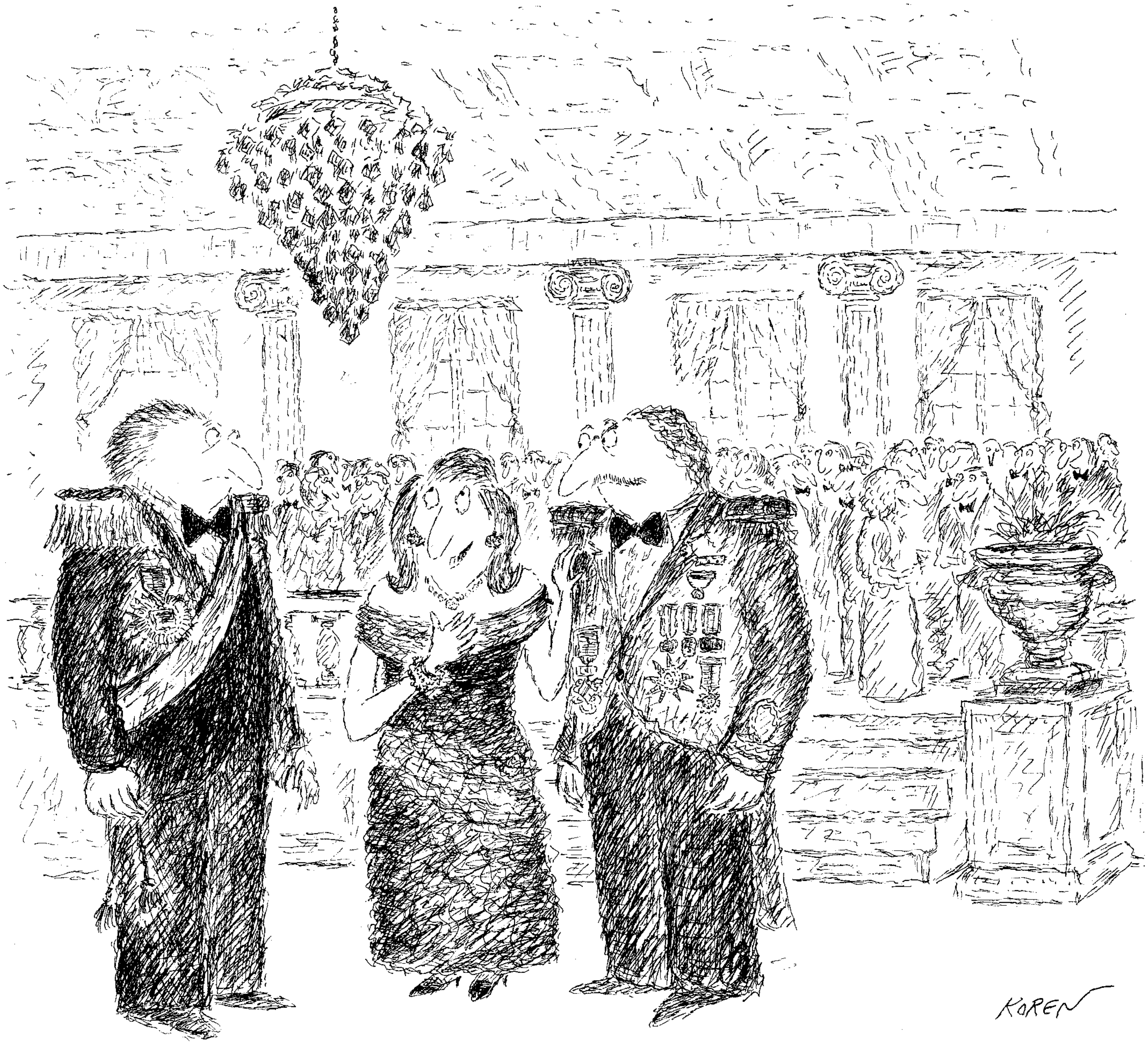


"Oh dear, I'm terrible with names."

• •

door and was talking to the catering woman.

"Jesus, Denise, don't scare me like that! I thought it was one of the kids running behind the car."

"It's the pilot I was talking to at the airport!"

"He must be her husband. Keep the cake level."

"But isn't that strange? On Daddy's birthday? The woman who made his cake is married to the man who's going to take him up in the plane. *Maybe* he is. He's got a partner. He and his partner give flying lessons, and they fly hunters up north in the fall and they fly fishermen to lakes you can only fly to. He told me. Isn't it strange?"

"It's only moderately strange, in a place the size of Aubreyville. Denise, you have to *watch* that cake."

Denise subsided, feeling a little insulted. If a grownup had cried out in surprise, Isabel wouldn't have shown such irritation. If a grownup had remarked on this strange coincidence, Isabel would have agreed that it was indeed strange. Denise hated it when Isabel treated her like a child. With her grandmother or Laurence she expected a certain denseness and inflexibility. Those two were always the same. But Isabel could be confiding, friendly, infinitely understanding, then remote and irritable. And sometimes the more she gave you the less you felt satisfied. Denise suspected that her father felt that about Isabel, too.

Today Isabel was wearing a long wraparound skirt of Indian cotton—her hippie skirt, Laurence called it—and a dark-blue halter. She was slim and brown—she tanned well, considering she was a redhead—and until you got close to her she looked only about twenty-five. Even close up, she didn't look more than twenty-nine. So Laurence said. He wouldn't let her cut her dark-red hair, and he supervised her tan, calling out, "Where are you going?" in a warning, upset voice when she tried to move into the shade or go up to the house for a little while.

"If I let her, Isabel would sneak off out of the sun every time my back was turned," Laurence had said once, to visitors, and Denise had heard Isabel laugh.

"It's true. I've got Laurence to

thank. I'd never last long enough on my own to get any kind of a tan. I get the fried-brain feeling."

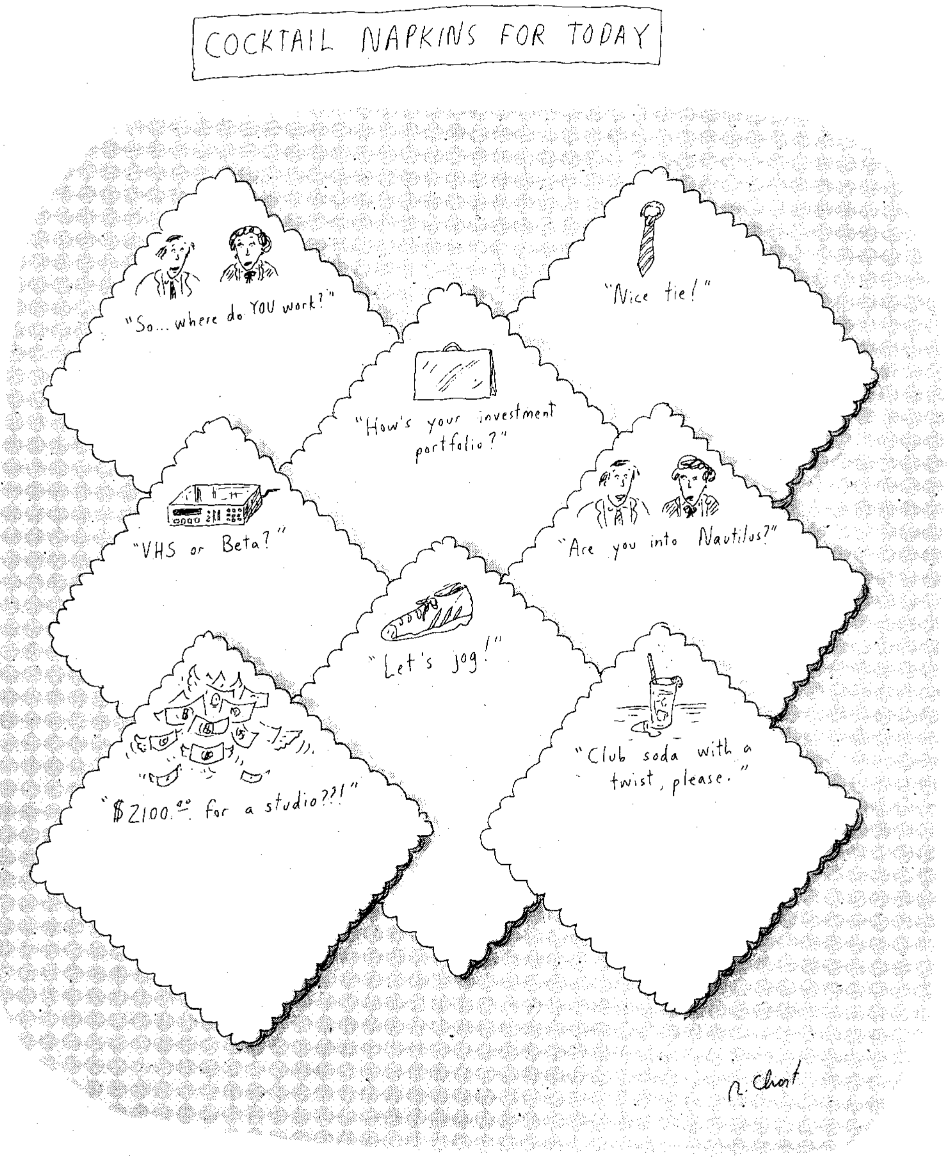
"Who cares about fried brains if you've got a gorgeous brown body?" said Laurence in a lordly, farcical way, tap-tapping the smooth stomach bared by Isabel's bikini.

Those little rhythmic slaps made Denise's own stomach go queasy. The only way she could keep from yelling out "Stop it!" was to jump up and rush at the lake with her arms spread wide and foolish whoops coming out of her mouth.

WHEN Denise saw the catering woman again, more than a year had gone by. It was nearly the end of August—a close, warm, but cloudy day, when they were near the end of their summer's stay at the Log House. Isabel had gone to town, on one of that summer's regular trips to the dentist. She was having some complicated work done in Aubreyville, because she liked the dentist there better than the dentist in Ottawa. Sophie had not been at the Log House since the beginning of the summer. She was in Wellesley Hospital, in Toronto, having some tests done.

Denise and Peter and their father were in the kitchen, making bacon-and-tomato sandwiches for lunch. There were a few things that Laurence believed he could cook better than anybody else, and one of them was bacon. Denise was slicing tomatoes, and Peter was supposed to be buttering the toast but was reading a book. The radio was on, giving the noon news. Laurence liked to hear the news several times a day.

Denise went to see who was at the front door. She did not immediately recognize the catering woman, who was wearing a more youthful dress this time—a loose dress with swirls of psychedelic red and blue and purple—and did not look as pretty. Her hair was down over her shoulders.



COCKTAIL NAPKINS FOR TODAY
"So... where do YOU work?"
"Nice tie!"
"How's your investment portfolio?"
"VHS or Beta?"
"Are you into Nautilus?"
"Let's jog!"
"$2100.00 for a studio??!"
"Club soda with a twist, please."
R. Chast

"Is your mother home?" this woman said.

"I'm sorry, she's not here right now," said Denise, with a dignified politeness she knew to be slightly offensive. She thought the woman was selling something.

"She is not here," the woman said. "No. She is not here." Her face was puffy and unsmiling, her lipstick clownishly thick, and her eye makeup blotchy. Her voice was heavy with some insinuation Denise could not grasp. She would not talk that way if she was trying to sell something. Could they owe her money? Had Peter run across her property or bothered her dog?

"My father's here," Denise said contritely. "Would you like to talk to him?"

"Your father, yes, I will talk to him," the woman said, and hoisted her large, shiny red handbag up under her arm. "Why don't you go and get him, then?"

Denise realized then that this was the same voice that had said, "I wish I had a girl this size to help me."

"The lady who does catering is at the door," she said to her father.

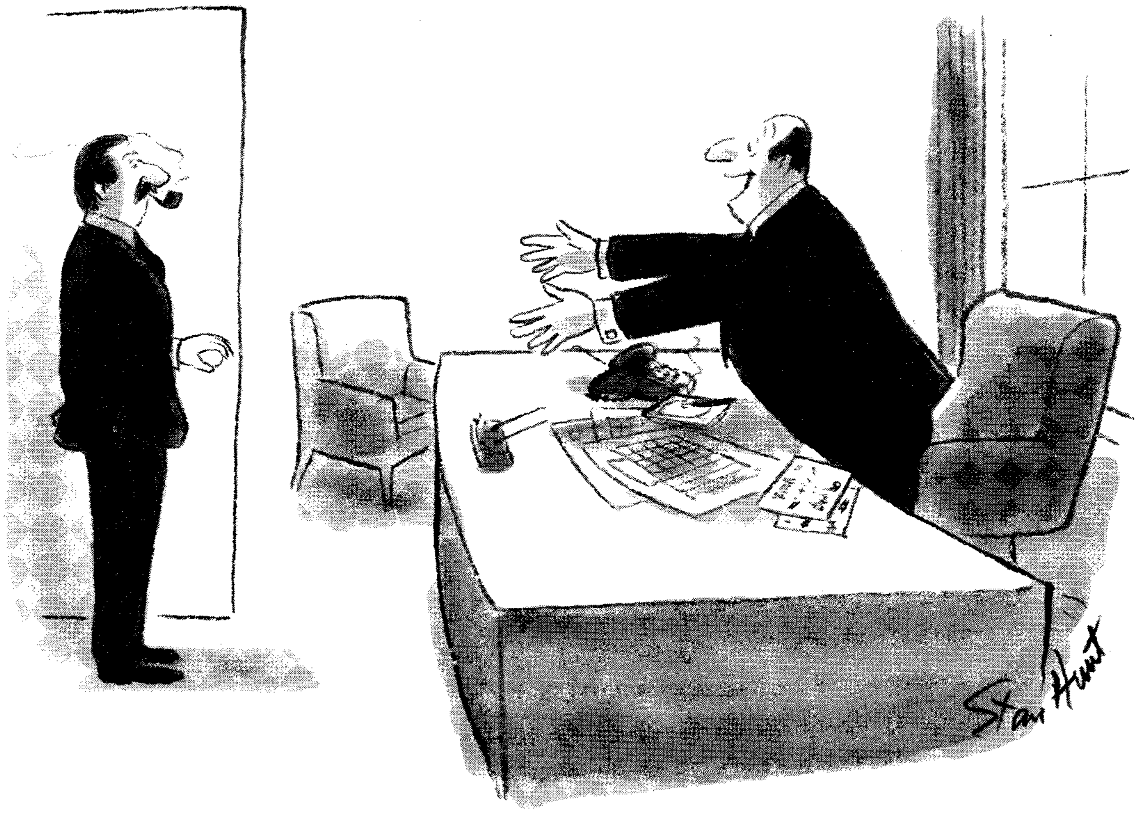
"The lady who does catering?" he repeated, in a displeased, disbelieving voice, as if she had invented this lady just to interrupt him. But he wiped his hands and went off down the hall. She heard him say smoothly, "Yes, indeed, what can I do for you?" And instead of coming back in a few minutes he took the woman into the dining room and shut the dining-room door. Why *into the dining room?* Visitors were taken into the living room. The bacon, lying on a paper towel, was getting cold.

There was a little window high in the swinging door between the kitchen and the dining room. In the days when Sophie was a girl, there used to be a cook in the kitchen, and she could watch the progress of the meal through this window and know when to change the dishes. Denise raised herself on tiptoe.

"Spy," said Peter, without looking up from his book.

"I just want to know when to make the sandwiches," Denise said.

She saw that there had been a reason for going into the dining room. Her father was sitting in his usual place, at the end of the table. The woman was sitting in Peter's usual place, nearest the hall door. She had her handbag on the table and her hands clasped on top of it. Whatever they were talking about demanded a table and straight-backed chairs and an upright, serious position. It was like an interview. Information was being given, questions were being asked, a problem was being considered.



"Come in, come in, Cartwright. I'm entering my exuberant phase and I need your dour skepticism."

Well, all right, thought Denise. They were talking about a problem. They would finish talking about it, settle it, it would be over with. Her father would tell the family about it, or not tell them. It would be over. She turned off the radio. She made the sandwiches. Peter ate his; she waited awhile, then ate hers. They drank Coke, which their father allowed them at lunch. Denise ate and drank too quickly. She sat at the table quietly burping and retasting the bacon, and hearing the terrible sound of a stranger crying in their house.

From the plane the summer before, they had seen some delicate, dazzling mounded clouds in the western sky, and Denise said, "Thunderclouds."

"That's right," said the pilot. "But they're a long ways away."

"It must be pretty dramatic," said Laurence, "flying in a thunderstorm."

"One time in a thunderstorm I looked out and I saw blue rings of fire around the propellers," the pilot said. "Round the propellers and the wing tips. Then I saw the same thing round the nose. I put my hand out to touch the glass—this here, the Plexiglas—and just as I got within touching distance flames came shooting out of my fingers. I don't know if I touched the glass or not. I didn't feel anything. Little blue flames. That's what they call St. Elmo's fire."

"It's the electrical discharge in the atmosphere," called Peter from the back seat.

"You're right," the pilot called back.

"Strange," said Laurence.

"It gave me a start."

Denise had a picture in her mind of the pilot with cold blue fire shooting out of his fingertips, and that seemed to her a sign of pain, though he had said he didn't feel anything. She thought of the time she had touched an electric fence. The spurts of sound coming out of the dining room made her remember. Peter went on reading, and they didn't say anything, though she knew he heard it, too.

Magda is in the kitchen, making the salad. She is humming a tune from an opera, "Avant de quitter ces lieux," Denise is in the dining room setting the table. She hears her father laughing on the patio. The guests have arrived—two pleasant, rich couples. One couple comes from Boston, the other from Montreal. They have summer homes in Westfield, an old resort town, not far away, on another lake.

Denise hears her father say, "Weltschmerz." He says it as if with quotation marks. He must be quoting some item they all know about, from a magazine they all read.

I should be like Peter, she thinks. I should stop coming here. But perhaps it's all right, and this is happiness—which she is too stubborn, too childish, too glumly political, too mired in a past that everyone else has abandoned to accept?

The dining room has been extended to take in the area where part of the veranda was, and the extension—walls and slanting roof—is all glass. In the darkening glass Denise sees herself—a tall, handsome girl with a long braid, very plainly dressed, setting down on the long pine table, among the prettily overflowing bowls of nasturtiums, little blue glass dishes full of salt. Red-and-orange linen napkins, yellow candles like round pats of butter, thick white country plates with a pattern of grapes around the edges. She feels the weight of the forthcoming talk, and food, and wine—the layers of harmony and satisfaction.

Magda, bearing in the salad, stops humming. "Your mother—is she happy, out in British Columbia?"

Sophie's tread made the floorboards shudder. She was barefoot, naked under the striped terry-cloth bathrobe. She had swum naked in the lake since she was a child, and all this shore had belonged to her father, down as far as Bryce's farm. If she wanted to swim like that now, she had to get up early in the morning. That was all right. She woke early. Old people did.

After she had her swim she liked to sit on the rocks and smoke her first cigarette. That was what she was looking for now—not her cigarettes but her lighter. She looked on the shelf over the sink, in the cutlery drawer—not meaning to make such a clatter—and on the dining-room buffet. Then she remembered that she had been sitting in the living room last night, watching "David Copperfield" on television. And there it was, her lighter, on the grubby arm of the chintz-covered chair.

Laurence had rented a television set so that they could watch the moon shot. She had agreed that that was an occasion the children shouldn't miss—that none of them should miss, said Laurence sternly—but she had supposed it would mean a twenty-four-hour rental, the presence of a television set in the house only overnight. Laurence pointed out her mistake. The moon shot would take place on Wednesday, and the landing, if all went well, on Sunday. Had she really thought the trip would be only a matter of hours? And Laurence said there would be no hope of renting a decent set if you waited until the last moment. All the cottagers would be after them. So they had got one ten days ahead of time, and Laurence's campaign, ever since the television came into the house, had been to get Sophie to watch it. He had been lucky, discovering reruns of last winter's *National Geographic* series—one about migrating waterfowl, which Sophie watched without protest, and one on America's national parks, which she said was good but tainted by American boasting. Then there was "David Copperfield," a British-made series shown every Sunday night in hour-long segments.

"You see what you've been missing?" said Laurence to Sophie. She had refused to have television all these years—not only at the Log House but in her apartment, in Toronto.

"Oh, Laurence. Don't rub it in," said Isabel. Her tone was affectionate but weary. Sophie, saying nothing, was annoyed with Isabel more than with Laurence. How little that girl knew her husband if she expected him to take any triumph discreetly. And how little she knew Sophie if she expected Laurence's pushing to discomfit her. It was his way—their way. He would push and push at Sophie, and no matter what he got out of her it would never be enough. Sophie's capitulation about the television had turned out not to be enough—she didn't really care enough—and that was what Laurence knew.

It was the same with the steps. Sophie was making her way down the bank now to the lake. She had not wanted cement steps, preferring the logs set into the bank, but had given in finally to Laurence's complaints about the logs rotting. Now he called her every day to see the progress he had made replacing them. "I build for the ages," he announced with a grand gesture. He had made a memorial step for each of them—a palm print, initials, the date: July, 1969.

Sophie slipped from the rocks into the water and swam toward the middle of the lake, into the sunlight. Then she turned onto her back. Though there were cottages all along the shore, most people had been quite decent about not cutting down the trees. She could lie here in the water and look at the high bank of pine and cedar, poplar and soft maple, both white and golden birch. There was no wind, no ripple on the lake except what Sophie had made, yet the birch and poplar leaves turned of their own will, flashed like coins in the sun.

There was movement not just in the leaves. Sophie saw figures. They were coming down the bank, coming out of the trees, close to where she had left her bathrobe on the rocks. She lowered her body, so that she wasn't floating but treading water, and watched them. Two boys and a girl. All three had long hair—waist-length, or nearly that, though one of the boys wore his combed back into a ponytail. The ponytailed boy had a beard and wore dark glasses and a suit jacket with no shirt underneath. The other boy wore only jeans. He had some chains or necklaces, perhaps feathers, dangling down on his thin brown chest. The girl was fat and gypsyish, with a long red skirt and a bandanna tied across her forehead. She had tied her skirt into a floppy knot in front, so that she could more easily get down the bank.

LAUNDRY
HAPPY CHONG
LAUNDRY
STUART LEEDS

Children—young people—who looked like this were of course no new sight to Sophie. You saw a lot of them around the lake on weekends—the children of cottagers—visiting, bringing friends. Sometimes they took over cottages, with no parents present, and held weekend-long parties. The property owners' newsletter had proposed a ban on long hair and "weird forms of dress," to be voluntarily enforced by each property holder on his or her own property. People had been invited to write letters supporting or opposing this ban, and Sophie had written opposing it. She stated in her letter that this entire side of the lake had once been Vogelsang property, and that Augustus Vogelsang had left the comparative comfort of Bismarck's Germany to seek the freedom of the New World, in which all individuals might choose how they dressed, spoke, worshipped, etc. But she didn't think these three belonged to any of the cottages. They were surely trespassers, nomads. Why did she think so? Something furtive about them but bold, too—disdainful. She didn't think, however, that any harm would come of them. They were playactors, self-absorbed, not real marauders.

They had seen her bathrobe. They were looking at her, across the water. Sophie waved. She called out, "Good morning!" in a cheerful, hailing tone to indicate that the greeting was all, nothing more was expected. They didn't wave or answer. The girl sat down. The bare-chested boy picked up Sophie's bathrobe and put it on. He found the cigarettes and the lighter in her pocket, and threw them to the girl, who took a cigarette out and lit it. The other boy sat down and pulled off his boots and splashed his feet in the water. The boy who had put on the bathrobe did a little shimmy. His hair was black, beautifully shining, waving over his shoulders. He was imitating a woman, though it surely couldn't be said that he was imitating Sophie. (It did occur to her that they could have been watching, could have seen her take off her bathrobe and go into the water.)

"Would you please take that off?" called Sophie. "You are welcome to a cigarette, but please put them back in the pocket!"

The boy did another shimmy, this time turning his back to her. The other boy laughed. The girl smoked,

and seemed not to pay much attention.

"Take off my bathrobe and put back my cigarettes!"

Sophie started to swim toward the shore, holding her head out of the water. The boy slipped off the bathrobe, picked it up, and tore it in two. The worn material tore easily. He wadded up one half and flung it into the water.

"You young scum!" cried Sophie.

He threw the other half. The boy with the ponytail was putting on his boots. The black-haired boy held out his hand to the girl. She shook her head. He dived into the folds of her skirt, and she cried out in protest. He threw something else into the water, after the rags of the bathrobe. Sophie's lighter.

Sophie heard the girl say something—it sounded like "You crud"—and then the three of them began to climb the bank, without another look toward the lake. The black-haired boy was leaping gracefully, the other boy followed quickly but more awkwardly, the girl climbed laboriously in her hiked-up skirt. They were all out of sight when Sophie rose out of the water and hoisted herself up onto the rocks. The girl's cigarette—Sophie's cigarette—was not stubbed out but cast down in a little vein of dirt and rubbly stones between the rocks.

Sophie sat on the rocks, drawing in deep, ragged breaths. She didn't shiver—she was heated by a sombre, useless rage. She needed to compose herself. She had an image in her mind of the rowboat that used to be tied up here when she was a child. A safe old tub of a rowboat, rocking on the water by the dock. Every evening after dinner, Sophie, or Sophie and one of her brothers (they were all dead), but usually just Sophie, would row down the lake to Bryce's farm to get the milk. A can with a lid, scoured and scalded by the Vogelsangs' cook, was taken along—you wouldn't want to trust any Bryce receptacle. The Bryces didn't have a dock. Their house and barn had their backs turned to the lake—they faced the road. Sophie had to steer the boat into the reeds and throw the rope to the Bryce children, who ran down to meet her. They would splash out through the mud and haul on the rope and clamber over the boat while Sophie gave out her usual instructions: "Don't take the oar out! Don't swamp it! Don't all climb in at one end!" Barefoot, as they were, she would jump out and run up to the stone dairy house. (It was still there, and served now, Sophie understood, as some cottager's darkroom.) Mr. Bryce or Mrs. Bryce would pour the warm, frothy milk into the can.

Some Bryce children were as old as Sophie was and some were older, but all were smaller. How many were there, what were their names? Sophie could recall a Rita, a Sheldon or Selwyn, a George, an Annie. They were always pale children, in spite of the summer sun, and they bore many bites, scratches, scabs. Mosquito bites, blackfly bites, fleabites, bloody and festering. That was because they were poor children. It was because they were poor that Rita's—or Annie's—eyes were crossed, and that one of the boys had such queerly uneven shoulders, and that they talked as they did, saying, "We-ez goen to towen," and "bowt," and other things that Sophie could hardly understand. Not one of them knew how to swim. They treated the boat as if it were a strange piece of furniture—something to climb over, get inside. They had no idea of rowing.

Sophie liked to come for the milk by herself, not with one of her brothers, so that she could loiter and talk to the Bryce children, ask them questions and tell them things—something her brothers wouldn't have dreamed of doing. Where did they go to school, what did they get for Christmas, did they know any songs? When they got used to her, they told her things. They told her about the time the bull got loose and came up to the front door, and the time they saw a ball of lightning dance across the bedroom floor, and about the enormous boil on Selwyn's neck. Sophie wanted to invite them to the Log House. She dreamed of giving them baths and clean clothes and putting ointment on their bites and teaching them to talk properly. Sometimes she had a long, complicated daydream that was all about Christmas for the Bryce family. It included painting and redecoration of their house as well as a wholesale cleanup of their yard. Magic glasses appeared to straighten crossed eyes. There were picture books and electric trains and dolls in taffeta dresses and armies of toy soldiers and heaps of marzipan fruits and animals. (Marzipan was Sophie's favorite treat—a conversation with the Bryces about candy had revealed that they did not know what it was.)

In time she got her mother's permission to invite one of them. The one she asked—Rita or Annie—backed out at the last minute, being too shy, and the other came instead. This Annie or Rita wore one of Sophie's bathing suits, which drooped on her ridiculously. And she proved hard to entertain. She would not indicate a preference of any kind. She wouldn't say what sort of sandwiches or cookies or drink she wanted, or choose whether to go on the swing or the teeter-totter or to play by the water or to play with dolls. Her lack of preference seemed to have something superior about it—as if she were adhering to a code of manners Sophie couldn't know anything about. She accepted the treats she was given and allowed Sophie to push her in the swing, all with a steadfast lack of enthusiasm. Finally, Sophie took her down to the water and initiated a program of catching frogs. Sophie wanted to move a whole colony of frogs from the reedy little bay on one side of the dock around to a pleasant shelf and cave in the rocks on the other side. The frogs made the trip by water. Sophie and the Bryce girl caught them and set them on an inner tube and pushed them around the dock—the water was low, the Bryce girl could wade—to their new home. By the end of the day the colony had been moved.

The Bryce girl died in a house fire, with some young children, several years later. Or perhaps that was the other one, the one who wouldn't come. Whichever brother inherited the farm sold it to a developer, who was reported to have cheated him. But he bought a big car—a Cadillac?—and Sophie used to see him in town, in Aubreyville, in the summers. He would give her a squint-eyed look that said he wasn't going to bother speaking unless she did.

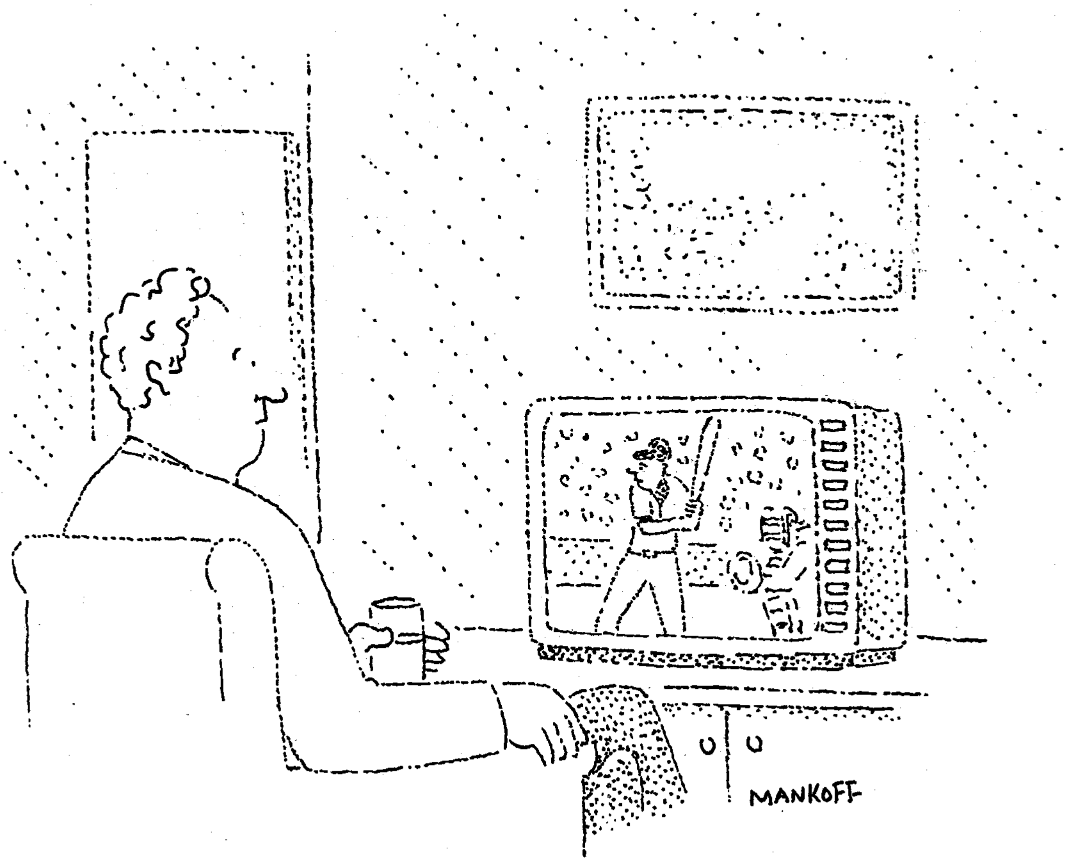
Sophie remembered telling this story of the frog move to Laurence's father—a teacher of German, whose attention she had first attracted by arguing forcefully in class for a Westphalian pronunciation. By the time she was a graduate student, she was relentlessly in love with him. Pregnant, she was too proud to ask him to uproot himself, leave his wife, and follow her to the Log House, where she waited for Laurence to be born, but she believed that he must do so. He did come, but only twice—to visit. They sat on the dock, and she told him about the frogs and the Bryce girl.

"Of course they were all back in the reeds the next day," she said.

He laughed, and in a comradely way patted her knee. "Ah, Sophie. You see."

And today was Laurence's fortieth birthday. Her son was born on Bastille Day. She sent a postcard. "Male Prisoner let loose, July 14, eight pounds nine ounces." What did his wife think? She was not to know. The Vogelsang family carried the whole thing off with pride, and Sophie went away to another university to qualify for her academic career. She had never lied about being married. But Laurence, at school, had invented a father—his mother's first cousin, therefore having the same name—who was drowned on a canoe trip. Sophie said she understood, but she was disappointed in him.

LATE that afternoon, Sophie found herself up in a plane. She had flown twice before, both times in large planes. She had not thought that she would be frightened. She sat in the back seat with Denise beside her, and Peter on the jump seat—Laurence was in front, with the pilot—and in fact she could not tell if what she was feeling was fear. The little plane seemed not to be moving at all, though its engine had not cut off—it was making a terrible racket. They hovered in the air, a thousand feet or so off the ground. Below were juniper bushes spread like pincushions in the fields, cedars charmingly displayed, like toy Christmas trees. There were glittering veins of ripples on the dark water. That toylike, perfect tininess of everything had a peculiar and distressing effect on Sophie. She felt that it was she, not the things on earth, that had shrunk, was still shrinking—or that they were all shrinking together. This feeling was so strong it caused a tingle in her now tiny, crablike hands and

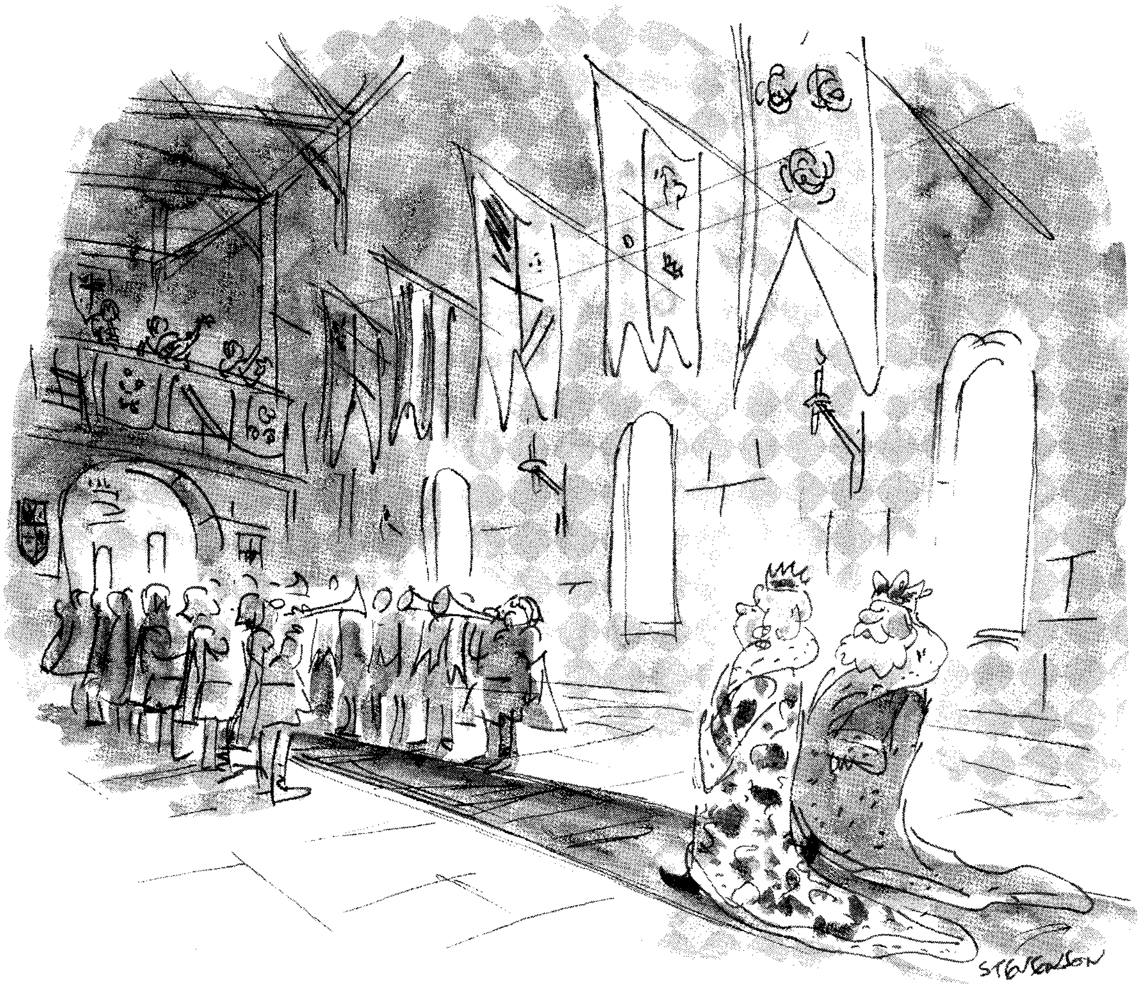


"Ken bats left-handed, enjoys cultural as well as outdoor activities, and seeks a sensitive, non-smoking woman for a lasting partnership that includes long walks, good music, and fielding practice."

feet—a tingle of exquisite smallness, or awareness of exquisite smallness. She felt nauseated. She began to sweat.

"Soon we'll be right over the lake," said Laurence to the children. "See how it's all fields on one side and trees on the other? See, one side is soil over limestone, and the other is the Precambrian shield. One side is rocks and one is reeds. This is what's called a glint lake." (Laurence had studied and enjoyed geology, and at one time Sophie had hoped he might become a geologist instead of a businessman.)

So they were moving, barely. They were moving over the lake. Off to the right, Sophie saw Aubreyville spread out, and the white gash of the silica quarry. Her feeling of a mistake, of a very queer and incommunicable problem, did not abate. It wasn't the approach but the aftermath of disaster she felt in this still golden air, as if they had all been whisked off and cancelled—curled up into dots, turned to atoms—but didn't know it.



"Don't you love being upscale?"

"Let's see if we can see the roof of the Log House," said Laurence. "My grandfather was a German. He built his house in the trees, like a hunting lodge," he said to the pilot.

"That so?" said the pilot, who probably knew that much about the Vogelsangs.

This feeling—Sophie was realizing—wasn't new to her. She'd had it as a child. A genuine shrinking feeling, one of the repertoire of frightening, marvellous feelings, or states, that are available to you when you're very young. Like the sense of yourself always upside down, walking on ceilings. An awful pleasure then, so why not now?

They pointed out the roof to her, the roof of the Log House. She exclaimed satisfactorily.

In those states, as a child, you always knew you could go farther or go back. No, you didn't absolutely know that. The risk made you hold on, concentrate, fill your lungs secretly with a big gulp of air, with that solemn, expanding glee.

ISABEL sat near the car, on the grass in the shade of some scrawny poplar trees, and thought that this day, a pleasant family day, had been full of hurdles, which she had so far got over. When she woke up this morning, Laurence wanted to make love to her. She knew that the children would be awake—they would be busy in Denise's room, down the hall, preparing the first surprise of the day: a poster with a birthday poem on it. If Laurence was interrupted by their trooping in with this—or by their pounding on the door, supposing she got up to bolt it—he was going to be in a very bad mood. Denise would be disappointed—in fact, grief-stricken. They would be off to a bad start. But it wouldn't do to put Laurence off, explaining about the children. That would be seen as an instance of her making them more important, considering their feelings ahead of his. The best thing to do seemed to be to hurry him up, and she did that, encouraging him even when he was momentarily distracted by the sound of heavy-footed Sophie prowling around downstairs, banging open some kitchen drawer.

"What the Christ is the matter with her?" he whispered into Isabel's ear. But she just stroked him. That was effective. Soon everything was all right. He was lying on his back, holding her hand, by the time the children could be heard coming along the hall, making a noise like trumpets, a jumbled fanfare. They pushed open the door of their parents' room and entered, holding in front of them the large poster on which the birthday poem was written, in elaborate, crayoned letters of many colors.

"Hail!" they said together, and bowed, lowering the poster. Denise was revealed wearing a sheet, carrying a tinfoil-covered stick with a tinfoil-covered star stuck on one end, and with most of Isabel's necklaces, chains, bracelets, and earrings strung around or somehow attached to her person. Peter was just in his pajamas.

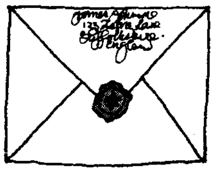
They began to recite the poem. Denise's voice was high and intensely dramatic, though self-mocking. Peter's trailed a little behind hers, slow and dutiful and uncertainly sardonic.

> Hail upon your fortieth year!
> That marks your fortunate lifetime here!
> And I the Fairy Queen appear,
> To wish you health and wealth and love
> and cheer!

Peter, trailing, said, "*She* the Fairy Queen appears," and at the end of the verse Denise said, "Actually, I am the Fairy Godmother, but that has too many syllables." She and Peter continued to bow.

Laurence and Isabel laughed and clapped and asked to see the birthday poster at closer range. All around the poem were pasted figures and scenes and words cut letter by letter out of magazines. This was all in illustration of the past year in the life of the Great L. P. (Long-playing Laurence Peter) Vogelsang. A business trip to Australia was indicated by a kangaroo jumping over Ayers Rock beside a can of insect repellent.

"In Between Exciting Trips," said the caption, "the Great L.P. Found Time for His Special Interests" (a Playboy Bunny displayed her perky tail and offered a bottle of champagne as large as herself) "and for Relaxing with His Lovely Family" (an impudent freckled girl stuck out her tongue, a housewife threateningly waved a mop, a mud-covered urchin stood on his head). "He Also Considered Taking Up a Second Career" (a cement mixer was shown, with an old codger superimposed). "Happy Birthday, L.P. the Great," said a balloon spouting from the mouths of a number of farmyard animals wearing party hats. "From Your Many Loyal Fans."



"That's remarkable," said Laurence. "I can see you put a lot of work *into* it. I particularly like the special interests."

"And the loving family," said Denise. "Don't you love them, too?"

"And the loving family," said Laurence.

"Now," said Denise, "the Fairy Godmother is prepared to grant you three wishes."

"You never really need more than one wish," Peter said. "You just wish that all the other wishes you make will come true."

"That wish is not allowed," said Denise. "You get three wishes, but they have to be for three specific things. You can't wish something like you'll always be happy, and you can't wish just that you get all your wishes."

Laurence said, "That's a rather dictatorial Fairy Godmother," and wished for a sunny day.

"It already is," said Peter disgustedly.

"Well, I wish for it to stay sunny," said Laurence. Then he wished that he would replace six more of the steps and that there would be broiled tomatoes and sausages and scrambled eggs for breakfast.

"Lucky you wished for broiled," said Isabel. "Only the top element on the stove is working. I suppose it would be too much to ask the Fairy Godmother to bring Sophie a new stove."

THE noise that they all made in the kitchen, getting breakfast, must have kept them from hearing Sophie's voice raised down at the lake. They were going to eat on the veranda. Denise had spread a cloth over the picnic table. They came out in procession, Denise carrying the coffee tray, Isabel the platter of hot food—the eggs and sausages and tomatoes—and Peter carrying his own breakfast, which was dry cereal with honey. Laurence was not supposed to have to carry anything, but he had picked up the rack of buttered toast, seeing that otherwise it would be left behind.

Just as they came out on the veranda, Sophie appeared at the top of the bank, naked. She walked directly toward them across the mown grass. "I have had a very minor catastrophe," she said. "Happy birthday, Laurence!"

This was the first time Isabel had ever seen an old woman naked. Several things surprised her. The smoothness of the skin, compared with the wrinkled condition of Sophie's face, neck, arms, and hands. The smallness of the breasts (seeing Sophie clothed, she had always perceived the breasts as being on the same large scale as the rest of her). They were slung down like little bundles, little hammock-bundles, from the broad, freckled chest. The scantiness of the pubic hair and the color of it were also unexpected—it had not turned white but remained a glistening golden brown, and was as light a covering as a very young girl's. All that white skin, slackly filled, made Isabel think of those French cattle, dingy white cattle, that you sometimes saw in the farmers' fields—Charolais.

Sophie, of course, did not try to shield her breasts with an arm or place a modest hand over her private parts. She didn't hurry past her family. She stood in the sunlight, one foot on the bottom step of the veranda—slightly increasing the intimate view they could all get of her—and said calmly, "Down there, I was dispossessed of my bathrobe. Also my cigarettes and my lighter. My lighter went to the bottom of the lake."

"Christ, Mother!" said Laurence. He had set the toast rack down in such a hurry that it fell over. He pushed aside the dishes to get hold of the tablecloth. "Here!" he said, and threw it at her.

Sophie didn't catch it. It fell over her feet. "Laurence, that's the tablecloth!"

"Never mind," said Laurence. "Just put it on!"

Sophie bent and picked up the tablecloth and looked at it, as if examining the pattern. Then she draped it around herself, not very effectively and in no great hurry. "Thank you, Laurence," she said. She had managed to arrange the tablecloth so that it flapped open just at the worst place. Looking down, she said, "I hope this makes you happier." She started again on her story.

No, thought Isabel, she cannot be that unaware. It has to be on purpose, it has to be a game. Crafty innocence. The stagy old showoff. Showing off her purity, her high-mindedness, her simplicity. Perverse old fraud. "Denise, run and get another cloth," she said. "Are we going to let this food get cold?"

The idea was—Sophie's idea always was—to make her own son look foolish. To make him look a fool in front of his wife and children. Which he did, standing above Sophie on the veranda, with the shamed blood rising hotly up his neck, staining his ears, and his voice artificially lowered to sound a manly reproach, but trembling. That was what Sophie could do, would do, every time she got the chance.

"What arrogant brats," said Isabel, responding to the story. "I thought they were all supposed to be lovely and blissful and looking for enlightenment and so on."

"If only you had worn a bathing suit to go swimming in the first place," said Laurence.

THEN the trip to get the cake, the worry of getting it home intact, the need to nag at Denise so that she would keep it level. A further trip alone, to the Hi-Way Market to get the ripe field tomatoes Laurence preferred to any that you could buy in the store. Isabel had to plan a top-of-the-stove menu. It had to be something that could be cooked or heated up fairly quickly when they all got home hungry from the trip to the airport. And it should be something that Laurence particularly liked, that Sophie wouldn't find too fancy, that Peter would eat. She decided on coq au vin, though with that she couldn't be entirely sure of Sophie or of Peter. After all, it was Laurence's day. She spent the afternoon cooking, watching the time, so that they would all be ready to leave for the airport early enough not to throw Denise into a fit of anxiety.

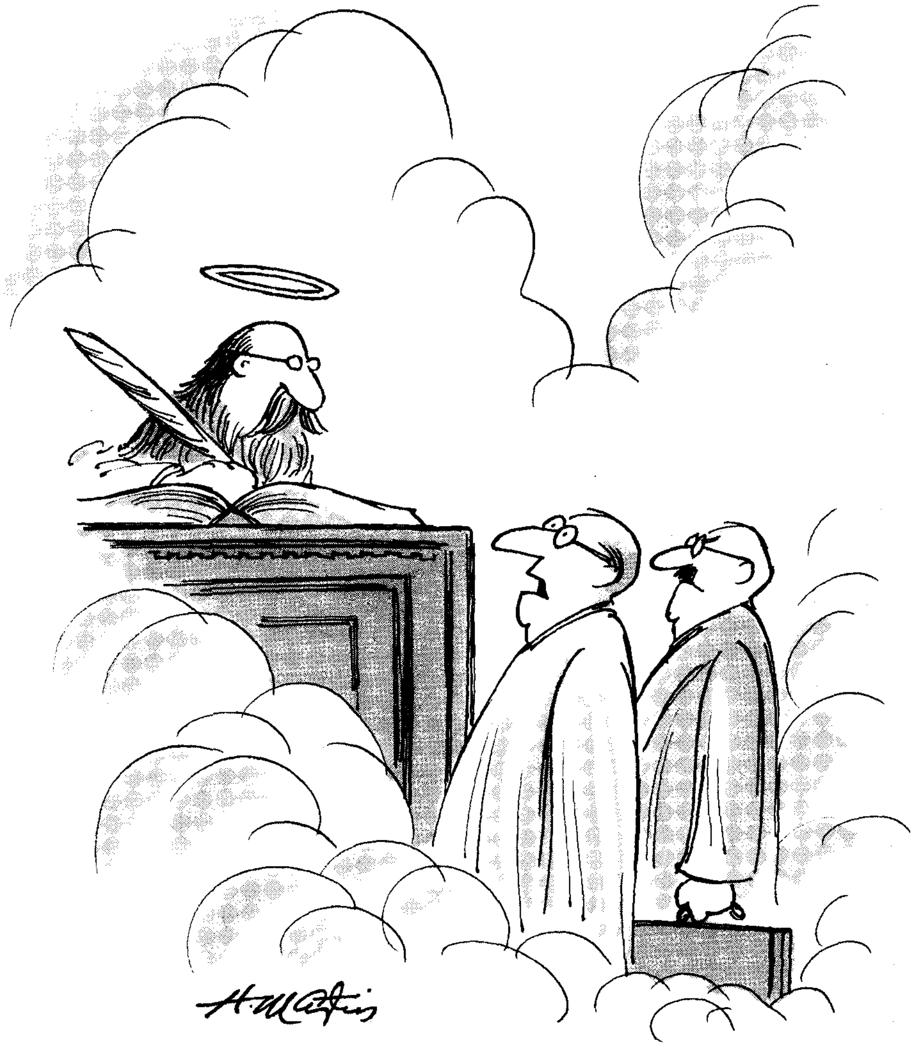
Even with her watching, they were a bit late. Laurence, called to from the top of the bank, answered but did not appear. Isabel had to run down to where he was working on the steps and tell him it was urgent, there was a surprise connected with his birthday, everything might be ruined if he didn't hurry—it was Denise's particular surprise, furthermore, and she was getting into a state. Even after that, it seemed that Laurence deliberately took his time and was longer than usual, washing and changing. He did not approve of so much effort going into preventing one of Denise's states.

But they had got here, and now they were all, except Isabel, up in the plane. That had not been the plan. The plan was that they were all to drive to the airport, watch Laurence get his blindfold removed and be surprised, watch him take off on his birthday ride, and greet him when he came down. But the pilot, coming out of the little house that served as an office and seeing them all there, had said, "How about taking the whole family up? We'll take the four-seater with the jump seat—you get a nicer ride." He smiled at Denise. "I won't charge you any more. It's the end of the day."

"That's very nice of you," said Denise promptly.

"So," said the pilot, looking them over. "All but one."

"That can be me," said Isabel.



"My name is Howard C. Freswell, and this is Arthur Templeton, my attorney."

• •

"I hope you're not scared," said the pilot, turning his look on her. "No need to be."

He was a man in his forties—maybe he was fifty—with waves of very blond or white hair, probably blond hair going white, combed straight back from his forehead. He was not tall, not as tall as Laurence, but strongly built, with a thick chest and waist and a little hard swell of belly, not a sag, over his belt. A high, curved forehead, bleached-out eyebrows, bright-blue eyes with a habitual outdoor squint—a look of professional calm and good humor. That same quality in his voice—the good-humored, unhurried, slightly stupid-sounding country voice. Isabel knew what Laurence would say of this man—that he was the salt of the earth—not noticing something else: what was vigilant underneath and careless, or even contemptuous, of them; sharply self-possessed.

"You're not scared, are you, Ma'am?" said the pilot to Sophie.

"I've never flown in a small plane," said Sophie. "But I don't think I'm scared, no."

"We've none of us ever flown in a small plane. It'll be a great treat," said Laurence. "Thank you."

"I'll just sit here by myself then," said Isabel, and Laurence laughed.

"Sitting by herself is my wife's greatest pleasure."

If that was so—and it really might be, because she wasn't scared, or was only vaguely scared, yet she so much relished the idea of being left behind—it surely wasn't much to her credit. Here she sat and saw her day as hurdles got over. The coq au vin waiting on the back of the stove, the cake got home safely, the wine and tomatoes bought, the birthday brought this far without any real errors or clashes or disappointments. There remained the drive home, the dinner. Then tomor-

MONHEGAN ISLAND
BAR HARBOR
QUOGUE
THE HAMPTONS

• •

row Laurence went to Ottawa for the day and came back in the evening. He was to be with them Wednesday to watch the moon shot.

Not much to her credit, to go through her life thinking, Well, good, now that's over, *that's* over. What was she looking forward to, what bonus was she hoping to get when this, and this, and this was over? Freedom—or not even freedom. Emptiness, a breathing space. It seemed that all the time she was having to provide a little more—in the way of attention, enthusiasm, watchfulness—than she was sure she had. She was straining, hoping not to be found out. Found to be as cold at heart as that Old Norse, Sophie.

Sometimes she thought that she had been brought home in the first place as a complicated kind of challenge to Sophie. Laurence was in love with her from the beginning, but his love had something to do with the challenge. Quite contradictory things about her were involved: her tarty looks and bad manners (how tarty and how bad she had no idea at the time), her high marks and her naïve reliance on them as proof of intelligence—all that evidence she bore of being the brightest pupil from a working-class high school, the sport of an unambitious family.

"Not your typical business-ad. choice, is she, Mother?" said Laurence to Sophie in Isabel's presence. He was enrolled in the one school in the university that Sophie detested—Business Administration.

Sophie said nothing but smiled directly at Isabel. The smile was not unkind, not scornful of Laurence—it seemed patient—but it said plainly, "Are you ready, are you taking this on?" And Isabel, who was concentrating then on being in love with Laurence's good looks and wit and intelligence and hoped-for experience of life, understood what this meant. It meant that the Laurence she had set herself to love (in spite of her looks and manner, she was a serious, inexperienced girl who believed in lifelong love and could not imagine connecting herself on any other terms)—*that* Laurence had to be propped up, kept going, by constant and clever exertions on her part, by reassurance and good management. He depended on her to make him a man. She did not like Sophie for bringing this to her attention, and she didn't let it touch her decision. This was what love was, or life was, and she wanted to get started on it. She was lonely, though she thought of herself as solitary. She was the only child of her mother's second marriage; her mother was dead, her half brothers and sister were much older and married. She had a reputation in her family for thinking she was special. She still had it, and since her marriage to Laurence she hardly saw her own relatives.

She read a lot, she dieted and exercised seriously, she had become a good cook. At parties, she flirted with men who did not seriously pursue her. (She had noticed that Laurence was disappointed if she did not create a little stir.) Sometimes she imagined herself overpowered by these men or others—a partner in impulsive, imaginative, vigorous couplings. Sometimes she thought of her childhood with a longing that seemed almost as perverse and had to be kept almost as secret. A sagging awning in front of a corner store might remind her, the smell of heavy dinners cooking at noon, the litter and bare earth around the roots of a big urban shade tree. It had occurred to her that nostalgia and neuralgia shared the same suffix and that it must have something to do with pain.

When the plane landed, she got up and went to meet them, and she kissed Laurence as if he had returned from a journey. He seemed happy. She thought that she seldom ever concerned herself about Laurence's being happy. She wanted him to be in a good mood, so everything would go smoothly—that was not the same thing.

"It was wonderful," Laurence said. "You could see the changes in the landscape so clearly." He began to tell her about a glint lake.

"It was most enjoyable," said Sophie.

Denise said, "You could see way down into the water. You could see the rocks going down. You could even see sand."

"You could see what kind of boats," said Peter.

"I mean it, Mother. You could see the rocks going down, down, and then sand."

"Could you see any fish?" said Isabel.

The pilot laughed, though he must have heard that often enough before.

"It's really too bad you didn't come up," Laurence said.

"Oh, she will, one day," said the pilot. "She could be out here tomorrow."

They all laughed at his teasing. His bold eyes met Isabel's, and seemed in spite of their boldness to be most innocent, genial, and kind. Respect was not wanting. He was a man who could surely mean no harm, no folly. So it could hardly be true that he was inviting her.

He said goodbye to them then, as a group, and was thanked once more. Isabel thought she knew what it was that had unhinged her. It was Sophie's story. It was the idea of herself, not Sophie, walking naked out of the water, toward those capering boys (in her mind, she had already eliminated the girl). That made her long for, and imagine, some leaping, radical invitation. She was kindled for it.

When they were walking toward the car, she looked over her shoulder. He was walking across the field to the airplane. And they turned at the same time (of course) and looked at each other, as in some romantic movie, operatic story, high-school fantasy: *They turned at the same time, they looked at each other, they exchanged a promise that was no less real, though they might never meet again. The promise hit her like lightning, split her like lightning, though she moved on smoothly, intact.*

Oh, certainly. All of that.

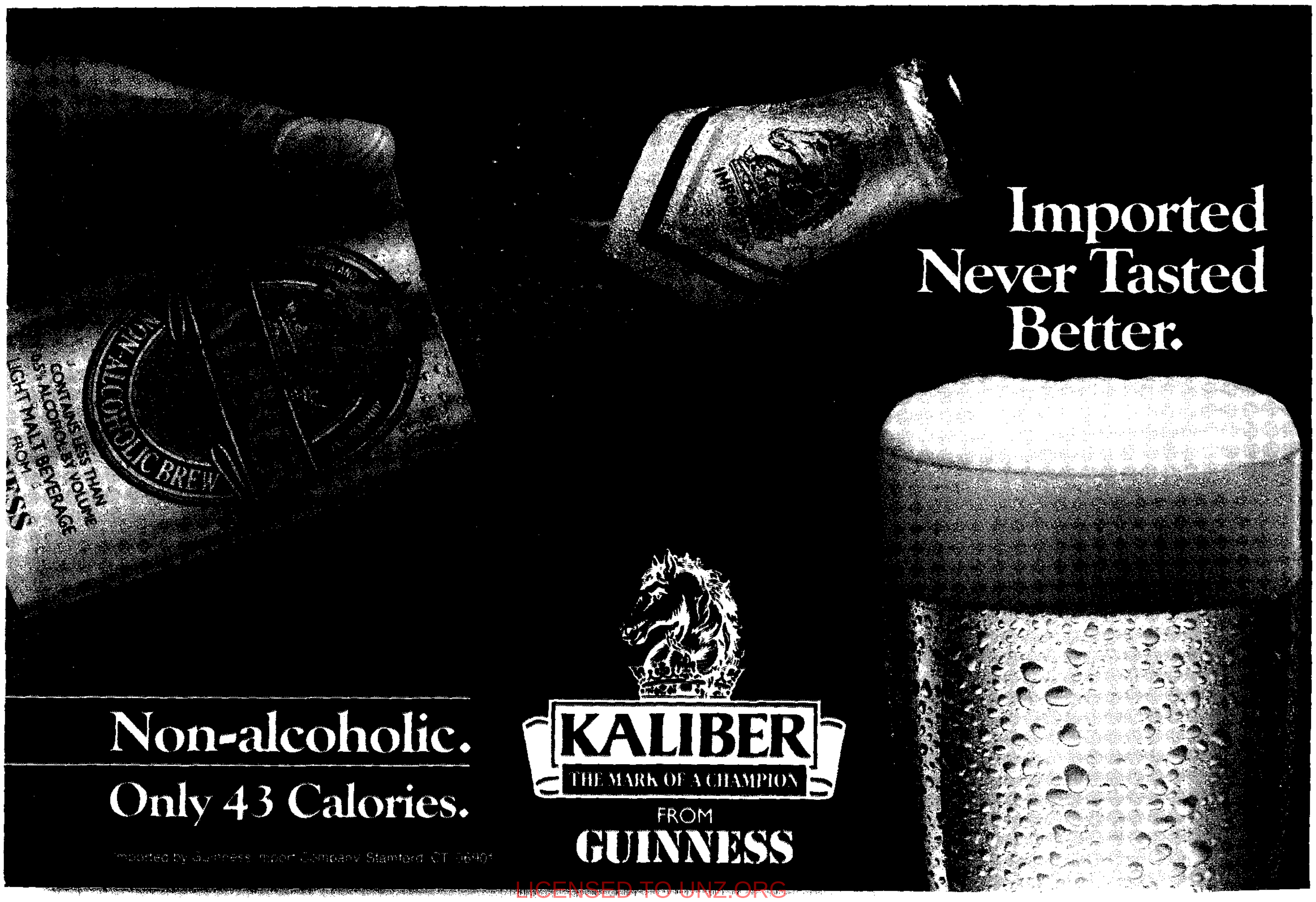
"If somebody else wouldn't mind driving," Sophie said. "I'm tired."

THAT evening Isabel was bountifully attentive—to Laurence, to her children, to Sophie, who didn't in the least require it. They all felt her happiness. They felt as if an invisible, customary barrier had been removed, as if a transparent curtain had been pulled away. Or perhaps they had only imagined it was there all the time? Laurence forgot to be sharp with Denise, or to treat her as his rival. He did not even bother to struggle with Sophie. Television was not mentioned.

"We saw the silica quarry from the air," he said to Isabel at dinner. "It was like a snowfield."

"White marble," said Sophie. "Pretentious stuff. They've put it on all the park paths in Aubreyville, spoiled the park. Glaring."

Isabel said, "You know we used to have the White Dump? At the school I went to. It was behind a biscuit factory—the playground backed onto



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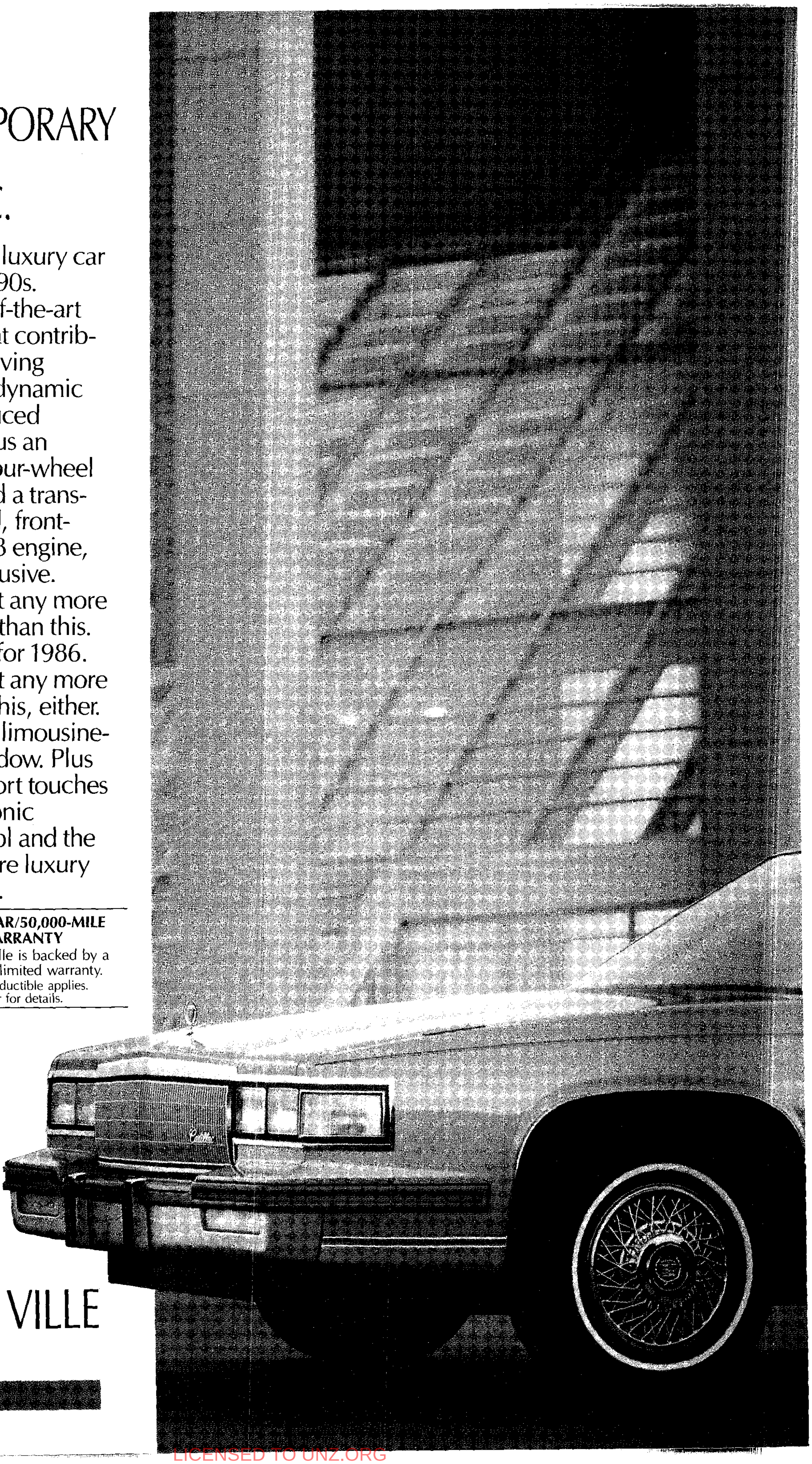

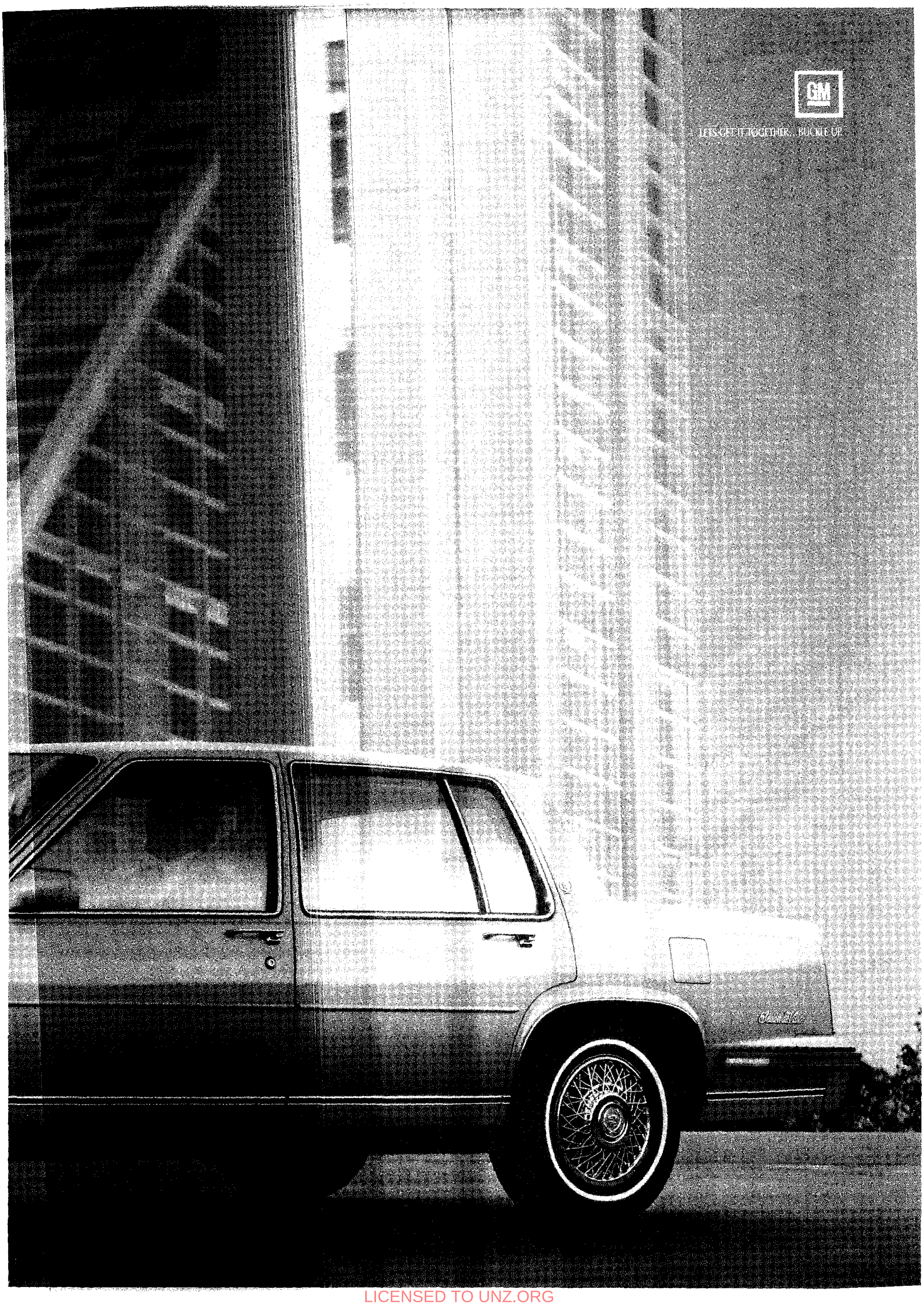
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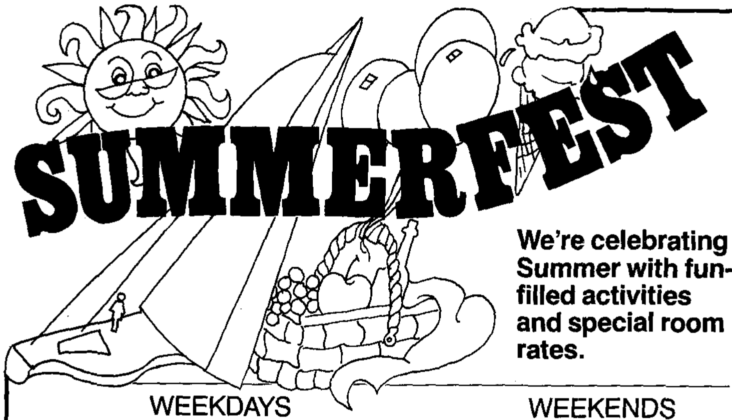

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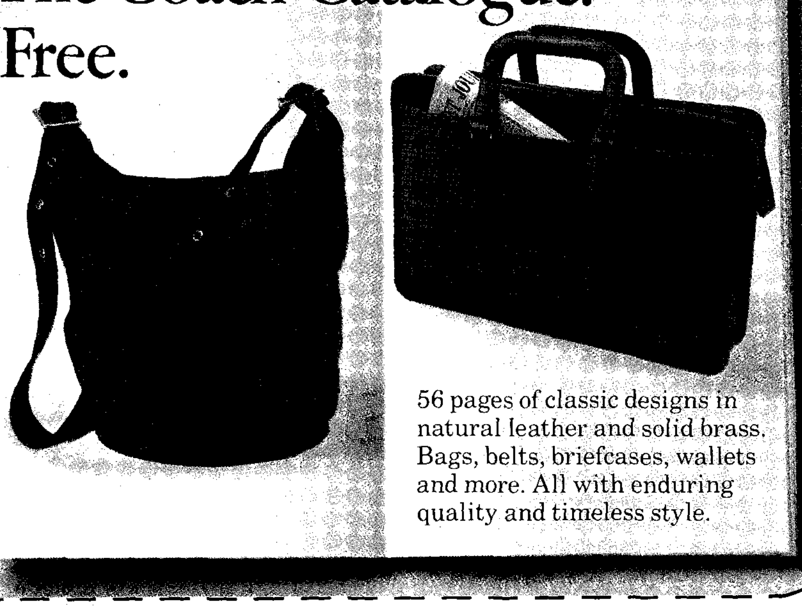

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the factory property. Every now and then, they'd sweep up these quantities of vanilla icing and nuts and hardened marshmallow globs, and they'd bring it in barrels and dump it back there, and it would shine. It would shine like a pure-white mountain. Over at the school somebody would see it and yell, 'White Dump!' And after school we'd all climb over the fence or run around it—we'd all be over there, scrabbling away at that enormous pile of white candy."

"Did they sweep it off the floor?" said Peter. He sounded rather exhilarated by the idea. "Did you eat that?"

"Of course they did," said Denise. "That was all they had. They were poor children."

"No, no, no," said Isabel. "We were poor but we certainly had candy. We got a nickel now and then to go to the store. It wasn't that. It was something about the White Dump—that there was so much and it was so white and shiny. It was like a kid's dream—the most wonderful, promising thing you could ever see."

"Mother and the socialists would take it all away in the dead of night," said Laurence, "and give you oranges instead."

"If I picture marzipan I can understand," said Sophie. "Though you'll have to admit it doesn't seem very healthy."

"It must have been terrible," said Isabel. "For our teeth, and everything. But we didn't really get enough to be sick, because there were so many of us and we had to scrabble so hard. It just seemed like the most wonderful thing."

"White Dump!" said Laurence, who at another time to such a story might have said something like "Simple pleasures of the poor!" He said this with a mixture of marvelling and irony, a natural appreciation, that seemed to be exactly what Isabel wanted. She shouldn't have been surprised. She knew about Laurence's delicacy and kindness as well as she knew his bullying and bluffing. They were intimate. That was why the sex between them could seem so shamefaced—merely and drearily lustful, like sex between siblings. Love could survive that—had survived it. Look how she loved him at this moment. Isabel felt herself newly, boundlessly resourceful.

IF his partner was there, if he and his partner were there together, she could say, "I think we left something yesterday. My mother-in-law thinks she dropped her glasses case. Not her glasses, just the case. It doesn't matter. I thought I'd check."

If he was there alone but came toward her with a blank, pleasant look, inquiring, she might need to have a less trivial reason. "I just wanted to find out about flying lessons. My husband asked me to find out."

If he was there alone and his look was not so blank—but it was still necessary that something should be said—she could say, "It was so kind of you to take everybody up yesterday, and they did enjoy it. I just dropped by to thank you."

She couldn't believe this, she couldn't believe it would happen. In spite of her reading, her fantasies, the confidences of certain friends, she couldn't believe that people sent and got such messages every day, and acted on them, making their perilous plans, moving into illicit territory (which would turn out to be shockingly like, and unlike, home). In the years ahead she would learn to read the signs both at the beginning and at the end of a love affair. She wouldn't be so astonished at the way the skin of the moment can break open. But astonished enough that she would say one day to her grownup daughter, Denise, when they were drinking wine and talking about these things, "I think the best part is always right at the beginning. At the beginning—that's the only pure part. Perhaps even before the beginning. Perhaps just when it flashes on you what's possible. That may be the best."

"And the first love affair. I mean the first extra love affair." (Denise, suppressing all censure.) "Is that the best, too?"

"With me, the most passionate. Also the most sordid." Referring to the fact that his business was failing—that the pilot asked for, and received, some money from her; also to the grievous scenes of revelation that put an end to the affair and to her marriage, though not to his. Referring as well to scenes of such surprising and frightening pleasure that they left both parties feeling broken—in a few cases, shedding tears. And to the very first scene, which she could replay in her mind at any time, recalling such amazingly mixed feelings of alarm and tranquillity.

The airport at about nine o'clock in the morning, the silence, sunlight, the dusty, distant trees. The small white house, which had obviously been hauled here from somewhere else to be the office. No curtains or blinds on its windows. But a piece of picket fence, of all things—a gate. He came out and held the gate open for her. He wore the same clothes that he had worn the day before, the same light-colored work pants and work shirt with the sleeves rolled up. She wore the same clothes that she had worn. Neither heard what the other said or could answer in a way that made sense.

Too much ease on his part or any sign of calculation—worse still, of triumph—would have sent her away. But he didn't make that kind of mistake, probably wasn't tempted to. Men who are successful with women, and he had been successful (she was to find out that he had been successful a few times before in very similar circumstances)—men who are gifted in that way are not so light-minded about it as they are thought to be, and not unkind. He was resolute but seemed thoughtful, or even regretful, when he first touched her. A calming, appreciative touch, a slowly increasing declaration, over her bare neck and shoulders, bare arms and back, lightly covered breasts and hips. He spoke to her—some intimate, serious nonsense—while she swayed back and forth in a response that this touch made just bearable.

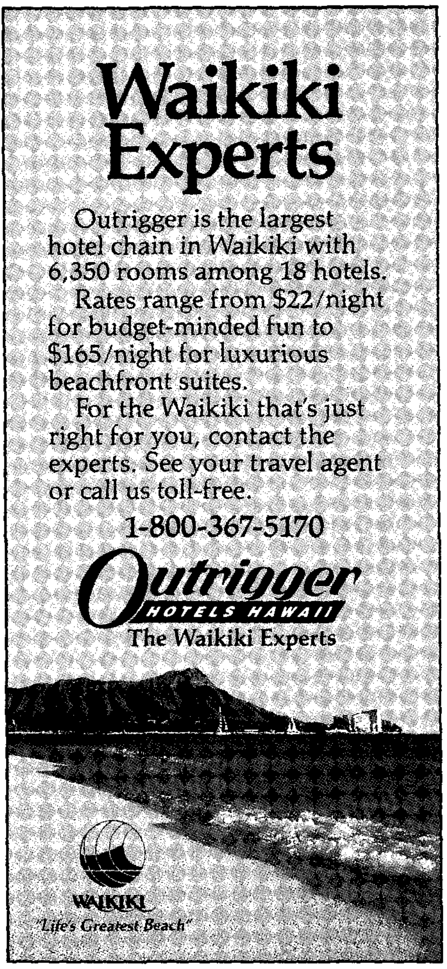
She felt rescued, lifted, beheld, and safe.

AFTER dinner they played charades. Peter was Orion. He did the second syllable by drinking from an imaginary glass, then staggering around and falling down. He was not disqualified, though it was agreed that Orion was a proper name, and they didn't usually allow proper names in charades.

"Space is Peter's world, after all," said Denise. This remark was one that would be quoted from time to time in the household.

Sophie, who never understood the rules of charades—or, at least, could never keep to them—soon gave up the game and began to read. Her book was "The Poetic Edda," which she read every summer but had been neglecting, because of the demands of television. When she went to bed, she left it on the arm of her chair.

Isabel, picking it up before she turned out the light, read this verse: "*Seinat er at segja, svá er nú ráðit*" ("It is too late to talk of this now it has been decided"). —ALICE MUNRO



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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE CASTRO—II

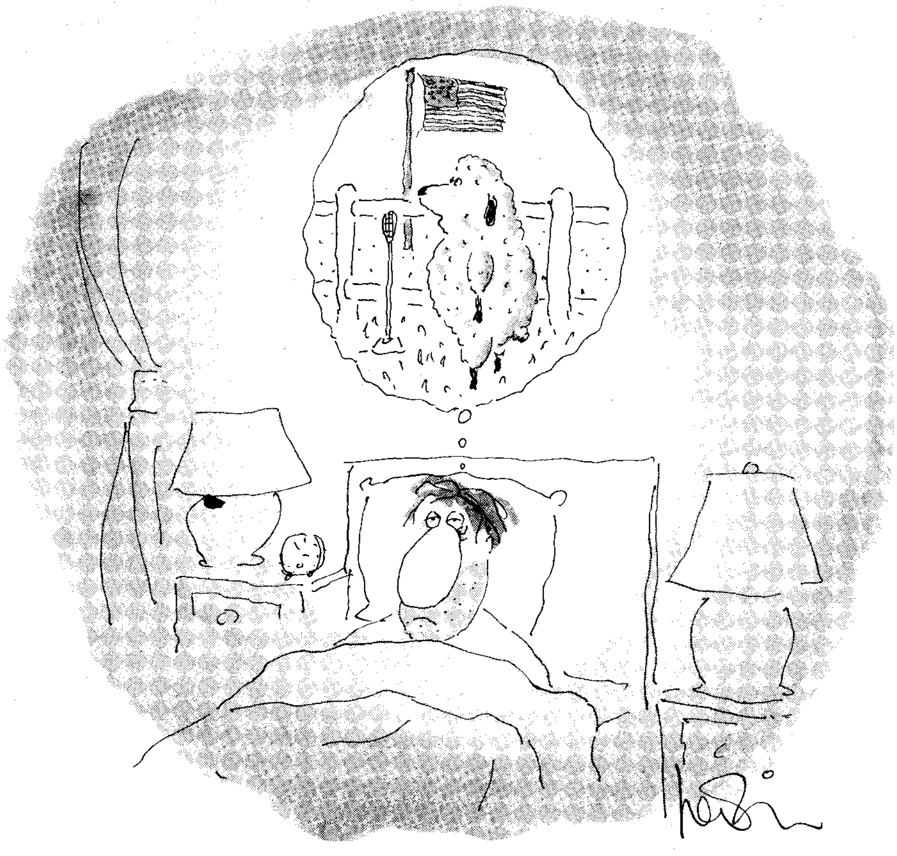
ON May 21, 1979, the jury in the trial of Dan White announced its verdict—voluntary manslaughter. The previous November 27th, White had shot and killed the mayor of San Francisco, George Moscone, and City Supervisor Harvey Milk in their City Hall offices, and to many San Franciscans the verdict seemed a miscarriage of justice. A number of journalists attending the trial believed that White, a former San Francisco policeman who had been elected to the city's Board of Supervisors the year before, had not had a lapse of sanity, as his counsel contended; they believed, rather, that he had a political motive for killing Moscone, a liberal mayor, and Milk, the leader of the gay community in the city. They believed that White had committed two assassinations. The gay community, centered in the Castro, saw the verdict as evidence that society condoned the killing of a gay man. In the evening of the day the verdict was announced, an angry crowd gathered on Castro Street shouting "Dan White was a cop!" and "Avenge Harvey Milk!" Cleve Jones, one of Milk's young lieutenants, took up a bullhorn and led the crowd down Market Street and out of the Castro, as Milk had once done, with the aim of averting a riot. By the time the crowd reached the Civic Center Plaza, there were over five thousand marchers, most of them young men, chanting "Kill Dan White! Kill Dan White!" and "We want justice!" The crowd continued to grow, and the anger mounted. At dusk, a rock crashed through the central door of City Hall; the crowd roared its approval and rushed forward. Milk's close friends and supporters, including Harry Britt and Dick Pabich, ran to the top of the stairs and, linking arms, stood across the door while rocks and chunks of asphalt shattered the windows around them. A detachment of riot policemen pushed through the crowd and shoved aside those standing across the door; after beating some of them up, the police took their place across the door.

The riot then began in earnest. Rocks flew, and when the police tried to move forward, young men would push them back, using torn-out parking meters for spears and garbage-can lids for shields. A group of young men moved down a line of empty police cars parked on the north side of the plaza and set one after another of them on fire; there were explosions from the gas tanks and a low moaning of sirens as the wiring melted. Police reinforcements had entered City Hall from the other side, and now platoons of them stood in the rotunda tapping their nightsticks. Fearing bloodshed, the police chief, Charles R. Gain, refused to let them join the detachment outside the door. At eight-thirty, Mayor Dianne Feinstein arrived, and not long afterward her office windows were shattered and Carol Ruth Silver, Milk's closest ally on the Board of Supervisors, was laid out with an ugly cut on her mouth.

Finally, three hours after the first stone hit the door, Gain ordered the police to move out. The crowd had dispersed somewhat, but the police still had to battle their way across the plaza and then chase looters who had broken into nearby stores. It was midnight before the riot was over and the plaza was quiet again. Feinstein praised the police for the restraint they had shown.

But then a procession of police cars moved up Market Street and into the Castro, where the bars were full to overflowing with excited young men. The police poured out of their cars in full riot gear, went into battle formation, and marched down Castro Street. When the columnist Warren Hinckle, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, protested that their presence would start another riot, a police captain replied, "We lost the battle at City Hall. We're not going to lose here." A few blocks down the street, two dozen officers, their badges torn off, swinging their nightsticks and shouting obscenities, burst into a bar called the Elephant Walk. People tried to get away from them and get out of the bar, but the crowd was too thick; the police beat up everyone around them, randomly, savagely. A dozen policemen outside began beating up men on the street. Chief Gain had by now reached the corner of Market Street and Castro; informed of the rampage going on some blocks away, he ordered his men out of the Castro just in time to stop a full-scale battle—whose lines were already forming on the street.

Later that week, officials of the Police Officers' Association denounced Gain for not ordering a police drive through Civic Center Plaza earlier in the evening, and for withdrawing the police from the Castro. Gain replied that his orders had averted a great deal of bloodshed. As it was, there had been



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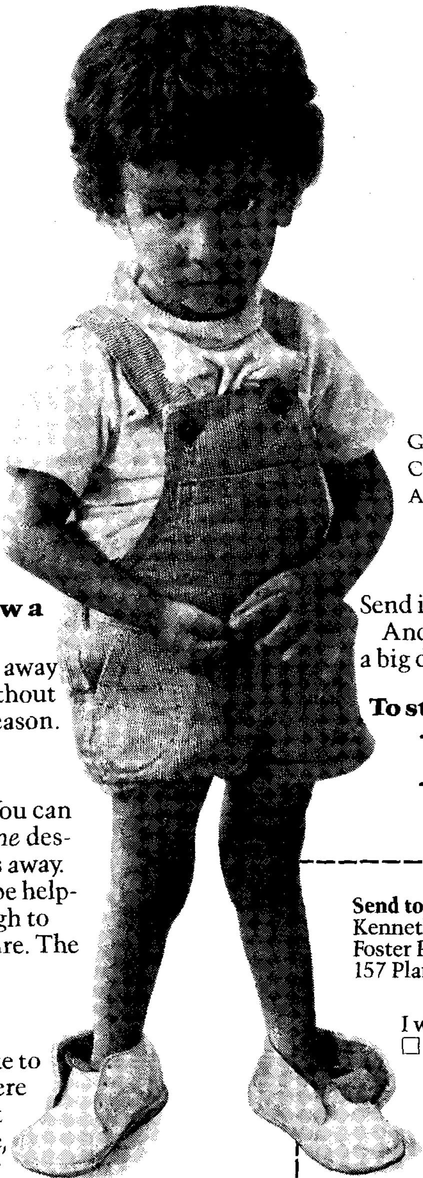

Gabriel Cortez
Colombia
Age 4

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no fatalities, but at least sixty-one policemen had been hospitalized, along with about a hundred gay men.

STRANGELY, the gay riot and the police rampage had no consequences. For the gay community, the riot was a kind of catharsis—even for those who did not participate in it, and even for those who did not approve. Other San Franciscans were shocked by it, but, then, there had been so many shocks in the past few months. To many San Franciscans, gay anger at the trial verdict was perfectly understandable; the riot could not therefore be condoned, but no more could police brutality in the Castro. In the weeks that followed, Dianne Feinstein made a sustained and masterly effort to defuse the tensions. She urged no prosecutions, reassured everyone, and talked endlessly, soothingly, never making a point. The city that had gone through the assassinations of its mayor and a supervisor, the Jonestown suicides (the Reverend Jim Jones had had a church in San Francisco), and the rioting seemed grateful for the sheer prosiness of her response. Civic peace returned.

The Castro continued to mourn Harvey Milk. His friends and supporters celebrated his birthday and memorialized the day of his assassination that year and the next and the next. A library and an arts center were named after him, and so was the plaza at the corner of Castro and Market Streets. Aspiring gay politicians and community leaders quoted him often and talked of carrying on his legacy. Years later, after the talk had finally died, filmmakers and playwrights re-created the drama of his life and death. In 1984, a film called "The Times of Harvey Milk" was shown in movie theatres around the country, and won the Oscar for that year's best documentary feature film. Based on interviews with Milk's friends and associates, the film, made by Robert Epstein and Richard Schmiechen, painted a glowing portrait of the man—his warmth, charm, and bohemian insouciance unmarred by any blemish. That same year, a "docudrama" about the assassinations and the trial of Dan White was shown on national television, and in 1986 a play about the miscarriage of justice in the trial ran on Broadway—even while the last act of the drama took place in real life. In January of 1985, some months after his release from prison, Dan White returned to San Francisco, where he

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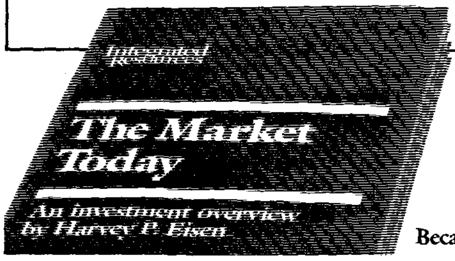
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So she kept saying no–
"No I couldn't. I shouldn't."
"Look," I said, "it's just
one little mouthful–and you're
going to like it so much
...I promise."

"Who knew," she said later, "such a small surrender could be so sweet."

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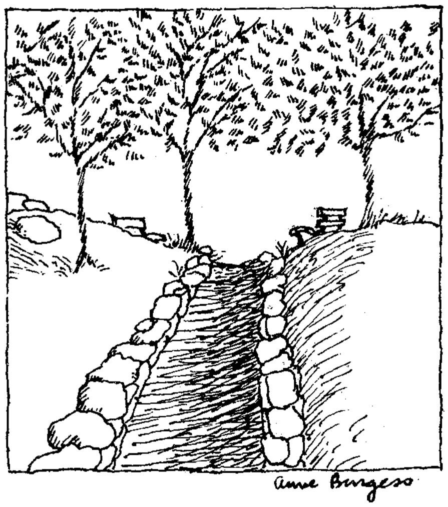
lived for ten months as an outcast, unable to find a job, moving around and hiding his whereabouts from all but his family and a few friends. In October, he committed suicide in the garage of his family's house by funnelling carbon monoxide into the family car.

The Castro mourned Harvey Milk, and yet it could not seem to make him into the sort of legend that would nourish and sustain it. The Castro saw him as a martyr but understood his martyrdom as an end rather than a beginning. He had died, and with him a great deal of the Castro's optimism, idealism, and ambition seemed to die as well. The Castro could find no one to take his place in its affections.

Milk, shortly after his election to the Board of Supervisors, had tape-recorded a political will and testament to be played "only in the event of my death by assassination." He believed that, as a gay activist, he presented a likely target for "a person who is insecure, terrified, afraid, or very disturbed." In his will, Milk named four people that the Mayor might consider appointing in his place. He did not, he said, want "the Jim Fosters, Rick Stokes"—the older generation of gay leaders. He wanted people who had been close to "the movement": Frank Robinson, the science-fiction writer; Bob Ross, of the Tavern Guild; Harry Britt; or Anne Kronenberg, a lesbian and an early Milk supporter. Some time after Milk's death, Feinstein, in consultation with his supporters, appointed Harry Britt, a former minister and civil-rights activist, who had the political and intellectual credentials to succeed Milk. He was a thoughtful man with a good deal of charm, and the following year he was elected to the Board of Supervisors in citywide balloting. Britt, however, lacked Milk's extraordinary political energy and his sheer brass. As a result, the gay political community returned to its usual state of factionalism. There were still three gay Democratic clubs: Foster's Alice B. Toklas Lesbian/Gay Club; the club Milk had founded, now called the Harvey Milk Lesbian and Gay Democratic Club; and a smaller group called the Stonewall Gay Democratic Club. The three held slightly different positions on the ideological spectrum and often supported different candidates, but the differences among them were neither very deep nor very bitter, and when gay interests were at stake there was a gay vote in the city. This vote, however, did not represent a movement so much as it represented an interest group that had become realistic, and even a bit cynical. The mayoral election of 1979 made that clear.

The 1979 mayoral race focussed on three candidates: Dianne Feinstein; Quentin Kopp, a conservative member of the Board of Supervisors; and David Scott, a gay real-estate investor, the former president of the Board of Permit Appeals, and a political unknown. Scott ran behind Feinstein and Kopp, but he won eighteen thousand five hundred votes, or ten per cent of the total—enough votes, as it turned out, to deprive Feinstein of a clear majority and force a runoff election. In a press conference before the runoff, Scott announced that he would withhold his endorsement until the eve of the election and then come out for the candidate who better satisfied his demands. What he asked was that the candidates promise to appoint a gay police commissioner and to give the gay community a hand in the selection of a police chief when Charles Gain retired; he also wanted them to retract certain statements he found offensive. In an interview with *Ladies' Home Journal*, Mayor Feinstein had said, "The right of an individual to live as he or she chooses can become offensive. The gay community is going to have to face this. It's fine for us to live here respecting each other's lifestyles, but that doesn't mean imposing them on others." Quentin Kopp, for his part, had objected to Feinstein's decision to give Del Martin and Phyllis Lyon, the founders of the first lesbian organization in the country, a merit award for their twenty-five years together. "Tolerance, yes, glorification, no," he said. These were the remarks that had to be taken back.

Scott's ploy was brilliant. Almost certainly, he could not himself deliver to either candidate the eighteen thousand five hundred votes he had won, but he had made demands that all gay organizations supported, and the candidates knew that. In the weeks before the runoff, Kopp and Feinstein made separate visits to Scott's house, and to some observers they looked very much like supplicants. Then they went together to a meeting of the Harvey Milk Club and retracted their offending remarks. "Maybe my choice of words was wrong," Kopp said. Feinstein went further: "If I said things that offended the community, I apologize. I can't always be inside your head. I ask you to accept me for not always being what one would want." Feinstein, unlike Kopp, had promised to appoint a gay police commissioner and to make other commission appointments relative to the number of gays in the city. David Scott endorsed her candidacy eight days before the election; after that, he took her to gay leather bars and campaigned vigorously with her. She won the election handily, taking eighty per cent of the gay vote.

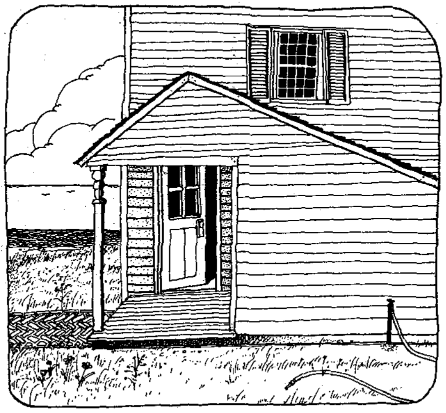


To the producers of "Gay Power, Gay Politics," a CBS documentary on the campaign, the concessions Feinstein made to Scott seemed to signify the capitulation of city politicians before a militant gay movement determined to impose its life style on the city. But in fact that movement had crested, and Feinstein certainly had not capitulated. She was amazed that anyone could see her campaign in this light. Once elected, she fulfilled her promises to the letter. She appointed a gay to the Police Commission, for example, but her choice was a woman—Jo Daly, a Foster supporter, a former president of the Toklas Club, and a conservative on the so-called life-style issues. And just before the election the Mayor asked for Charles Gain's resignation. When gay politicians complained, she said that the police couldn't have a leader they wouldn't follow. In his stead, she appointed Cornelius Murphy, an Irish Catholic, who had made his way up through the ranks and had the support of the department. One of Murphy's first acts, however, was to attend a fund-raising drive to recruit gay men and women for the police force. Feinstein had urged a return to citywide elections for the Board of Supervisors, and the city supported her. Now that she had an electoral system in which the neighborhoods could not prevail over the downtown and rule the city as a whole, she could proceed to steer the city back to a more conservative, pro-business course. Though she was a liberal Democrat, she would not be out of step in the eighties.

In the second week of July, 1984, some fourteen thousand reporters made their way to the Democratic National Convention, in San Francisco. Some of them were actually going to sit in the new Moscone Convention Center and listen to speeches; the rest were going into the streets, for chaos was predicted. In previous weeks, there had been a spate of press stories about "the unconventional city," with its bohemian subcultures and weirdo life styles. Because the flower children had long since gone, what the reporters referred to, for the most part, was the gay community. San Francisco journalists did the best they could to defend the city from its "negative stereotype" with articles about the "driving pertinence" of its tolerance and diversity for the country as a whole. But they, too, were battening down the hatches. The week before the Convention, Jerry Falwell was to bring in a road show of New Right personalities to discuss "family issues" and to denounce what his newspaper, *Moral Majority Report*, called "San Francisco's Wild Kingdom." His Family Forum seemed to be designed to draw a current group of transvestite nuns on roller skates, the Sisters of Perpetual Indulgence, within the range of the nightly network-news cameras; in fact, the Sisters had announced plans for a puke-in and an exorcism of Falwell. More important, a gay-rights march was planned for the day before the Convention itself, and it was generally supposed that a horde of witches, warlocks, drag queens, leather men, and so on would descend on the Convention Center and embarrass the Democrats.

The speeches inside the Convention Center and the nomination of Geraldine Ferraro as the Vice-Presidential candidate proved to be rather more spectacular than the goings-on outside in the streets. Guerrilla-theatre groups did turn up at the Family Forum to hold their tribal rites, but there were probably more policemen in attendance than demonstrators. And Falwell, who sent his youngest son out to report on the Wild Kingdom, came back with disappointingly few details for his newspaper. The gay march from the Castro to the Convention Center was orderly and not at all colorful. There were contingents of gay union members and nuclear-freeze supporters; there were groups of gay parents and gay businessmen in three-piece suits; there were gay Democratic clubs, human-rights coalitions, and medical groups, including a contingent of men with AIDS. In the lead were sixty-five gay elected officials, gay delegates, and gay alternates to the Convention. The march, one of the delegates told the press, was not a protest but a show of support for the Democratic Party. Gay men and gay women would become a part of "the problem-solving family" of the Democratic Party, said City Supervisor Harry Britt.

Of course, the parade organizers and the gay Democrats had put a good deal of effort into seeing that the march turned out as it did. But an era was nonetheless over, and the march was a sign of the times. The gay-rights movement continued, but gay liberation, the last wave emanating from the seismic disturbances of the sixties, had worn itself out by 1984. What it left in San Francisco was a small gay city—a city of perhaps a hundred thousand men and women with political organizations, newspapers, professional associations, businesses, churches, cultural institutions, and recreational facilities. A market-research survey done on gay men in San Francisco that year revealed a good deal about that city—or, rather, about the male part of it, the Castro. From a survey sample of five hundred and twenty-nine gay or bisexual men, researchers found that seventy-eight per cent of them had arrived since 1969, and most of them were living openly as gay men. Half of them lived in the Castro or its adjacent neighborhoods; about eighty per cent lived in three major gay enclaves. The gay city was still young—half of the men were in their thirties—and it was prospering. Over half of the men were working in managerial or professional positions or had businesses of their own. Forty-three per cent of them were making twenty-five thousand dollars a year or more (as opposed to twenty-eight per cent of San Franciscans generally), and thirty-nine per cent of those living in the Castro were making thirty thousand dollars or more. The vast majority of them lived in one- or two-person households, and just over half of them had a "primary relationship" with another man. But the gay city was not growing: immigration had dropped off considerably in the past few years, so the population was possibly the same as or not much greater than it had been in 1978. It was also aging. A generation of gay men had come to San Francisco and the next generation was not replacing it: only eighteen per cent were in their twenties. The gay community was thus becoming a minority in a sense that it had not been one while it was on the increase. And it was accepting its status as such. It was still powerful politically, but the old militance had gone.



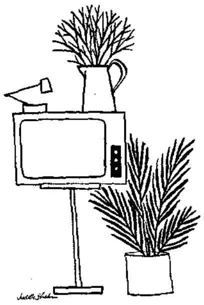
On a visit to San Francisco in June of 1984, I found that the Castro proper had changed noticeably since 1978. The main street, which six years before had been in lively transition between hip and chic, now had an uneven and unlived-in look. Boutiques selling trendy clothes and expensive home furnishings had crowded out neighborhood stores; a building and an alleyway had been turned into a boutique mall. The gay bars were still there, but one had become a video discothèque, and several of the others had acquired the tired, seedy air of North Beach bars too long at the center of the tourist routes. Restaurants on the street now advertised pretentious "Continental" food on huge engraved menus. A chain bookstore had replaced the gay political bookshop, and a new brick-and-plate-glass office building now occupied a whole block on Market Street. There were more women on the street—several of the boutiques sold women's clothes—and while the men still wore tight blue-jeans and T-shirts, the Castro styles had grown vague and confused. The one shop selling gay leather gear looked musty by contrast with the shops selling three-hundred-dollar suède jackets.

On the bulletin board at the corner of Castro and Market were flyers from the Toklas Club and the Harvey Milk

Club. Many of the officers of both clubs were now women—and the same seemed to be true of most of the gay, now "gay and lesbian," social-service groups. Asking around for veterans of the Harvey Milk campaigns and the Castro marches, I found that some of them had moved away and others had entered the political mainstream. Cleve Jones was now working for Art Agnos, the state assemblyman who had won his seat for the first time by defeating Milk. Jim Rivaldo and Dick Pabich each had a successful political-consulting business now, and both were working for liberal candidates around the state. Anne Kronenberg had spent several years working in city government, no longer riding a motorcycle to work. Randy Shilts, the gay journalist, who had written a biography of Harvey Milk, "The Mayor of Castro Street," was now a reporter on the *Chronicle*. When I called my friends, I found Peter Adair working on a film about nuclear-war protesters, Ken Maley working on earthquake-preparedness measures, and Armistead Maupin finishing another book in his "Tales of the City" series, and horribly depressed. Another friend of his had come down with AIDS.

AIDS—acquired-immune-deficiency syndrome—had hit the Castro hard. As of July 30, 1984, fifty-three hundred and ninety-four cases had been recorded nationally, six hundred and thirty-four of them in San Francisco. New York City alone had a higher number of cases than San Francisco—about a third of the total—but its population was ten times as large. San Francisco had by far the highest number per capita, and a high proportion of them came from the Castro and the surrounding neighborhoods; as was not the case in other cities, virtually all the victims were gay men.

The disease had been identified only three years before. In the spring of 1981, health officials at the Centers for Disease Control, in Atlanta, had received reports of an outbreak of an unusual form of pneumonia and a rare form of skin cancer, Kaposi's sarcoma, both of which were proving to be fatal. What the victims of the two diseases had in common was that all of them were homosexual men and that their immune systems had broken down. Setting up a task force, C.D.C. officials got in touch with physicians across the country and, in ten weeks, found that a hundred and eight gay men had been stricken; some had died as much as two years earlier, their deaths written off to the proximate cause (pneumonia, say) or unexplained. By December of 1981, nearly a hundred more cases of immune-system breakdown had been reported—twenty-four of them in San Francisco. As the months passed and the number of cases grew, it became evident that the disease struck not only gay men but also drug addicts who used intravenous needles, and hemophiliacs and other recipients of blood transfusions; also the sexual partners, and occasionally the children, of victims of the disease. In addition, there was an outbreak among Haitian refugees in the United States. Studying the incidence of these cases, epidemiologists eventually came to believe that the disease was caused by an infectious agent, probably a virus, and was transmitted through blood, semen, and perhaps other bodily fluids. In July of 1982, what had been called "the gay cancer" or "the gay plague" C.D.C. officials now officially dubbed acquired-immune-deficiency syndrome. But the disease itself remained a mystery.



In May of 1983, researchers at the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, announced that they had isolated what they supposed to be the AIDS virus. While French researchers identified it as such, the American medical establishment preferred to wait until the National Cancer Institute offered a conclusion; that came a year later, when Dr. Robert Gallo identified the retrovirus HTLV-III as the AIDS virus. It proved to be virtually identical to the virus found at the Pasteur Institute. In the meantime, however, epidemiologists had learned a good deal more about the disease. They were able to say with some assurance that the disease was infectious rather than contagious; that is, it could be transmitted only through the exchange of bodily fluids, and not through the air or by casual contact. The recipients of anal sex, they thought, were particularly at risk, owing to the delicacy of the rectal tissues, but all forms of sex involving the exchange of bodily fluids (even possibly saliva) carried the risk of transmission. HTLV-III was found to be associated with another group of infections, which were not always deadly; the researchers also found the antibodies for the virus present in the blood of a large number of people who did not have any disease. It was thought that AIDS itself might strike particularly those in poor health, or those whose immune systems had already been assaulted by the related infections, such as the hepatitis-B virus. But this was not clear; it seemed probable that the virus alone was enough to cause the disease, and if there were any other factors involved they remained unknown.

Of all the modern epidemic diseases, AIDS was in many respects the most terrible. In the first place, the mean incubation period for AIDS (as was later discovered) was about five years. This meant that a victim could have the virus anywhere from a few months to as long as fourteen years before the first symptoms (such as fatigue, glandular swellings, and weight loss) manifested themselves, and during that time it was altogether possible that he or she could infect others without knowing it. Once AIDS was diagnosed, the victim might have six months, a year, even three or four years to live, but virtually no one had yet survived for more than five years. Since there was no cure, the victim simply had to await the onset of one or more diseases that his system could not fight off—meningitis, perhaps, or pneumonia, or Kaposi's sarcoma. The appearance of a small purple skin lesion usually heralded the last of these, and that was in many cases the first sign of AIDS; and, as the cancer developed, the lesions spread over and through the body. In the case of AIDS patients, Kaposi's sarcoma was not only painful but mutilating.

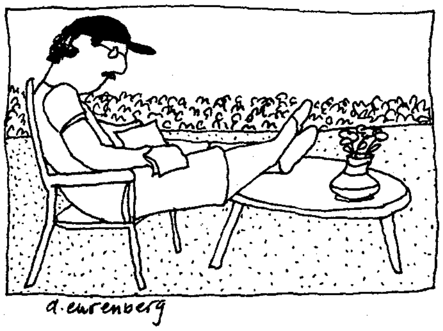
As AIDS moved relatively slowly through the body, so it moved relatively slowly through the population. And in this respect it was also excruciating. Gay men across the country could watch the number of cases multiply inexorably month by month. In San Francisco, there were twenty-four cases in December of 1981, sixty-one cases seven months later, and a hundred and eighteen cases the following December. Proportional to the population, the numbers advanced more rapidly in the close-knit community of the Castro. In March of 1983, two researchers from the University of California Medical Center estimated that one out of every three hundred and thirty-three single men in the Castro area had AIDS; a year or so later, it was one out of a hundred. An epidemiological survey published in 1985 indicated that thirty-seven per cent of the gay men in San Francisco had been exposed to the AIDS virus; the figure later climbed to over fifty per cent. How many would end up contracting the disease no one could predict with any certainty, but AIDS researchers thought it possible that the Castro would be literally decimated over the next decade—that one out of ten men would die. The gay carnival, with its leather masks and ball gowns, had thus been the twentieth-century equivalent of the Masque of the Red Death.

In fact, the Castro had become something like the Algerian city of Oran as Albert Camus described it in "The Plague"—a city separated from the outside world, where death and the threat of death hung over everyone. By 1984, there were few gay men who did not know someone, or know of someone, who had been stricken by AIDS. Most of the victims were in their twenties, thirties, or forties—men in the prime of life. Very often they were athletic, ambitious, good-looking men who one day found a purple spot somewhere on their skin. The purple spot was the nightmare that haunted the sleep of the Castro. Waking up in the morning, men would search their bodies for it; not finding it, they would search again the next day. Those who found it went on to a new series of nightmares. In the city, there was a counselling service, the Shanti Project, that encouraged AIDS patients to imagine their own death in order to take control of their fears and so to live and die as best possible. Not everyone had the strength for that; not everyone could reconcile himself to dying.

The Castro became a city of moral dramas—dramas that involved not only the victims but their lovers, their parents, and their friends. There were hundreds of stories told. One young man had a lover who deserted him as soon as the news came, saying that he didn't love him anymore—he had found someone else. More often, the story was of faithful lovers: one was of a man who nursed his sick friend at home even while he began to suffer from AIDS himself. One young man—so it was said—had parents who had never acknowledged his homosexuality and, when they heard of his sickness, cut him off and cast him out of the family. Another young man had a mother who moved into his apartment with him to nurse him, and because neither had much money they lived mostly on gifts of food and money from his friends. A lot of mothers came to San Francisco.

There were stories of landlords who evicted AIDS patients, health workers who would not touch them, and employers who asked them to leave. But most of these stories dated from the early years, when the fear of infection was the greatest. In general, San Franciscans behaved well. There was no panic, and though some people blamed gay men collectively, people tended to show generosity and compassion to the afflicted men they knew. The city government—led by Mayor Feinstein—reacted swiftly and generously to the crisis, appropriating four and a half, seven and a half, and then, by 1985, nine million dollars annually for AIDS education, health care, and research. Since AIDS patients did not have to be hospitalized for most of the period of their illness, the city created an outpatient-health-care program—one that turned out to be a model of its kind and could be used in treating victims of other lingering diseases as well. A network of social-service organizations—the Shanti Project, the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, and the Hospice of San Francisco—had city funding to provide emergency housing, counselling, help with medical bills, and home care for AIDS patients. And hundreds of volunteers, both gay and straight, turned out to staff them. San Francisco took care of its AIDS patients better than any other city in the nation, and its newspapers, particularly the *Chronicle*, covered the AIDS crisis thoroughly and well. The one ugly note was that incidents of violence against gay people increased measurably. There were stories of juvenile gangs attacking Kaposi's-sarcoma patients on the streets, calling them names, and beating them up.

Most gay men in the Castro, of course, went on with their lives. In the spring of 1984, most of the people I knew there did not talk about AIDS very much. A great many of them had already thought it through in some detail. They had decided what they would do with six months or a year to live, and they had imagined how their friends, lovers, and families would react to their affliction. They had made their wills and settled their accounts. AIDS was a part of their lives, and something they considered before making any long-term commitment. When I told Peter Adair that Armistead Maupin was thinking of going to London, Adair replied, "I'm not sure that I would do that. I don't think I'd leave San Francisco. If we leave here, we just take the disease with us." Armistead, I explained, was not thinking of going to live in London—he was just planning a few weeks' holiday with a friend. He, too, had considered his responsibility.



The moral drama for gay men in the Castro was something like that for Camus's characters, but it had other dimensions. The plague, after all, threatened everyone in the city—men, women, and children; it struck randomly and killed its victims in a matter of days. Whether people behaved well or badly did not matter, in the sense that little or nothing could be done about it. That was Camus's premise: the plague, which was morally meaningless, simply ran its course and subsided. It merely showed how men behaved when faced with a mortal danger they could not affect. Camus's priest, Father Paneloux, who had preached the plague as the wrath of God, abandoned his faith after watching a small child die horribly of it. AIDS was different. Though in San Francisco the first female prostitute came down with AIDS in 1984, and it began to be evident that heterosexuals could pass the disease on through sexual contact, its epidemic proportions resulted from the level of promiscuity within the homosexual population. Fundamentalist ministers could thus continue to see the epidemic as God's punishment for the transgression of His law; and all others who harbored negative feelings about homosexuality or sexual promiscuity could now see those feelings as justified. Gay men thus had to face a new form of social condemnation as well as the disease itself. In addition, those in the Castro who had spent a good part of their lives in the struggle against the sexual taboo now had to acknowledge that the sexual liberation they had fought for so strenuously—and on which they had based their claim of being the avant-garde of a national revolution—had deadly consequences. What was more, they had to face the fact that they were giving the disease to one another.

Quite early in the epidemic, it became clear that gay men could affect the course of the disease: they were responsible for their own lives and for those of others in a way that the citizens of Camus's city were not. But the responsibility was of a strange sort. At least before a test for the AIDS virus was developed and put to use, the responsibility was collective and statistical; that is, an individual could choose to exercise it by forgoing high-risk sex, and that might make no difference to him or to anyone he knew. Even celibacy might not save his life if he already had the virus—though it might save the lives of others. Yet it might make no difference if he engaged in high-risk forms of sex with one, two, three, or many other people, since not everyone had the virus and not everyone who had the virus would contract the disease. The only certainty was statistical: if a sufficient number of gay men refrained from high-risk sex with new partners, the spread of the disease would eventually abate. The number of AIDS cases would eventually rise or fall in direct proportion to the choices made. Thus, beyond the individual dramas going on in the Castro there was a collective moral drama, which involved all its inhabitants. And because the Castro was an important part of San Francisco this drama involved not only gay men but also city officials and, to some extent, the press and the public at large.

In June of 1984, a battle was raging in the city over public-health measures. The struggle had begun about a year before. Until then, the gay organizations in San Francisco—as elsewhere—had put all their efforts into obtaining federal funding for medical research. The federal government had responded sluggishly to the AIDS crisis. The Reagan Administration had no sensitivity to gay—or city—problems, and was in any case attempting to cut back on all forms of social spending. And there were bureaucratic tangles. By the spring of 1983, however, the federal Department of Health and Human Services had identified AIDS as its No. 1 priority, and Congress, thanks in large part to the California delegation, had appropriated twenty-nine million dollars for AIDS research. In May, Mayor Feinstein had declared an AIDS Awareness Week, and six thousand people had marched from the Castro to City Hall to show their concern and to keep up the pressure for government funding. At that point, members of the Harvey Milk Club and others raised a new and, as it turned out, bitterly divisive issue.

By the spring of 1983, of course, epidemiologists had produced abundant evidence showing that AIDS could be transmitted through sexual contact involving the exchange of bodily fluids. Their findings had appeared in the press, both local and national. Yet a survey made by three gay psychotherapists, including Leon McKusick, of the University of California at San Francisco, suggested that only a minority of the gay men in San Francisco had heeded the implicit warnings. Of the six hundred men who answered the survey questionnaire, only thirty per cent said that they had changed their sexual behavior because of AIDS; one in fourteen said that he had actually increased his involvement with high-risk sex. The survey was not a statistical sample of the whole gay population, but it offered some numerical evidence for what AIDS researchers believed from their experience to be the case: that most gay men had not yet taken the danger seriously enough, and some did not even know that it existed. The responsibility, as far as AIDS researchers and the Harvey Milk Club people were concerned, lay primarily with the San Francisco Health Department and the gay organizations, neither of which had made any effort to educate the community on the sexual transmissibility of the disease.

In the July issue of the magazine *California*, the reporters Peter Collier and David Horowitz documented the case for a public-health scandal. Until recently, they found, there had not been a single piece of Health Department literature in the city clinics warning gay men about the sexual transmissibility of AIDS. All the literature that the department put out went to reassure the general public that AIDS was not contagious and could not be transmitted by casual contact. Most gay newspapers in the city did not print the epidemiological information available in the regular press, and the gay medical and political organizations, which had called vociferously for government funding, did little to advertise the dangers of the epidemic or the ways in which gay men might protect themselves from it. Not only that but they seemed to be engaged in an attempt to suppress information about the spread of AIDS. The two

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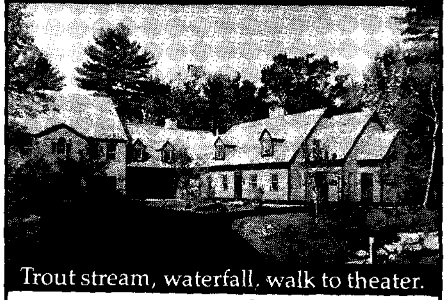
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researchers from the University of California Medical Center had been ready in January to release their report on the incidence of AIDS in the Castro area. They had held meetings with doctors and health activists from Bay Area Physicians for Human Rights (BAPHR), a newly formed Kaposi's Sarcoma/AIDS Foundation, and all three gay Democratic clubs and discussed their findings, but the consensus had been against publishing them. Finally, two months later, the report was leaked to Randy Shilts, and the findings were published in the *Chronicle*. Before Shilts wrote the article, he received phone calls from a number of gay leaders, including Randy Stallings, the president of the Toklas Club and the co-chairman of the Coalition for Human Rights, asking him to suppress the report on the ground that it would hurt business in the Castro and reduce the chances for the passage of a gay-rights bill in Sacramento.

On May 24th, the Harvey Milk Club voted almost unanimously to put out a pamphlet warning of the sexual transmissibility of AIDS. Some of the activists in the club—Ron Huberman, Bill Kraus, Cleve Jones, Dick Pabich, and Frank Robinson—began to agitate within the gay community for further measures. In the weeks before the 1983 Gay Freedom Day Parade—the event that annually brought one to two hundred thousand gay people to San Francisco from elsewhere in the country—they tried to persuade the owners of the gay bathhouses to post warnings about high-risk sex. According to Kraus, the bath owners were "totally incensed" by the suggestion. The Toklas Club issued a statement dissociating itself from the Milk Club's initiative. Outraged, Kraus, Jones, and Huberman wrote a manifesto and sent it to the city's largest-circulation gay newspaper, the *Bay Area Reporter;* it was printed after a delay of six weeks. "What a peculiar perversion it is of gay liberation," they wrote, "to ignore the overwhelming scientific evidence, to keep quiet, to deny the obvious—when the lives of gay men are at stake." The manifesto in the *B.A.R.* persuaded Harry Britt that the warnings should be posted, but it was denounced by many other gay leaders as treasonous to the cause. "Labelling San Francisco as unsafe for our people is inaccurate and a direct attack on the social and economic viability of our community," Randy Stallings wrote.

The gay health activists wanted the city's public-health director, Dr. Mervyn Silverman, to pressure the bathhouse owners into posting warnings, and just before the parade weekend the Mayor privately asked him to close the baths. Silverman said he lacked the authority to close the baths, adding, "It is not the bathhouses that are the problem—it's sex. People who want to have sex will find a way to have it." He did, however, ask the bathhouse owners to post warnings. There were further meetings between the owners and the health activists, and eventually a few notices appeared. Most of the gay leaders, however, continued to oppose the effort. Konstantin Berlandt, a co-chairman of the Gay Freedom Day Parade, called the proposal to close the baths "genocidal;" his view of the educational campaign was that "institutions that have fought against sexual repression for years are being attacked under the guise of medical strategy." For Berlandt, as for some of the leaders of the Stonewall Club, the sexual transmissibility of AIDS was merely a "theory" designed to attack gay life.

Two or three months later, the health-education policies of the city and of most of the gay organizations had changed dramatically. By June, the city Health Department had put out risk guidelines on the sexual transmission of AIDS, and the gay health organizations were printing pamphlets discussing safe versus dangerous sex. The Toklas Club and other groups that had fought to suppress AIDS information now earnestly did their part to disseminate it. There were no apologies and no explanations, but the changes proceeded, and the results were significant. In November of 1983, a Health Department survey showed that ninety-five per cent of the gay men in the city knew how AIDS was transmitted and knew of the risk guidelines. Attendance at the bathhouses and the sex clubs had declined—two bathhouses had shut down for lack of business—and the V.D. rate had plummeted. The AIDS Behavioral Research Project, a new organization, headed by Leon McKusick, had instituted a continuing study, and found that gay men had significantly reduced their participation in high-risk sex.

All the same, a year later, as Gay Freedom Day approached, a number of activists felt that the situation did not warrant optimism. The toll of AIDS victims was still rising at a terrifying rate: the number of cases now doubled every seven or eight months. Roughly a third of the gay male population still seemed unpersuaded by the educational campaign, and the indicators of change had come to a stop. Attendance at the baths was up slightly, and the rectal-gonorrhea rate had levelled off. Among others, Frank Robinson, who had all but abandoned his science-fiction writing in order to study the AIDS phenomenon and what it meant for the Castro, thought that the efforts made thus far were wholly inadequate. "The educational program is crap," he told me that June. "Look at the new AIDS Foundation posters. There's one with a photograph of two sexy naked men with their asses turned to the camera, and underneath there's a message about the joys of safe sex. Look, I've seen a lot of men with Kaposi's sarcoma. It's a hideous, disfiguring disease. A Hollywood makeup man couldn't duplicate it. There should be pictures of it. But the gay press has never carried a picture, and when *Time* and *Newsweek* did stories on AIDS the worst they showed were the lesions on a leg."

To Robinson, and to a number of others, it seemed clear that something should be done about the bathhouses and the sex clubs. The baths were big business in San Francisco—far bigger than they were in most other cities; a lot of openly gay men went to them, as they did not elsewhere, and, because of that, they attracted visitors from other cities. The owners asserted that there was no scientifically determined correlation between bathhouse attendance and AIDS, or even bathhouse attendance and high-risk sex. This was true: a study had never been done. But the baths were facilities for multiple, anonymous sex contacts, and anyone who went to them knew that high-risk sex took place in them. And once the fuss over the baths died away most of the owners had ceased to post the risk guidelines in places where they could be seen. A year before, the *Chronicle* columnist Herb Caen had reported that one doctor had run into three of his AIDS patients in a bathhouse; he had ordered them out, but they refused to leave.

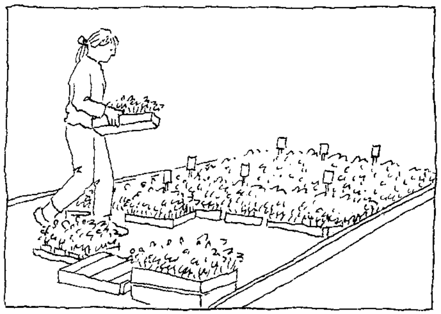
In fact, for some months now gay health activists had been asking city officials to take action on the baths.

They had given up on the gay organizations, for not even the gay AIDS specialists would make public statements about the dangers the baths posed. The city, however, was no more responsive. The Mayor and the president of the Board of Supervisors, Wendy Nelder, had both let it be known that they favored closing the baths, but both had declined to take action, on the ground that it was not a political matter but a decision for the public-health authorities. Silverman, for his part, had said that "it would be inappropriate and, in fact, illegal" for him to close them. To Robinson, this reasoning was implausible. "They closed the public swimming pools during polio epidemics when they didn't know any more about polio than they now know about AIDS," Robinson said. "They license the baths—for fire hazards, cleanliness, and so on—so clearly they can close them." In March, Larry Littlejohn, a deputy sheriff and a gay activist of twenty years' standing, had decided to force the issue. He went down to City Hall and filed a petition to put a proposition on the November ballot requiring the Board of Supervisors to adopt an ordinance prohibiting sex in the bathhouses. Littlejohn knew that if such a proposition was on the ballot the great majority of San Franciscans would vote yes. (An *Examiner* poll taken in April showed that seventy-nine per cent would vote yes.) But he presumed that the city and the gay organizations would not allow the issue to come to a referendum. There followed a series of events that Robinson, for one, could not wholly account for.

In the two days after the Littlejohn initiative, gay organizations met all over the city. On March 27th, the Harvey Milk Club held a public debate on the issue, at which Dr. Marcus Conant, the head of the AIDS Clinical Research Center of the University of California at San Francisco, made his first public statement on the baths. "We have to look at the possibility of closing the bathhouses and the bookstores," he said. "I do not say *close* the bathhouses. The key word is 'discussion.' We must begin the discussion of this problem." Bill Kraus and one of the University of California AIDS researchers spoke in support of Conant's position, but most of the other speakers attacked it. The next day, Robinson was at a small gathering of doctors and Milk Club people when word came from another small meeting, via Conant, that Silverman was going to announce a decision to close the baths the next day. It was the consensus at both meetings that if the baths were to be closed the impetus should come, or appear to come, from the gay community. At Robinson's meeting, several people asked for time to go back to their organizations and discuss the matter with their memberships. But there did not seem to be time. The group drew up a statement asking Silverman to close the baths, and several people were dispatched to the phones to collect as many signatures for it as they could in twelve hours.

The next day, Randy Shilts came out with a story in the *Chronicle* saying that Silverman, who had long resisted closing the baths, was now planning to close them at the request of fifty gay businessmen, physicians, and political leaders. That morning, however, Silverman announced at a press conference that he would defer his decision for a week or two; there were many factors involved, he said, "some of which have absolutely nothing to do with medicine." He assured the press that the decision was his alone, and was not based on pressure from any group. However, he was clearly under a great deal of pressure. According to the Shilts story, he had consulted fifteen gay physicians and political leaders, and the majority had asked him to delay. According to the *B.A.R.*, he had spent the previous evening at a gay forum on the issue, where ninety out of a hundred people opposed any action on the baths. In addition, his press conference was attended by several bathhouse owners and a contingent of men dressed only in towels and carrying a sign that read, "TODAY THE TUBS, TOMORROW YOUR BEDROOMS."

A few days later, according to the press, Silverman called a meeting of federal and state AIDS experts, including the coördinator of the AIDS task force at the Centers for Disease Control. The discussions were not public, and their content was not disclosed. On April 10th, Silverman held another press conference, where, flanked by gay doctors and gay health activists, he announced that he would draw up regulations banning sex in the bathhouses and the sex clubs. The City Attorney, he said, had informed him that an order regulating the baths had a better chance of standing up in court than an order to close them. Preparing the order, he added, would take some time, partly because the Board of Supervisors would have to clarify the authority of the Police and the Health Departments in the matter.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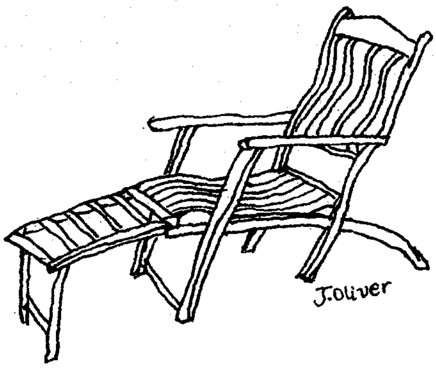
By June, the regulations were still not drawn up. The reason for the delay was not at all clear from press accounts; city officials seemed to be using the press to blame one another. Nelder, the board president, said she was amazed that Silverman had not done anything about the baths. Mayor Feinstein, who was reported to be livid about the delay, said that she had pleaded with Silverman to "have the guts" to close the baths before the Gay Freedom Day Parade. Silverman, however, maintained that he was waiting for the Board of Supervisors to transfer the authority for licensing and regulating the baths from the Police Department to the Health Department, because Police Chief Cornelius Murphy had said that he did not want the police to go into the bathhouses. Harry Britt, for his part, criticized Silverman for not acting "immediately and expeditiously" to close the baths; on the other hand, he opposed any regulation of the baths, on the ground that regulation of sexual activity would be a serious violation of civil liberties, and introduced legislation to prevent it. Meanwhile, a Board of Supervisors committee voted to postpone hearings on the matter of licensing until after the Democratic Convention. An uproar over the gay bathhouses was the last thing the Mayor and the supervisors wanted with the national press in town. To the local press, it looked very much as if no one was willing to take responsibility for closing the baths.

In June, the non-gay San Franciscans I talked to who had followed the controversy were outraged by the delays and by the apparent failure of political will. In April, the Mayor had said candidly that the issue was politically sensitive and that she had to be cautious, since in the past some gays had dismissed her comments on gay life as patronizing. "I've got to be careful," she said, "and I recognize that." But the Mayor—in the view of those I talked to—was not really to blame: as she said, the decision to close or regulate the baths was not a political matter but a public-health matter, and should be treated as such. One journalist—a woman who was pregnant and would soon go to the hospital for the delivery of her first child—thought the public-health authorities had a lot to answer for. "The doctors and the Health Department people keep telling us not to worry about AIDS," she said. "They told us not to worry about going to restaurants, since AIDS isn't contagious. They told us that with great certainty, but now they say that saliva might transmit the virus. Then they tell us not to worry about the blood supply in the hospitals, because not very much of it has the AIDS virus in it. Well, the one thing they do know is that AIDS can be sexually transmitted. And yet they won't close down the places where all the sex goes on. It's unbelievable."

ON my way to see Dr. Silverman, I, too, thought that the public-health director had a good deal to explain. Why had his department been so slow to put out literature about the sexual transmissibility of AIDS? Why had he refused to consider closing the baths a year ago, then temporized in March, then decided to regulate them after meeting with the national AIDS authorities? At the moment, he seemed to be lost in a bureaucratic snarl and not at all eager to get out of it. He had said nothing in public about the health hazards of the baths, and nothing to indicate that AIDS might be a health emergency. He seemed extremely sensitive to gay pressures—much more so than the Mayor, though he did not hold a political office (the public-health director was appointed by the city's chief administrative officer) and did not seem to be running for anything. Many San Franciscans now blamed him for the fact that the baths were not closed. Even Frank Robinson blamed him, though he knew what the pressures were and knew that there were legal problems as well. "In the end, I have to fault Silverman," he had told me. "In the end, you have to act on principle. If you think the baths are a health risk, you have to close them and fight it in court. There is such a thing as a Hippocratic oath."

Silverman surprised me. I had imagined a bland, elderly bureaucrat, and he turned out to be a man in his mid-forties with longish hair and a beard: lively, humorous, and wholly direct. A child of the sixties, one would have said. It turned out that he was a former Peace Corps physician. His degrees were from Tulane University Medical School and Harvard University's School of Public Health, and he had been in San Francisco since 1977. He was, I discovered, a reflective man but also an activist—a man passionately committed to his work and to stopping the AIDS epidemic. In two hours, he convinced me not only that he was taking the right approach to the whole question but that it would have been very difficult to second-guess any one of the decisions he had made. "It's an extraordinary situation," he said. "In recent history, I don't know that there's been a disease with so many implications. My medical training didn't begin to prepare me for the job I have to do. My job is to change people's behavior—to change their sex practices, for heaven's sake. That's not a medical problem. It wouldn't be easy with any population, but among gays the sensitivities are particularly acute. I may look as if I were responding to political pressures, but what I'm responding to is opposition from the gay community. To succeed, I must have their support—I must have their confidence that what I am doing is in their interests. If gays start opposing my decisions—if they start looking on me as a heavy father—then the whole issue of AIDS gets lost. The Mayor seems not to understand this."

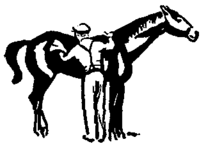
In fact, Silverman—as I began to see—had one of the most difficult jobs in the country, and one of the loneliest. The beginning of the AIDS crisis had felt like the first tremors of an earthquake; the doctors who had watched the mysterious disease bring down new victims week by week had felt a heave of fear, for no one knew what it might do. When epidemiologists found that it was not contagious, Silverman—like his counterpart in New York—had put a great deal of effort into advertising the fact, for there had been a smell of rising panic in the city. The panic had eventually subsided, but Silverman still got letters asking him to quarantine all gay men or send them away.



In the gay community, the initial reaction had been one of incredulity. "A disease that killed only gay white men? It seemed unbelievable," one gay doctor said, recalling the period. "I used to teach epidemiology, and I had never heard of a disease that selective. I thought, They are making this up. It can't be true. Or if there is such a disease it must be the work of some government agency—the F.B.I. or the C.I.A.—trying to kill us all." For those who were not doctors, it was easier to believe that the medical profession was exaggerating the threat—or would soon have it under control if enough pressure was brought. The alternative was accepting a terrible fear and a sense of contamination. While many individuals faced up to it, the gay organizations preferred to deny the scale of the epidemic and the evidence that it was sexually transmitted. At the same time, there was a great deal of paranoia about the origins of the disease and the role of the government. Such was the outsider mentality in the Castro that a great many gay men took quite seriously the thought that AIDS might be a form of germ warfare targeted on the gay population by the government. City officials—and, indeed, all non-gay authorities—were suspect as well: if they had not invented the disease, they were probably using it to suppress "the gay life style." Pat Norman, the city coördinator of lesbian-gay health services, writing in an article in the 1983 Gay Freedom Day Parade program, framed the issue in terms of government and the medical profession stigmatizing AIDS victims for contracting the disease "because of their *assumed* sexual behavior and/or use of illicit drugs."

Faced with this reaction, Silverman soon realized that if he took a hard line it would simply rebound against him: he could not force people to believe him or to do what was good for them, and he could not threaten them with the consequences of not doing so. Reining himself in, he formed an advisory committee of gay and non-gay physicians and prepared for a gradual, long-term effort. The first Health Department literature he was able to put out offered the advice "Limit your use of recreational drugs" and "Enjoy more time with fewer partners." The appearance of these inadequate warnings represented a victory, for they had been booed by gay audiences just months before. Over the months, and then the years, Silverman spent a great deal of time in the Castro, going to meetings, discussion groups, and benefit dinners. He got to know the doctors, the political leaders, and others of influence in the community, and gradually they came to trust him. The radicals often disagreed with him, but even they came to believe that he had no motive other than trying to halt the epidemic. Silverman, for his part, began to have a feel for the situation and for how the community worked. He watched attitudes change as the disease spread and the death toll mounted. The cry of protest from the Harvey Milk Club people over city as well as gay policies on health education was what he had been waiting for. The initiative had to come from the gay community, and once that had happened he could push forward. That the resistance of the other gay organizations had collapsed immediately thereafter was perhaps not surprising, for the leaders had been defending an illusion rather than a calculated policy. After that, Silverman, in coöperation with the gay organizations, had made a great deal of progress: the educational literature had proliferated, the warnings had become gradually blunter, and the community had responded. In the spring of 1984, Silverman decided to take a further step in the educational campaign. "The new literature is just going out," he told me in June. "We can now show pictures of people with AIDS. We couldn't before, because people weren't ready for it, and if the receptors aren't there it does no good. Besides, fear does not seem to have a very long-term effect on people's behavior."

The next stage, however, was going to be more difficult. Virtually all gay men now knew of the dangers of AIDS, but evidence suggested that roughly a third of them had still not changed their behavior accordingly. Silverman thought that within that third there were probably numbers of people who could never be persuaded to change. There were people for whom sex had become an addiction, like tobacco, alcohol, or drugs. There were people with death wishes, and people who thought they would live forever. This was not, in Silverman's view, either remarkable or difficult to understand, given the number of people in the general population who continued to smoke or to drink and drive. People thought up all kinds of ways to justify their behavior. "Some people tell me they are so anxious about AIDS that they have to go to the bathhouses to relieve stress," Silverman told me. "Some people say the whole thing is a conspiracy. There are a lot of sexual radicals in this city; in fact, there are probably more in San Francisco than anywhere else. San Francisco has always been the place for people who want a little bit more." Nonetheless, Silverman thought there was some reason for optimism. Many more people could be persuaded to change their behavior: the proof was that every time there was a flurry of news about AIDS in the press the indices changed for the better. And in the long run this would have an effect on the epidemic. "The rate of increase in AIDS cases has already tapered slightly, and that's something, given the length of the incubation period. I think it could continue to taper down and eventually become flat." For that to happen, however, the public-health director would have to have the support of gay organizations, and now the bathhouse issue threatened to destroy the credibility he had built up.



Silverman had not chosen the issue. "When I began to think about it, eighteen months ago, I realized that the baths were symbolic facilities," he said. "The freedom to have anonymous sex had become associated with gay liberation. The cry was 'If you close them, we'll go to the barricades.' " No other city had closed its bathhouses, and, as Silverman knew, there was a strong rationale for not closing them. In New York and Los Angeles, the working assumption in the public-health departments was that if the educational campaigns succeeded fewer and fewer people would go to the baths; on the other hand, if they did not succeed, and if the baths were closed by fiat, there would be an uproar, and dangerous practices would continue anyway. The previous spring, Silverman had suggested to the gay health activists that they treat the baths as they treated other threats to the community, and picket them. His suggestion was much discussed in the Castro, but the pickets did not materialize. With such little support, Silverman decided that he could not take action himself. But then, in March, Larry Littlejohn forced his hand with the ballot initiative.

From Silverman's perspective, what had happened next was this: "After Littlejohn made his announcement, some people got together and said, 'Well, if the baths are going to be closed, better have Silverman do it.' They assured me they would have community support, but when I called around the next day I found that the support wasn't there. So I decided to postpone my decision." (These were the same people who called Randy Shilts to say that they had got, or were in the process of getting, fifty signatures on a petition to Silverman. In fact, the group got only a dozen people to sign, and some of them took their names off the next day, though the document was never made public.) Now unable to avoid the issue but uncertain what to do, Silverman called a meeting of AIDS experts. "I thought at the time, Maybe I shouldn't worry—we have a model program for AIDS in this city, and the bath issue has never even come up elsewhere. But we had a six-hour meeting, and, to my surprise, there was unanimous support for an attempt to regulate sex in the baths. Not on medical grounds—the medical grounds were clear enough—but on public-health grounds, on educational grounds. So I decided to go ahead. I met with gay-community leaders and my advisory board of physicians, and I told them what I was going to do. I promised them that the regulations would involve only high-risk sex in the baths, but that I wasn't going to say that in making the announcement, as I wasn't going to talk about masturbation at a press conference. Well, a number of the physicians came to the press conference and stood behind me while I made the announcement. But then seven out of nine of them defected, because I didn't mention 'safe sex.' "

But the die was cast, and Silverman had to proceed. What he needed was the order from the Board of Supervisors transferring bathhouse licensing from the Police Department to the Health Department. The Mayor had insisted on this in order to spare the police and Cornelius Murphy from any involvement with the baths, and Silverman had gone along—even though, since the licensing would have involved only police certification of Health Department findings, he thought it unnecessary. But the board seemed reluctant to issue the order. Part of the problem was Harry Britt and the legislation he had introduced to prevent Silverman from regulating the bathhouses, hoping to force him to close them instead. The board committee responsible for the matter seemed to be leaning in Britt's direction. Apparently, its members were under pressure from the gay community, and the Mayor and Nelder could not push them into giving Silverman the authority. Dianne Feinstein, in fact, added to Silverman's difficulties. Silverman had tried to convince her that the baths were not the heart of the AIDS problem, but he had not succeeded. As the daughter of one physician and the widow of another, she looked at the issue in purely medical terms: the baths were a health hazard and should be closed. "If someone were trying to commit suicide by jumping out the window, I would try to stop them. That's the analogy," she said. "The public-health director makes a political argument he should not be making. The baths are licensed by the city, a lot of young people from all over the country come here, and there's the possibility of spreading a fatal disease." Thus, while to many gay men Silverman was beginning to look like the Mayor's patsy for trying to regulate the baths after so many refusals to close them, he was beginning to look to many other San Franciscans like a captive of the gay community.

This was a real problem. Before the AIDS crisis, most San Franciscans had no notion of what went on in the baths and no idea of the extent of sexual promiscuity in the Castro. Now they were reading the statistics on gay sex—five hundred, a thousand sexual partners—in the newspapers and coming to the conclusion that gays were different from other people in more ways than one. Under the circumstances, the idea that the city would condone the baths seemed quite fantastic. Because the Mayor had always favored closing the baths, it was now Silverman who was getting the angry letters. And Silverman could not defend himself. He could not explain gay politics to straight San Franciscans, any more than he could tell the gay community why he had taken so many different positions on the bathhouse issue. Further, he could not publicly attack the Mayor or the Board of Supervisors.

Still, the most important issue, as far as Silverman was concerned, was the reaction of the gay community. Would it eventually accept his position on the bathhouses, or would it go to the barricades? At the moment, the barricades seemed a distinct possibility. The Harvey Milk Club people generally favored some form of action on the baths, but, once again, they were alone in raising their voices. The Stonewall Club opposed any action. This was hardly surprising, since in sexual politics, as in other kinds of politics, it was the most radical of the three Democratic clubs. (Two years before, it had supported a drive to recall the Mayor, because its members objected to her veto of legislation, introduced by Britt, that would have given "domestic partners" of gay city employees the same rights to compensation as married partners.) But the Toklas Club also opposed the regulation of the baths; so did the gay Republican club, the Coalition for Human Rights, the gay doctors' association (BAPHR), the gay newspapers, the gay Golden Gate Business Association, and just about every other gay organization that could be named.

THOSE opposed to regulating or closing the baths explained their position to me in various ways. They brought up Silverman's own doubts about the effectiveness of either measure in terms of the whole AIDS-prevention program. But they made other arguments as well. For example, Gerry F. Parker, a former president of the Stonewall Club and a member of the Castro generation, gave me a long speech on the subject. "I feel very strongly that if we lose the battle for the baths we lose the battle for free expression, free association, and privacy," he said. "Along with the church, the government has been the major force for repressing—for terrorizing—gays and lesbians. No scientific evidence definitely proves that there is a correlation between multiple sex partners and AIDS. If we close the baths, we're back to the fifties again, with nothing but park sex for a certain percentage of the gay population—largely straight-identified gays. Dianne Feinstein is not just against the baths; she's against all kinds of things, like bookstores and peepshows. She wants to take the Wild West image away from San Francisco. She's just using AIDS to do this. She wants us to go back to the good-little-fairy days—and we're not going to go."

YARD SALE
Westman

Jerry E. Berg, a prominent lawyer in his late forties and a close associate of Mayor Feinstein, argued from the opposite end of the political spectrum. When I asked how the city had responded to the AIDS crisis, he said, "I'm pleased with what the Mayor has done, both locally and nationally. She truly views it as a community problem." When I asked about the Mayor's stand on the baths, he said, "The Mayor knows the seriousness of AIDS and wants to do something about it and doesn't know what else to do. She sees the baths as designed for promiscuous sex. There are strong arguments for their closure. But I take the civil-liberties argument very seriously. I don't think you can legislate morality. And there are economic interests involved. There is no proof that the baths are directly related to AIDS, and to close them would be a denial of due process. Also, much of the country looks to San Francisco for leadership on these issues. There's an enlightened leadership in this city but not everywhere else. What if, let us say, Wichita were to close all the gay bars? It could happen. All kinds of things could happen. Look what happened to the Japanese in California during the Second World War."

I went to see Michael England, the pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church, in the Castro, to ask about the impact of AIDS on the gay community. I had no idea what his position on the baths might be. When the subject came up, England, a robust, energetic man of thirty-eight, told me that he had been working closely with Dr. Silverman on the issue. "I trust Silverman," he said. "The man is not in any way a homophobe—his sole agenda is to save lives. If we had only spent the money and energy on it, we ourselves, in the community, could have got the bathhouses to serve an educational function—they would have been very useful in that way. But we didn't. Communication was screwed up, and people got very paranoid. Now what people are hearing is prohibition and negativism. It makes them more scared and more ignorant. When Silverman made his announcement, a lot of people thought he had changed what he told us, and was now trying to restrict all forms of sex. But I didn't think so. I thought he was simply being too conservative, medically speaking. The medical experts he called in constructed all kinds of scenarios about how any kind of sex could, under certain circumstances, spread AIDS. They took a much more restrictive approach than the one they would take to, say, drinking or smoking. I think BAPHR has made a lot of sense on this issue; it came out early saying that closing the baths was not the solution."

It occurred to me to say that many gay leaders seemed to be more concerned about the violation of civil rights than about people dying of AIDS.

England replied, "If I had to go back to living in the closet, I'd have to think very clearly about whether or not I'd rather be dead."

The civil-rights argument, as Jerry Berg made it, was not to be dismissed. Given the feelings about homosexuality, and the opposition to gay rights, that still existed in large parts of the country, it was not out of the question that some city might use AIDS as a pretext for closing gay bars or otherwise restricting gay men. (Indeed, the threat of AIDS was put to service in defeating a gay-rights bill in Houston the following January, and members of the Houston City Council listened to a social psychologist call for the quarantining of all gay men.) Concern for the legal and political precedent the city might create by closing the baths was thus legitimate. That being the case, however, the question was what strategy gay leaders should adopt vis-à-vis the baths themselves. Clearly, government regulation was not the best solution, from anyone's point of view. San Francisco city officials would have preferred it if bath attendance had simply dropped off to zero of itself, or if the owners had turned their establishments into AIDS-education centers. But the bathhouse owners had not done this on their own, and the gay leaders had not exerted enough pressure on them to make them do so. Now these same gay leaders were objecting to government action, on grounds that made little sense to most San Franciscans. The public belief was that gays were being irresponsible, and not taking the most obvious measure to curb the epidemic; and, arguably, this public belief was more of a threat to gay civil liberties than any legal precedent the city might set by regulating the baths. Under the circumstances, it could be argued, gay leaders could best defend their civil liberties by supporting government action on the baths and taking their stand on principle somewhere else. This, in any case, was the position of many Harvey Milk Club people.

The civil-rights argument had merit politically, but rhetorically there was something quite suspect about it. In the past, gay liberationists, including Harvey Milk, had permitted themselves frequent recourse to the logic of the slippery slope: that is, if this or that measure was not defeated the next step would be concentration camps for all gay men and women. It was one thing to say this for effect in front of a crowd of people but another thing to deploy the logic in serious discussion. In addition, the civil-rights argument was almost invariably accompanied by an assertion that there was no proof that the baths were related to the spread of AIDS. Gerry Parker went as far as to say that there was no conclusive proof of the "correlation between multiple sex partners and AIDS." Both statements were literally true in that statistical samples offer probabilities, not proofs; but they were at the same time wholly sophistical. And, in fact, the very people who made these arguments acknowledged implicitly that there was some correlation between these things. Berg and England said that they thought the baths should be closed, and Parker talked about the sexual "irresponsibility" of the past, "for which so many had paid a price."

The arguments that gay leaders made against the regulation of the baths seemed to confirm Silverman's view that the baths were "symbolic facilities." These days, a small percentage of gay men in San Francisco went to the baths and sex clubs (between eleven and fifteen per cent, according to one survey), and yet for most gay leaders they seemed to stand as a synecdoche for gay sexual freedom. They were seen as sanctuaries in a hostile world. They were also, perhaps, the last defense against the fact that most forms of male-homosexual sex were now mortally dangerous. To read the gay press was to imagine that that was the case, for in talking to the gay community opponents of regula-

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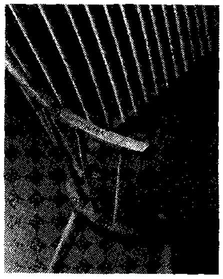

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tion spoke at a far higher emotional pitch than they did to outsiders. In one issue of the *B.A.R.*, there was a full account of the public meeting held by the Harvey Milk Club after Larry Littlejohn had filed his ballot initiative. Gerry Parker, according to the article, had stood up at the meeting and "screamed" at Littlejohn, "What you are doing is going to be a political disaster. You have given the Moral Majority and the Right Wing the gasoline they have been wanting to fuel the flames that will annihilate us!" In the next issue, there were letters calling Littlejohn an "Uncle Tom," a "quisling," and one of the "Alice-in-Wonderland do-gooders who force other people to behave in a manner deemed to be for their own good." An editorial in that issue dealt with the statement Robinson, Conant, and others had drawn up asking Silverman to close the baths. The editorial said, in part:

> The Gay Liberation Movement in San Francisco almost died last Friday morning at 11 a.m. [the time of Silverman's first press conference].
>
> No, that's not quite it. The Gay Liberation Movement here and then everywhere else was almost killed off by sixteen Gay men and one Lesbian last Friday morning.
>
> This group, whose number changed by the hour . . . signed a request or gave their names to give the green light to the annihilation of Gay life. This group would have empowered government forces to enter our private precincts and rule over and regulate our sex lives. . . .
>
> These people would have given away our right to assemble, our right to do with our own bodies what we choose, the few gains we have made over the past twenty-five years. These sixteen would have killed the movement—glibly handing it all over to the forces that have beaten us down since time immemorial. . . .
>
> The people of the community were quick to see what was being traded off, and have responded in anger and consternation. This office has received more mail on this issue than any other. Not one letter backed the collaborators.

In the middle of the editorial was this charge: "The Gay community should remember those names well—if not etch them into their anger and regret." There followed, in a box, the names of sixteen people. Among them were Ron Huberman and Carole Migden (the two leaders of the Harvey Milk Club), Bill Kraus, Dick Pabich, Marcus Conant, Frank Robinson, Harry Britt, and "the traitor *extraordinaire*, Larry Littlejohn."

Rhetorical overkill had become something of a convention in the Castro, but I did not remember gay liberationists in the past attacking one another in this vitriolic fashion. Randy Shilts, however, told me that such attacks had become fairly common since the beginning of the AIDS crisis. "There's a whole genre of political leaders who keep saying we're about to be put in concentration camps," he said. "Meanwhile, they attack the messengers who bring the bad news about AIDS. Last year, I ran a piece about that study on the incidence of AIDS in the Castro, and we at the *Chronicle* made a fuss when the bathhouse owners refused to put AIDS literature in the baths. All of a sudden, it was like the McCarthy period. People all over the place were calling me a traitor to the gay community and homophobic. Among gays, that's like being called anti-American. The Toklas Club passed a resolution calling me the most homophobic person in Northern California."

It was, of course, impossible to think about AIDS without strong feelings, and in the face of disaster communities, like emperors, have often preferred to blame messengers and deny the message. But the form that gay anger took still had to be explained. Jerry Berg had suggested an explanation when I asked him about the impact of AIDS on the community. "Generally speaking, there was a lack of personal definition of what it meant to be gay," he said. "Those who think that what binds us together is sex, and not broader human qualities, are very much threatened by the disease. To them, AIDS looks like a great threat to everything gay. Many of these people are quite hysterical, and there is a political craziness around. I have dear friends who are battling over the baths."

England suggested a further explanation, in a roundabout way. As I discovered after going to see him, England, in a letter he had written to the *B.A.R.* with a fellow-pastor of the Metropolitan Community Church, had denounced the attempts made to close the baths. In that letter, the pastors gave several reasons for their view that the attempts were "ill-advised." One of them was this:

> Airing of the issue through such a measure may further inflame public panic and give tacit permission to expression of homophobic feelings in repressive legal measures and even violence.

This was the usual slippery-slope argument put in psychological terms. The pastors, however, concluded with an argument about gay psychology:

> Finally, we see such a measure as the product, in some minds, of our internalized homophobia, a tendency deep in some of us to see sexuality as evil and to scapegoat non-traditional forms of sexuality, instead of spending the effort to place them in loving and safety-conscious contexts.

The very complexity of the sentence suggested that it touched on a delicate issue. In the context of the bathhouse controversy, England was accusing Littlejohn and the Milk Club people of "internalized homophobia." But he had mentioned the same phenomenon to me in a much more general context. When I went to see him, he had just been arranging a funeral service for an AIDS victim at which other AIDS victims would speak. Thinking of Father Paneloux in "The Plague," I asked what a minister had to say to those living in the shadow of such a catastrophe. England's reply followed my thought in that it concerned those who might be called the Paneloux of the Christian right. "The Jerry Falwells of this country are trying to tell us that AIDS is God's wrath—that God is punishing us for being homosexuals," he said. "As ministers, we say that this is not the Christian point of view. God does not punish by disease. Divine love is unconditional, and it will bring good out of evil if we allow it to."

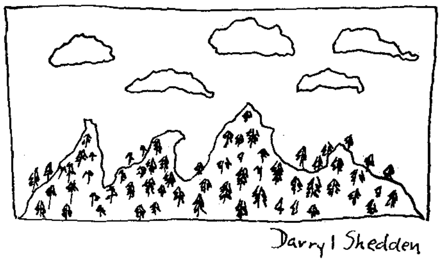
Surprised at the mention of Falwell, I asked him whether any of his parishioners took seriously anything that the Christian right said.

"There's a lot of internalized homophobia in this community," he said. "And it's very hard to throw off. In the beginning, many people believed that AIDS was a punishment. They thought it proved that they were bad people or that sex was bad. The immediate reaction was 'I'm never going to have sex again.' But now there's been some turnaround on this. People are active in fund-raising and volunteer activities. But we pastors still have to deal with the Christian right. That's our most important task."

England was certainly in a position to understand the psychology of the Castro, and his description of it was wholly plausible. Indeed, some months later Leon McKusick and three other psychotherapists working with gay men said much the same thing in an interview published in the *B.A.R.* One of the important functions of coming out, after all, was to banish guilt by bringing "the guilty secret" into the plain light of day. The experience, though cathartic, was perhaps not always sufficient to remove every last trace of guilt, and in the face of AIDS even those not normally in conflict about their sexuality might have this feeling all over again, and see AIDS as a punishment. According to the psychotherapists, "AIDS-related stress" could create a crisis in which the individual fell into depression, resorted to defiant acting out, suffered anxiety, or became paranoiac. In light of England's letter to the *B.A.R.*, it occurred to me that this "internalized homophobia" might be the key to the otherwise puzzling response of the gay community and many of its leaders to the AIDS crisis. England, who understood these feelings (neither he nor the psychotherapists as they were quoted ever used the word "guilt"), had himself tried to deal with them in a variety of ways. One was to preach the gospel of a loving God who brought good out of evil. Another was to charge that the message of guilt came from the Christian right, and not from within. These were his conscious strategies. But he, like many other gay leaders, used other strategies, perhaps without knowing it. One was to attribute violent homophobic feelings to the public at large (which would end in "repressive legal measures and even violence"). Homophobic feelings certainly existed in the public at large, but it was one thing to assess their consequences in a rational manner, as Berg had, for example, and another to maintain that they would lead to general violence, and to concentration camps for gay men. The slippery-slope logic began with a projection. Another strategy was to attribute homophobic feelings to those who brought the bad news about AIDS or who publicly proposed that gay men curb their sexuality. This form of projection turned the health authorities into punishing fathers. Seen in this light, the gay men who brought the bad news were doubly heroic, for they had first to overcome whatever residue of guilt they themselves felt about their sexuality and then to brave the verbal terrorism levelled at them. It was perhaps no coincidence that those who did so were those who had been closest to the center of gay liberation.

England told me that he would be speaking at a panel discussion on the baths the next day in a downtown church. He had not reached a decision about the idea of regulations, he said, but he would probably defend Silverman's position at the meeting, since no one else would be there to do so. The next day, however, surrounded by opponents of regulation, he attacked all those who favored government action. "In effect, what they're saying is 'We know what's best for you,' " he said. "It's a heavy paternal message, and it caused me to be suspicious right away." This was precisely the reaction that Silverman had feared, and, coming from someone who had worked with him and trusted him, it bode ill for his move on the bathhouses.

ON October 9th, just about four months later, Dr. Silverman invoked emergency powers to close the baths, and in a statement to the press he said that the baths and the sex clubs were "fostering disease and death" and "literally playing Russian roulette with the lives of gay men." His move was unexpected. In August, at the request of Harry Britt, the responsible committee of the Board of Supervisors had effectively killed the legislation transferring regulatory authority over the baths from the Police Department to the Health Department. Silverman then reconvened his group of AIDS experts to ask their advice. The group proved to be divided, but he nonetheless decided to proceed. In September, he sent private investigators into thirty establishments (gay and straight) to report on high-risk sexual activity, and, with their report in hand, issued an order to close fourteen baths and sex clubs as "public nuisances." The baths closed, but most reopened after twenty-four hours to test Silverman's order. The Mayor, predictably, was furious. Though it was the City Attorney who had recommended the legal strategy, the Mayor had said in September that if the choice were hers she would simply close the baths and the clubs on her own authority—presumably with a quarantine order. "If I were overturned by a court, so be it," she said. "The important thing is if you save lives it's worth it, and I'm convinced you will save lives." She added, "If this were a heterosexual problem, these establishments would have been closed a long time ago. But because this has been involved in politics, they haven't been closed."

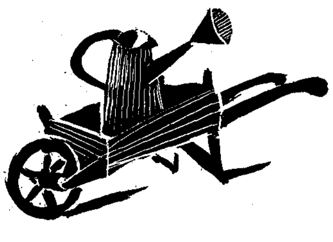


On October 15th, a Superior Court judge ordered nine baths and sex clubs closed temporarily pending a hearing on the Health Department's request for an injunction. (The judge excepted bookstores and two movie theatres cited for health violations.) The bath owners, backed by a number of gay legal groups, prepared to dispute the order. The Harvey Milk Club, Marcus Conant, and Harry Britt came out in favor of Silverman's action, but, once again, the two other Democratic clubs, the Republican club, the Golden Gate Business Association, and BAPHR denounced it. In the gay community, the lines appeared firmly drawn, as they had been in June. But when, on October 29th, a coalition of these groups called a protest rally at Market Street and Castro, only three hundred people showed up. The gay leaders might protest, but the rank and file, it appeared, would not go to the barricades.

The hearing took place, and on November 28th a second Superior Court judge, Judge Roy Wonder, said that the bathhouses and sex clubs could reopen, but ordered their owners to comply with certain regulations, the most important of which was that they hire monitors and expel those of their patrons who engaged in high-risk sex. The attorneys for both sides claimed victory, while the Mayor, along with the *Chronicle* editorialists, objected that the order would create a "spying system," repugnant to all. The Mayor was perfectly right, but at the same time it was unthinkable that the baths could remain open if the order was enforced. The City Attorney requested a clarification of the enforcement procedures, and on December 20th Judge Wonder gave him the changes of wording he sought. The consequence was that while the bathhouse owners planned an appeal, all but one of the baths and sex clubs shut down.

What Judge Wonder's decision seemed to demonstrate was that if Silverman had simply closed the baths, as the Mayor had urged, his order would not have stood up in court. An editorial in the *Examiner* pointed this out, and argued that in view of the health emergency the only proper solution was for the Board of Supervisors to pass an ordinance closing the baths. The board, however, was disinclined to make such a move, and the Mayor was no more inclined to consider the justice of Silverman's position than she had ever been. The passage of a proposition she had sponsored on the November ballot now permitted her to take control of the city Health Department through the medium of a new Health Commission, whose members she had the right to appoint. In early December, she gave Silverman a clear signal to resign by failing to include him in the planning for the new commission. Word was put out that the bathhouse issue was not the only issue between them—that earlier in the year state investigators had found fault with conditions in one of the hospitals under Silverman's jurisdiction. But clearly the baths were the main issue, and most of the newspaper articles spoke of the Mayor's displeasure with his "indecision and foot-dragging" in closing them. On December 11th, Dr. Silverman resigned.

BY the spring of 1985, when I returned to San Francisco, there was ample evidence that Silverman's initiative on the baths had succeeded in all the ways he had hoped it would. While the bathhouse owners continued to press for an appeal, their case languished on the docket, and eventually several of them sold off their buildings for very good prices. More important, the gay organizations did not turn on Silverman or the city government. In November, a new *B.A.R.* editorialist, Brian Jones, reproached a letter writer for calling people "the enemy" because they wanted the baths closed; you might disagree with them, he said, but they are not the enemy. At no time did the protest reach the rhetorical level of the previous June, and as time went on the issue simply faded away, even from the pages of the gay press. That both Superior Court judges who ruled on the case showed concern for the civil-liberties issues involved took the force out of the protest. Then, when it appeared that no other city would follow San Francisco's lead in closing the baths, most of the objections were dropped. "I opposed government regulations because I worried about the domino effect," one businessman told me. "But now that the baths are closed I'm delighted." Actually, the very day he said that, two bathhouses reopened; their owners were clearly testing the city's enforcement procedures. It made very little difference: the baths had lost their symbolic value. As before, the defenders of the barricades had simply melted away without apology or explanation.



Silverman's main purpose in taking action on the baths had been to move the whole process of AIDS education along. Six months later, all the experts in the field I spoke with thought that the purpose had been very well served. "I thought Silverman was wrong," Frank Robinson told me. "I, like the Mayor, thought he could simply close the baths and have the order stand up in court. But, the way he did it, the baths were closed with a minimum of community objection, and all the right results followed. The fallout was an *extreme* heightening of education. The education program is just about as good as you could get it, and the awareness just about as high as it could be." Leon McKusick, of the AIDS Behavioral Research Project, thought that the controversy itself had not been helpful but that the months of news coverage that accompanied it had had a significant effect. For two years, McKusick and his colleagues had been doing a study of some four hundred men, sending questionnaires out to them every six months, and the results of his last survey showed that behavior had changed remarkably. His respondents reported that in November of 1982 they had had an average of six sexual partners in a month; in November of 1984, they reported an average of two and a half. In the same period, the mean number of unsafe sex acts they reported declined from almost five a month to less than one a month. The decline in both sets of figures had been very gradual in 1983 and very sharp in 1984. In another survey, done for the San Francisco AIDS Foundation, sixty-two per cent of five hundred gay and bisexual men interviewed reported having had no unsafe sex outside a primary relationship in the previous month; nine out of ten reported having altered their high-risk practices in some way because of AIDS.

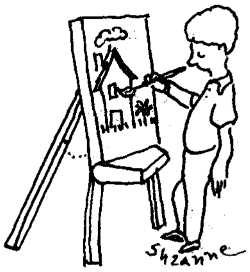
Though Silverman was out of office (he remained temporarily as a consultant to the Health Department), his approach to AIDS education had now been taken up by the gay community itself. The San Francisco AIDS Foundation had employed a professional management consultant and engaged the services of a market-research firm, the Research & Decisions Corporation. Sam Puckett, the foundation's management consultant, told me, "We take a factual, no-nonsense approach that the epidemic is not going away, and we have to solve it ourselves. Here we're not using health educators—there's not a Ph.D. in the place. We're doing market research and advertising. We've just spent a hundred thousand dollars on a market-research survey to find out what people know and what they believe. Before, people were working in the dark, and there were so many sensitivities in the community that they were very cautious. But that time is over, and our new ad campaign has been very well received." The leaflets Puckett showed me were far different in tone from those of the year before. There was no coyness anymore. The headline on one of them was "THERE IS NO LONGER AN EXCUSE FOR SPREADING AIDS." Its message was that the individual bore responsibility not just for his own life but also for that of his partner and for the life of the whole community. Under AIDS Foundation sponsorship, the Research & Decisions Corporation was now moving beyond advertising to start a series of discussion groups in which gay men could discuss what AIDS prevention meant in their own lives.

In the space of a year, the politics of the Castro had changed even more than the educational programs—though the two were closely related. For one thing, the Milk Club people were no longer a besieged minority. In the six months since Silverman had made his move, there had been a good deal of internal criticism of the gay leaders in the Castro. Randy Shilts had delivered the first broadside, in an interview he gave to a gay skin magazine. In the interview, as it was excerpted in the *B.A.R.* in November, he started by attacking both the gay press and the gay leadership for lying to people, and telling them only what they wanted to hear. He then called the gay leaders "a bunch of jerks who wrap themselves in silly, dogmatic rhetoric," and went on to say, "Let's not kid ourselves. The local gay political scene is a loony bin. The community is top-heavy with chiefs and not an awful lot of Indians. You're not dealing with normal people. These folks are crazy." The reaction to this in the *B.A.R.* over the next few weeks was surprising. The editorial on the subject defended the gay leaders solely on the ground that there had to be leaders in a democracy, and most of the letters praised Shilts for starting what one of them called "a much-needed debate." The newspaper did not pursue the subject, but the debate must have gone on elsewhere, for by April of 1985 a great many of the people I spoke with were critical, if not outright contemptuous, of certain gay leaders. Jim Foster, the founder of the Toklas Club, told me, "The message we've been putting out for years is ghettoization, isolation, and alienation from the larger community. The leaders only know how to lose. They never take responsibility, so it's always someone else's fault." Foster believed that gay politics as such were dead in the climate of the nineteen-eighties, and he was not alone in this; the solution now was to build philanthropies, on the model of Jewish organizations.

Possibly the gay leaders represented the community better than Shilts and Foster were ready to admit, for the debate did not lead to personal recriminations, leadership struggles, or new divisions in the Castro. The Castro simply put some distance between itself and politics and the crowd behavior of the year before. Shouts of "traitor" and "homophobe" were now rarely heard, and the political craziness surrounding AIDS had all but disappeared. It was not that there were no issues left. Far from it. The newly developed tests for AIDS antibodies in the blood raised civil-liberties issues far more serious than the closing of the baths. (Could the test results be kept confidential? If not, should gay men take the tests, since positive results might subject them to discrimination by insurance companies, government agencies, the military, and so on?) But the gay leaders and the gay press generally discussed these issues in a rational manner, without discovering "enemies" and building up factions. The Castro was at peace.

When I asked Leon McKusick what, as a psychotherapist, he thought had happened to the community, he said, "It's my hypothesis that the community has been going through the stages that individuals are said to go through when faced by a life-threatening disease: denial, rage, bargaining, and acceptance. The community has now accepted AIDS." The leaders had, it seemed, acted out this all too human drama and taken its members along with them.

But it was not only political attitudes that had changed; it was attitudes toward life in general. There had been signs of this change the previous June—only at that point they had seemed incongruous. Then I had noticed that the gay leaders who most strenuously opposed government action on the baths sometimes talked in a strangely positive way about the impact of AIDS on the community. Gerry Parker, for example, had said, "The AIDS crisis has got people to come together and look at themselves in the mirror and ask critical questions about their lives. In the seventies, this was a very young society, and for the young the dream of the ghetto was a candy store, a romp. In the irresponsible seventies, you used to see a lot of refrigerators with drugs in them but no food. Now people are concerned about health; there's a realization that we're all interdependent. It's the 'we' generation, not the 'me' generation anymore. People look for an inner purpose, and there's a lot of interest in Taoism and Buddhism. There was a time when we were the cutting edge of commercialism and fashion—that was a part of our being—but it's no longer true. Now we're into backpacking and wholesome relationships. The lesbian community is far ahead of us in many ways—particularly in its sense of coöperation and interdependence. There's a feminization process going on in the gay community now, and it's very healthy."



Parker had a declamatory style, and while I was listening to him speak I had felt increasingly irritated. In the first place, these sentiments seemed to fit rather badly with his contention that there was no proof of the correlation between multiple sex partners and AIDS. In the second place, much of it was clearly nonsense. Backpacking and Taoism! This was a counterculture fantasy, and one I assumed he was creating in a spirit of boosterism for my benefit. Only later did I begin to think that this was not the case. Parker had continued, "AIDS was a great and profound fear that affected all of us. We know more people who have died of it in the past two years than have died in our lifetimes. I witnessed a number of people going through it, and the encouraging thing is that we found a connection. They were strong people, and they had bright outlooks. The political people gave me sage advice right up to their last hours on the direction the movement ought to take."

Parker's description of the AIDS victims rang a bell. The regular San Francisco press had done a number of profiles of AIDS victims, the journalists in every instance choosing admirable young men with wonderful families and fine careers, and generally glossing over the terrible fear and suffering they went through. The gay press usually printed obituaries of the AIDS dead written by their lovers, but in the case of gay activists the editors themselves would write the obits, using much the same language Parker had used: the men had fought and died heroically in the service of their cause. This ennobling of the dead was clearly some form of compensation for the horror or contempt with which the world at large regarded them. Now a similar form of compensation—or mythology—seemed to be growing up around the impact of AIDS on the gay community as a whole. Right after telling me about the "political craziness" AIDS had engendered, Jerry Berg, for example, said, "My own view is that AIDS is a terrible tragedy, and yet one that offers real opportunities for personal and collective growth. My friends are taking a new look at their relationships, at the meaning of love and intimacy, and they are making choices. It's very positive and exciting. Of course, large numbers will continue to die, but the threat of the disease has given us all a new perspective on life. It's growth-producing, and most people who have had it have grown into grace."

"Growth," "a new maturity," "new intimacy," "a sense of interdependence" were phrases I heard again and again in the Castro that June, and often from the very people engaged in the fratricidal struggle over the baths. Many of my friends satirized this kind of talk. When I asked Larry Glover, who was now working as a bartender, about the "new intimacy," he said, "It's just like the fifties again—people getting married for all the wrong reasons." Glover did not mean his remark to be taken seriously as much as he meant it to be subversive of the new mythology he saw the community weaving around itself. He did not understand people who talked about all the wonderful things that were happening as a result of AIDS.

In the late fall of 1984, however, a McKusick study and the Research &

Decisions Corporation survey for the AIDS Foundation came out with data suggesting that at least some of what Parker and Berg had been saying about community attitudes was, or was becoming, true. The surveys showed that "the new intimacy" had little basis in fact: gay men were not any more involved in "primary relationships" than they had been in the past. About half of them had such relationships and half did not; in two years the figures remained virtually unchanged. According to the Research & Decisions survey, however, a large majority of respondents said they would like to be in a "committed relationship"—preferably monogamous, and one that would last. An equally large majority of respondents said they had more concern than formerly about the gay community as a whole. The studies also indicated that there was a good deal more concern in the gay community about general health, diet, and exercise, and a good deal less drug and alcohol consumption and less interest in impersonal sex. Asked to rate the sentence "Because of AIDS, many gay men are changing their lives for the better" on a scale of one to ten, respondents gave it an average 7.2 rating, whereas they gave the sentence "AIDS is damaging the gay movement by limiting people's sexual freedom" an average rating of only 3.8. Conceivably, a number of the respondents told the researchers what they thought they ought to say. All the same, they had created a positive vision for themselves: they had made a decision to focus on the good that might come out of the evil of AIDS. This vision was a consolation, but it was also an antidote to the notion that AIDS was a punishment—a notion that, as England suggested, lay so deep as to be unavailable to reason. And it helped people act against the threat of AIDS.

BY April of 1985, the looks of the Castro had changed once again. On a weekday morning or afternoon, the people on the main street included numbers of older people and women with children. These people had not just moved into the area; rather, they had once again taken up doing their shopping and socializing on the main street. The tourists had vanished, and, with them, a number of the most expensive gift stores and clothing boutiques. The Castro was a neighborhood once again. The gay bars were still there, and on Saturday mornings the street would fill up with young men, but now the only remarkable thing about these young men was their numbers. Very few—perhaps one or two in a crowd—wore leather or one of the other sexual costumes. Most looked like all other men of their age, and most were clearly doing Saturday errands, having been at work all week. The Castro was still a gay neighborhood, but it had lost what the psychologist C. A. Tripp called its "gender-eccentricity." It was a neighborhood much like the other white middle-class neighborhoods surrounding the downtown.

Sam Puckett, who is slightly older than most Castro residents, said something to me that might have been an epitaph for the old Castro: "During the seventies, the gay movement here created an almost totalitarian society in the name of promoting sexual freedom. It evolved without any conscious decision, but there was so much peer pressure to conform that it allowed no self-criticism or self-examination. At some point, there would have to be less sexual, political, and visual conformity. People grow up and change. But AIDS forced a reëxamination in a way that few issues do. What we're seeing now is a revolution. We're seeing a reëvaluation of life and relationships and what being gay is all about. We haven't got the answers yet, but at least the questions have been posed."

Puckett's observation about the breakdown of conformity seemed to me to be true on many levels. A sign of the times was a theatre piece put on by Theatre Rhinocerous, the major gay-and-lesbian theatre group in the city. The piece was a series of sketches about the ways that AIDS had entered people's lives. My friend Peter Adair, who was filming the production for a documentary, told me that the producers had held open casting calls in the Castro community, and that most of the people involved—actors, writers, and so on—had had some experience with the disease. In Adair's film, the cast members and others talked about the way AIDS had affected their lives: one man had an AIDS-related condition, and several had had lovers or friends who died of AIDS; one of the directors was a Shanti Project volunteer, and one actor—a young comedian—was a nurse in the AIDS ward of a hospital. By an extraordinary coincidence, the director and the actor-nurse had taken care of the same patient. They remembered him well, for the man had been full of bitterness, rage, and aggressive self-pity. Indeed, he seemed to have only ugliness inside him. Profoundly shocked by the patient, the young nurse had gone to the hospital therapist to find out how to cope with the man, and also how to deal with his own emotions. The company was now building a sketch around the incident in which the young nurse would play himself.

The dogmatism had disappeared, and the denial, it seemed to me, had been replaced by a remarkable stoicism. Going around to see my friends, I found that many of them were working in one way or another on AIDS. Randy Shilts, of course, had been writing about it for years in the *Chronicle*, and now he was writing a book. But Peter Adair had been making a film on nuclear-weapons protesters, and for a long time Ken Maley's work had centered on earthquake-preparedness measures. Now both of them had come back to the disaster closest to them: the real thing as opposed to its substitutes. Adair had made a public-service film for those thinking of taking the AIDS test. Ken Maley was, among other things, working on AIDS-awareness programs with Jim Rivaldo. Armistead Maupin had returned from England and was travelling around the country talking to gay groups; he would entertain them, but he would also urge people not to deny their homosexuality or to deny the threat of AIDS. Adair told me that gay men in San Francisco probably spent sixty per cent of their time thinking about AIDS—after all, about that percentage of them probably had the virus. But my friends did not seem to be obsessed with the subject, and perhaps it helped that they were dealing with it professionally.

As Adair, Maley, and Maupin had come back to look the monster in the face, so they, along with a number of other gay men, had come back in other ways as well. For the past two or three years, many people had in one way or another withdrawn from the community; some had actually picked up and left the Castro, or left the city. For some time, it had seemed to me possible that "the community" would break up, and that gay institutions other than those concerned with AIDS would simply dissolve. But now it seemed to me that the hive was humming again. Maupin, for one, had resumed his duties as Gay Personality, and had recently officiated at a ceremony welcoming back to San Francisco two gay hostages from the June, 1985, TWA hijacking to Beirut. The two hostages, who had been openly gay, had lived in fear that their captors would recognize them as such, for under fundamentalist Shiite law homosexuality was a crime punishable by death. Their captors, however, had never suspected anything of the sort, for the two men had been dressed in Castro Street garb —olive-drab fatigue trousers and tank-top shirts—and the militiamen had taken them for macho toughs. "It was an only-in-San Francisco story," Armistead said. "You couldn't have made it up."

Armistead was, as usual, full of stories—about the new gay social institutions and the ingenious ways people had found to have safe but nonetheless impersonal sex. "It's the tribal rites," he said. "People get nostalgic for them." I asked him about a story I'd read in the newspapers. A San Francisco policeman had been bitten three times by a man who was resisting arrest; the man had later told the police that he had AIDS, and the district attorney then considered changing the charge from assault to felonious assault with a deadly weapon. "Ah, yes," Armistead said. "I heard that, and I was all ready to get on my high horse and go out and protest police behavior when it came out that the policeman was openly gay. He had got his job on the force only after an antidiscrimination suit. No one knows whether the man who bit him was gay or not, and he's refusing to take the AIDS test."

Armistead seemed to me very much back in form. His "Tales of the City" books were selling well in the bookstores, and now a major production company wanted them for a television series. "They seem serious this time," Armistead said. "But it's a little late. San Francisco isn't at all the place that it was in the mid-seventies—full of odd and unconventional people. Now everyone's so madly dressed for success. But at least they can handle the gay character. After all, every soap opera on television has a gay character in it now. So perhaps we did make some kind of a dent. That's why I go to places like Texas and Indiana telling people they shouldn't cut themselves off from their heterosexual friends. I tell them it's fun to be an exotic bird."

An era was over, and yet the Castro seemed much as it had been in the very old days when Maley and Maupin had thought of it as their stamping ground and a small fraternity. The crowds had gone, political enthusiasms had abated, and personal relations—friendships—had come to the fore. It was now the pattern in the Castro for men, whether they were living with someone or not, to have a number of very close friends with whom they spent the holidays, in whom they could confide, and who would take care of them if necessary. This was the family the Castro had developed, and it was —Armistead's stories notwithstanding —stable and domesticated. But, then, the people of the Castro had grown up together, and they had a great deal more in common now than the fact of being gay. Indeed, the people they had very little in common with were gay men in their twenties—for whom Harvey Milk was a myth, and the clone style was as antiquated as high-button shoes. There was only ten years' difference between them, but when men of the Castro generation talked about the younger men, grumbling that they took "gay" for granted and were not pulling their weight, they sounded like codgers talking about the decline of the work ethic. Steve Beery, Armistead's closest friend, who himself did not look much more than thirty, told me his revelation about the generation gap. Steve still lived on the Filbert Steps, as he had for years, opposite Maley. One day, when he was at home sick, he looked out on the steps and saw a beautiful young man taking a lunch break in the sun with his shirt off. The young man looked with great interest at Steve, so the next day when he came back at lunch hour and looked in Steve's direction again Steve invited him up to the apartment. "I was thinking—well, you can imagine what I was thinking," Steve said. "But the guy just kept sitting here in the chair talking about one thing and another. As he was leaving, he asked me for a date. A date! I was shocked. He was, I gathered, looking for commitment. He was looking for a lifelong partnership."

—FRANCES FITZGERALD

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From a United Press International dispatch*]

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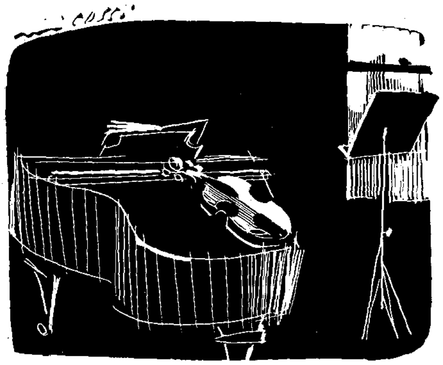
MUSICAL EVENTS

Parnassian Peaks

ANTHONY KORF'S "Symphony in the Twilight" had its first performance in March, played in Carnegie Hall by the American Composers Orchestra, which had commissioned it, and conducted by Paul Dunkel. It is a substantial two-movement piece, lasting about twenty-six minutes. The movements have titles: "Twilight and Troubled Dreams" and "Into the Horizon." From the program note we learn that Korf thinks of the piece "as like a Freudian 'Heldenleben;' " that the first movement ends in a mood "sort of lonely, leaving-you-off-at-the-train-station-in-the-middle-of-the-night;" that the second sets out from a place "very hazy, lost, moody, distant, trying to reach for something and get something going," until in the final section it is "reaching up the mountain." No further personal program is revealed; in fact, we are told that "the work was generated by formal principles and is not a tone poem." But the chief formal principle invoked is that of altering one element of a gesture or a thematic complex so that it takes on a different aspect, and this, too, carries programmatic connotations: "just like in life certain things that are demons are terrifying to us, but if we look at them or take a different attitude, we can deal with them and live our lives."

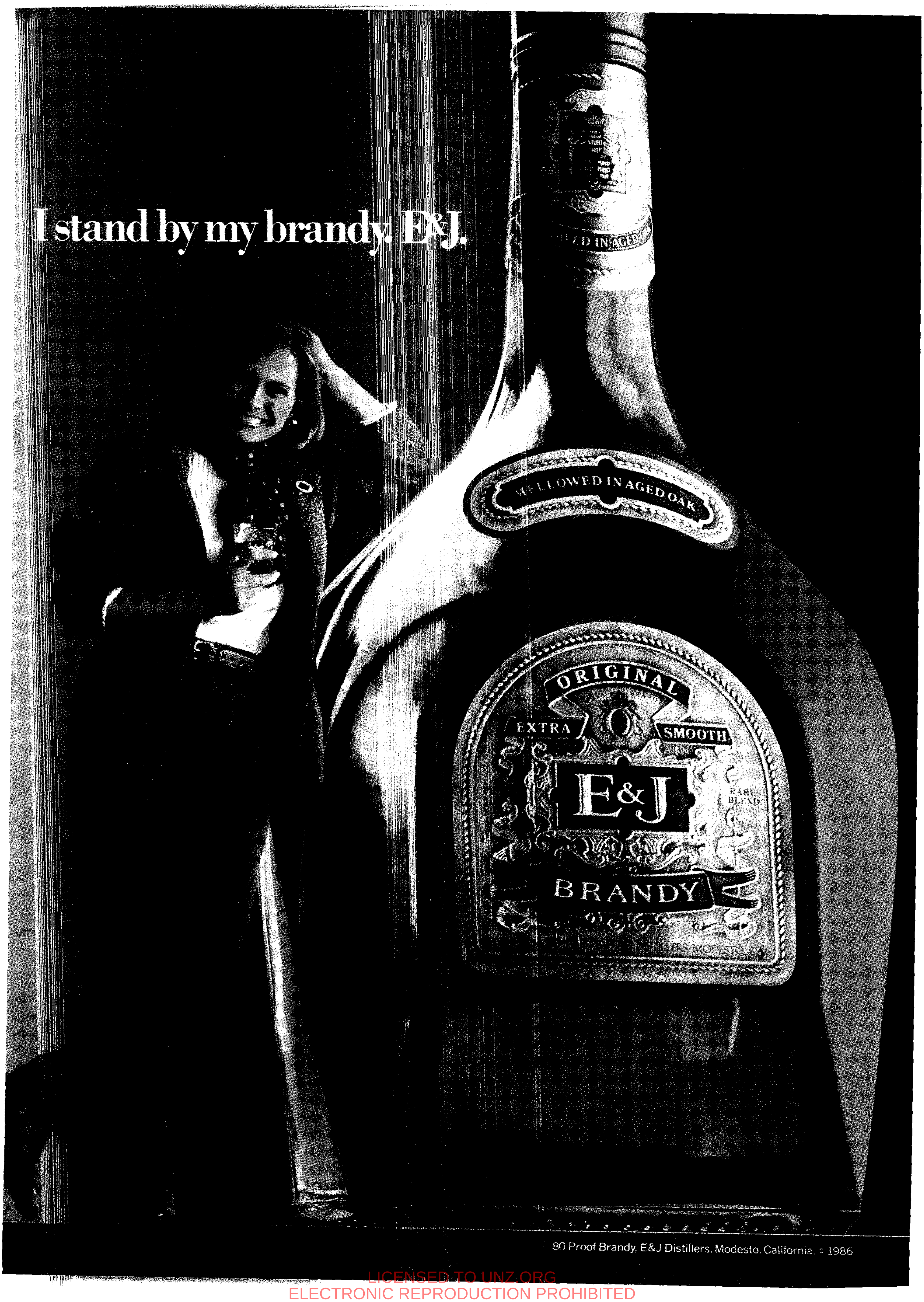
Plainly, something autobiographical is going on here. Yet what I like about the symphony is not so much the story it tells as the sounds it makes and the structures it builds. Korf, born in 1951, and trained at the Manhattan School as a percussionist, professes to be a composer largely self-taught—and taught most by his work as director and conductor of the ensemble Parnassus. Parnassus specialties are the works of Milton Babbitt and Stefan Wolpe; there is nothing Babbitty or Wolpine about the symphony, however. It is grounded in harmony: chords, clashes, confrontations. The upward drift of thirds from the "Tristan" Act III prelude appears, not as a citation but, it seems, as something newly discovered—a natural, inevitable musical emanation from "troubled dreams." I was reminded at times of Michael Tippett by the sonorities; by episodes of buoyant, unlabored counterpoint; by construction in juxtaposed sections, not with transitions; and by a lively, dancing lyricism that animates the lines and the play of line upon line. I don't suppose there was any direct influence; it seems to be a case, rather, of two minds moving forward in similar ways. The piece is beautifully scored, with much feeling for consorts of woodwinds and of brasses. There are some unconventional, exquisite combinations. Korf has found and mastered his own voice more surely than in earlier works. The symphony should win favor with conductors—and audiences—who are in quest of something new but are glutted with secondhand, second-rate neo-Romanticism, are bored with Minimalist mechanics, and are chary of tackling such technically difficult pieces as, say, Babbitt's Piano Concerto. The Composers Orchestra performance had excellent things in it but also some errant moments. In one or two passages, the argument seemed to hang fire, the tension to slacken; that probably would not happen in a completely assured performance.

IN April, in Merkin Hall, Parnassus and Mr. Korf gave the first performance of John Watrous's Chamber Symphony, which was commissioned by and is dedicated to them. Watrous was a name new to me, and the program booklet vouchsafed nothing about him. (I learned subsequently that he was born in 1955, studied with Donald Martino, and lives in Massachusetts.) I enjoyed his piece: a clean-edged, confident, eventful work. It is for ten players, is in three movements (sonata form, scherzo and trio, and variations expanding into a finale), and lasts about nineteen minutes. Ancestors are evidently Schoenberg's and Webern's works in symphonic mold; the instrumental disposition is close to that of Webern's Concerto, Opus 24. But the symphony is a fresh creation, not an exercise. It is a work of dashing rhythmic impulses, with energetic solo writing (episodes executed by Stephen Taylor, oboe, and Eliza Garth, piano, were particularly striking), mercurial changes of mood and gait, and concerto-grosso contrasts between small chamber combinations and the full ensemble.



Watrous's Chamber Symphony was the centerpiece of a distinguished program executed with unfailingly high accomplishment. It began with Stravinsky's Septet (1953), that dazzling contrapuntal display of melodious tonal serialism—composed while Bach looked over one shoulder and Webern over the other. It ended with Wolpe's Piece in Two Parts for Six Players (1962), which crackles with electric energy of invention. The three big pieces were separated by two lightweight intermezzi: Donald Martino's "Canzone e Tarantella sul Nome Petrassi" (1984), for clarinet and cello, composed as an eightieth-birthday card for the composer Goffredo Petrassi (a "Traviata" medley forms part of it); and Fred Lerdahl's Waltzes (1981), for violin, viola, cello, and double-bass. All the players, assembled in various configurations for the different pieces, deserve mention. They were Laura Conwesser (flute), Stephen Taylor (oboe), Alan Kay or Dennis Smylie (clarinet), Lauren Goldstein (bassoon), David Wakefield or Scott Temple (horn), Raymond Mase (trumpet), David Braynard (tuba), Cyrus Stevens (violin), Maureen Gallagher or Lois Martin (viola), Chris Finckel or Jonathan Spitz (cello), Donald Palma (double-bass), Eliza Garth or Edmund Niemann (piano), and Barbara Allen (harp). This was one of Mr. Korf's and Parnassus' high evenings.

SONG recitals of the season included four given by good baritones. In November, William Parker, with Dalton Baldwin as his pianist, sang a French recital—Debussy, Ibert, Jacques Leguerney, and Poulenc—in a cultivated style and in tones that were mostly beautiful but sometimes opened up too eagerly. In February, Jan Opalach, with Ted Taylor as his pianist, sang Ives, Schumann's Eichendorff cycle, and French and modern American groups. He has intelligence and aplomb, but affects an oracular utterance—plummy pronunciation, "rich," backward tone—that lends a slightly pompous, parsonical touch to his performances. Orpheus with his lute, in William Schuman's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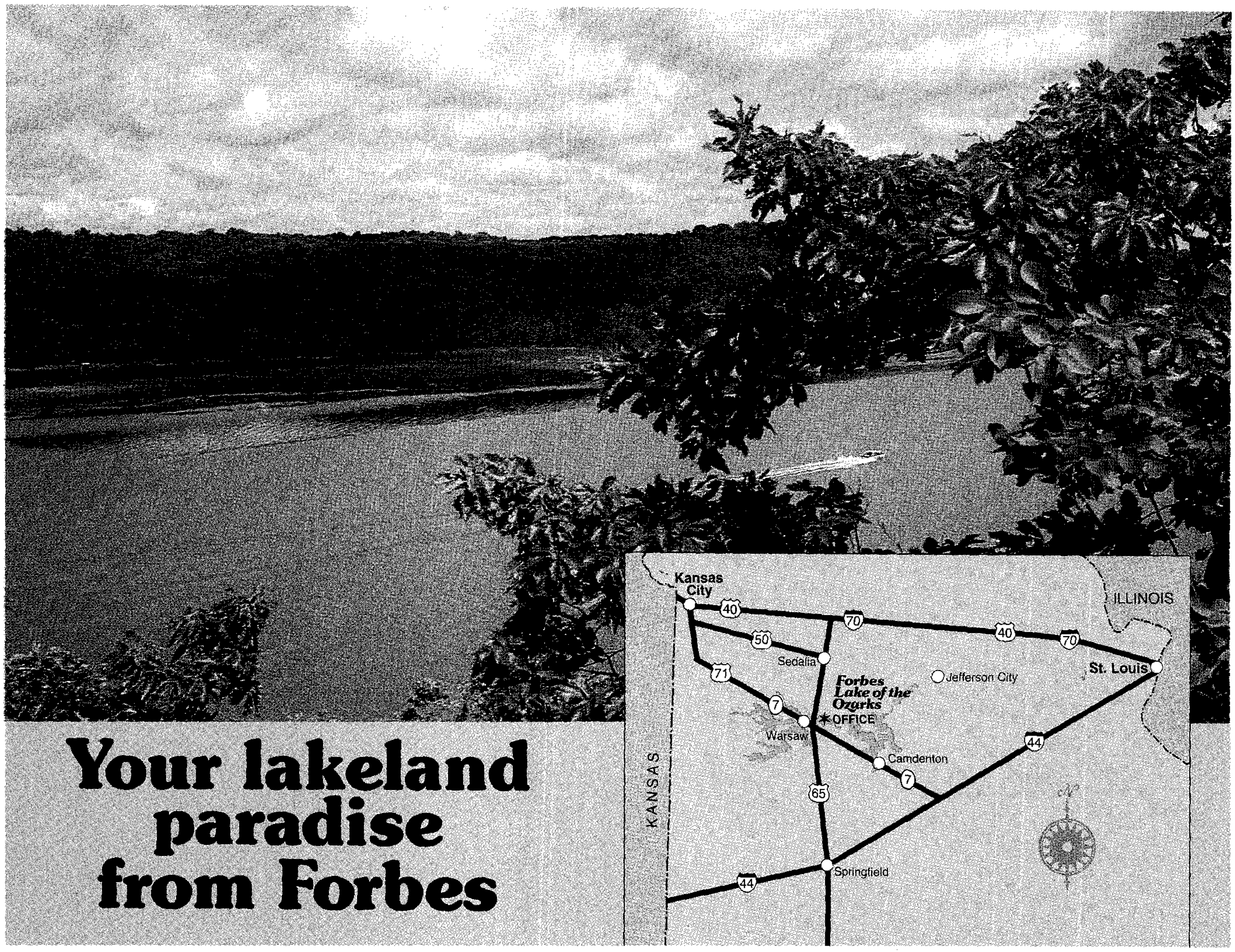

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song, moved lugubriously; Miriam Gideon's gentle Herrick setting, "To Music," was heavily handled.

Christopher Trakas, the winner of the 1985 Naumburg International Vocal Competition, is readier to bring words and tone forward onto the lips. In April, with Steven Blier as his pianist, he sang Ravel, Mahler, Poulenc, George Butterworth's "Shropshire Lad" cycle, and some modern American songs. Larry Alan Smith's "All Good Men," written for Mr. Trakas, had its first performance. Horn, clarinet, and piano join the voice in a setting of "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country" (Mr. Smith's note calls it a "well-known phrase;" it is perhaps better known in a less patriotic version—". . . of the party"—as a typewriter-testing sentence), Melville's "The March Into Virginia," and Wilfred Owen's "Dulce et decorum est." It is a strong, moving piece—a classier companion to Al Piantadosi's equally affecting "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier," which Marilyn Horne has recently recorded. Mr. Trakas is promising, but does not yet give to each song its full, distinct character.

These three artists were all handicapped by performing in Alice Tully Hall, which is too large to allow intimate communication between a singer and his audience, and whose acoustics are not warm. None of them struck an easy mean between confiding, with a glance and a murmur, and singing out into the large, unresponsive space. Thomas Hampson, for his New York début, in April, chose Town Hall, a happier setting for a song recital. With Armen Guzelimian as his pianist, he sang Wolf, Debussy, Samuel Barber's Joyce trilogy, and Richard Strauss. Mr. Hampson, well known on the stages of Europe, appears at the Met next season as the Count in "Figaro." He has a smooth, beautiful baritone, clear words, and a ready, winning manner. But—there's a "but" in each of these accounts—there was a lack of energy, of bite, in the interpretations. After a while, everything began to sound much the same—consistently agreeable, but bland.

—ANDREW PORTER

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[*Jac Versteeg in the Raleigh* (*N.C.*) *News & Observer*]

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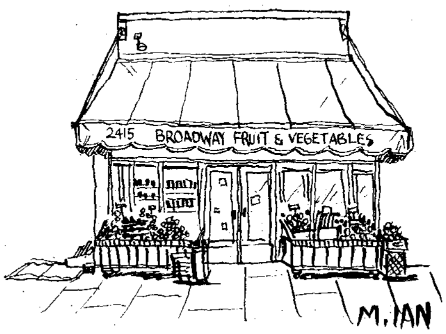
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

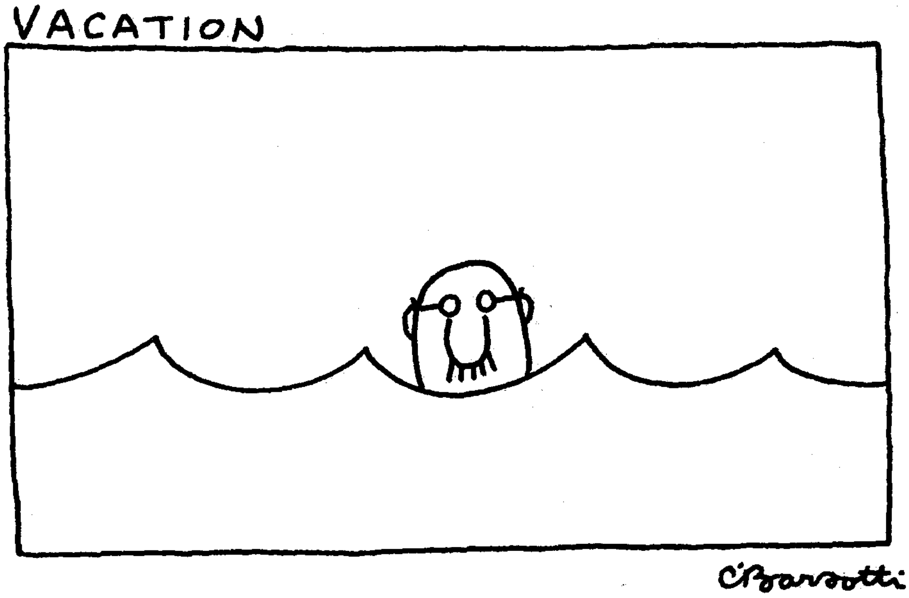
JULY 20

ONE of the most interesting things about Ronald Reagan is that after nearly six years in the Presidency he still has people guessing about how he thinks about certain important subjects. We know to a large extent what his ideology is—though in some cases his ideology is masked—and we also know that he is a combination of ideologue and pragmatist. That combination is one of the things that have helped him endure as a political force: the ideology provides a sense of direction; the pragmatism helps him get there. Because of his record of staking out positions and then compromising, an assumption has grown up that that will always be the case. But it may not be. Reagan has developed an almost mythic reputation as the crafty negotiator: the foxy grandpa who holds his cards to his chest longer than others might—and long enough to cause his opponents to give more than they had planned, or than others had expected them to. Yet it is also possible that in some circumstances he is not negotiating but is simply standing firm; it is possible that he believes what he says. One case in point is arms control: a tremendous amount of time is invested here in speculating about what the President has in mind. And people who want him to move in one direction or another assume that that is what he intends to do. But the imputation of craftiness may assume some things about Reagan that are not there: that he has a clear goal in mind, that he has thought through how to get there, that he thinks on several levels. There is also imputed to Reagan a political genius at reading the public mood; there is something to that, but it suggests that Reagan is more hypocritical than he is. To a very large extent, Reagan matches the public mood; he came along, in 1980, at just the right time. His basic themes—that government was too big, that America should have more arms and be less "pushed around," that pride in our country was an end in itself, that public morals had slipped too far—were ones he had been talking about for a long time. And sometimes he misreads the public mood, and sometimes he simply doesn't care what it is—doesn't care that some of his advisers tell him he is taking a course that is not supported by the public. This has been true in the case of aid to the Contras, and it is true in the case of his policy toward the government of South Africa. And it may be true in the case of arms control. For every bit of evidence that is marshalled in support of the thought that the President is planning—ever so craftily—to make a deal with the Soviet Union in which he would trade limits on a new defensive weapon system (the Strategic Defense Initiative, or S.D.I.), there is also a good bit of evidence that he is not. One theory being propounded is that the President has made a number of moves that seemed to go against the idea of arms control—including the jettisoning of the SALT II treaty—to enhance his bargaining position for the purpose of making a major new arms-control deal with the Soviets. Perhaps; but at this point it's only a theory. In the case of South Africa, Reagan is not, according to certain high officials who know how he thinks about it, striking a negotiating position vis-à-vis members of Congress who want the United States to be harsher on the South African government; he really doesn't think we should be harsher on the South African government.

THE way Reagan conducts his foreign policy—or, more to the point, does not conduct it—leads to a large amount of confusion, if not chaos, within the government, and is part of what contributes to all the guessing. In many, perhaps most, instances, there is no policy. There is, instead, a series of ad-hoc decisions. Each time a decision is to be made, it is as if the government were starting all over again, and the various participants, having stockpiled a new collection of rocks, start throwing them at each other again. They fight it out intramurally and through the press; this phenomenon provides great sport and excellent material for the press but not much coherent policy. One foreign-policy official says, "The truth is, the President doesn't have any foreign-policy ideas—except that America should be militarily strong and we should push back Communism. I don't think he has any deep foreign-policy views—unlike Nixon and unlike Carter." Each foreign-policy battle is described privately by the participants as a struggle for the President's mind; the implicit condescension is often—but not always—unintended. Even the President's closest aides make no particular effort to describe him as a conceptual thinker or as having a particularly deep or keen mind. They say he is intuitive, a man of shrewd political instincts, but that is a different thing. And sometimes his advisers—apparently unintentionally—say things about him that have devastating implications. Following a press conference in early June in which Reagan got several things confused, including what he had already announced that he intended to do about SALT II (that he was planning to abandon it unless the Soviets ended what he charged were violations of it), and gave a number of rambling answers, his aides attributed his performance to the fact that the President was using a new system, on index cards, so that he could call on different reporters. To make matters worse, there followed a story in the Washington *Post*, obviously inspired by certain White House aides, placing the blame for a number of things that had gone wrong on Vice Admiral John Poindexter, the national-security adviser, and among these was the fact that Poindexter had not adequately briefed the President before the press conference about the SALT II decision the President had already made. Poindexter was also blamed for failing to anticipate the outcry over the decision from the allies and from Capitol Hill, but there are also a number of other people in the White House who are paid to anticipate such things. Even a well-informed President might have done so.



The Reagan Administration certainly didn't invent internal battling over foreign policy, but it has raised it to a new level. And the arguments aren't simply over details or nuances or tactics, as has often been the case in the past, but over basics: whether to use military force against terrorism; whether to try to reach a diplomatic settlement in Central America; whether to really pressure the South African government to change its policies; whether to try to make an achievable arms-control agreement—indeed, whether arms control is a



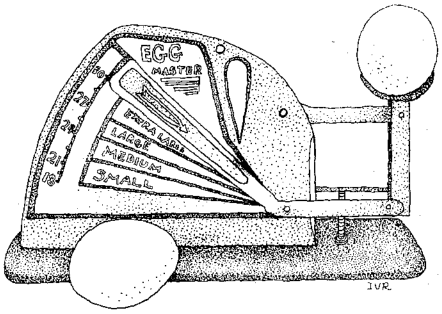
worthwhile goal. In the case of the Philippines, according to people who were closely involved, Reagan didn't come out against Ferdinand Marcos's trying to stay in office until the question was moot. This explains why Reagan and his Administration gave conflicting signals in the final days of the Philippine revolution: much of Reagan's bureaucracy and some of his most trusted advisers were one place in their thinking, and Reagan was someplace else. He didn't give until he had no choice. Similarly, last fall he didn't move to impose sanctions on South Africa until Congress left him with no choice, and, similarly, he is most reluctant to move again. So the situation in regard to foreign policy is that not only does the President not set forth policy directions but there is a vacuum at the center, which the forces around him struggle to fill. Adding to the confusion—and somewhat symptomatic of it—is the fact that there have been four national-security advisers in Reagan's five and a half years in office. The confusion is also caused in large part by Reagan's unusual and somewhat contradictory style of governing: he both likes the idea of "Cabinet government," in which his appointees are given broad leeway, and dislikes controversy among his subordinates. Thus, the Cabinet officers are left free to battle things out, but Reagan is reluctant to resolve the battles. Such a situation tends to reward those who are the most persistent and resilient. And this situation makes it difficult for officials to know what it is they are supposed to do—and wears a number of them down, some to the point that they depart. (It is believed to have contributed to the departure of Poindexter's predecessor, Robert McFarlane.) One able foreign-policy official said to me recently, "The disarray and the peculiar way things get done in this Administration make it very difficult to function." He continued, "Take arms control and Central America: Who's in charge? Do we have a policy?" Someone who works in the State Department said to me not long ago, "There's nothing in this building, or in this Administration, that's very precise. Everything is floating. The problem when you have a floating policy is that nobody knows what it is, or what lies behind any action or decision that is made. This Administration doesn't sit down and work out a policy." He and others say that this is in sharp contrast to when Henry Kissinger was national-security adviser and Secretary of State, under Nixon and Ford, and when Brent Scowcroft was national-security adviser, under Ford, and that the current situation is much worse than during the Carter Administration, when Cyrus Vance, the Secretary of State, and Zbigniew Brzezinski, the national-security adviser, were often at odds over policy. Reagan's dislike of confrontation was one of the reasons he got rid of Alexander Haig, his first Secretary of State. Haig's successor, George Shultz, is far less mercurial than Haig and is more careful. He saves his strength for certain battles, and protects himself from attacks from the right, but he leaves some of his associates wondering when he will really lay himself on the line. (Having lost the argument over SALT II, he went out and vigorously defended the President's decision.) Given all this, it is no wonder that so many people spend so much time trying to figure out what Reagan's foreign policy really is.

THE puzzlement has been greatest in the area of arms control, the paradigm of how Reagan's foreign policy is made—or happens. For some time now, it has been assumed that if there is to be a new arms-control deal with the Soviet Union it will have to include a tradeoff of limits on S.D.I. for deep cuts in offensive weapons. The Soviets have ingrained this as the sine qua non of a strategic-arms agreement, and it has generally been accepted that they mean it. Moreover, many people in the arms-control camp favor such a tradeoff on its merits, arguing that to go down the path of developing a defensive system will simply set off a new and more dangerous—more destabilizing—arms race. The Soviets are believed to want to curb United States development of a defensive system both because we are ahead in the technology for such a system and because it also offers yields in offensive weaponry. And many people have assumed that at the right moment—when the Soviets have offered enough reductions in exchange for limits on S.D.I.—Reagan will make a deal. Perhaps he will, but as of now there is scant evidence that he does intend to do so, and some very strong forces around him are working to make sure that he will not. But the real point is that whatever decision he reaches—if he does reach one—will have been got to by a strange route. The forces arguing against a tradeoff are the same ones that headed off a draft communiqué, backed by Shultz, before the summit meeting in November (they attacked it on both substantive and procedural grounds—they didn't want a communiqué), and the same ones that persuaded the President, over Shultz's objections, to say that he would abandon the SALT II treaty. They are represented by Kenneth Adelman, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, and Richard Perle, the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Policy. This particular constellation of forces is not what had been historically intended. The Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, or ACDA, was established in 1961 by President Kennedy. The idea was that just as there was an agency whose role was to promote the development of weapons (the Pentagon), there should be one whose role was to promote arms control. The two agencies were never a match, of course, and ACDA was often a target of hard-liners. And in this Administration Adelman and Defense often see eye to eye. A high State Department official said to me recently, "The Pentagon was supposed to be to the right of us and ACDA to the left of us, but with ACDA over there with the Pentagon it's much more difficult for us." And, for good measure, William Casey, the director of the C.I.A., is, if anything, to the right of Weinberger on arms control.

No arms-control agreement has ever been reached without the support of the Secretary of Defense, and many people believe it would be impossible to achieve one without such support. The Defense Secretary would in effect be telling the President that he would be signing an agreement that would jeopardize the national security, and if the President chose to override him these views would reach Congress. Weinberger's position has also affected the role of the Joint Chiefs of Staff: in previous Administrations, the chiefs went along with the Defense Secretary's position in favor of arms control (sometimes for the price of being allowed to proceed with certain weapons), and the chiefs' favoring arms-control agreements made them possible to achieve. In the latest big fight, over whether to remain in SALT II, the chiefs took a dive—to the great disappointment of the State Department. If the Pentagon is opposed to arms control, it is very difficult for the State Department to prevail—especially if, as is now the case, the national-security adviser to the President doesn't actively side with the State Department and try to guide the President accordingly. (Poindexter is said to generally take the view that he should act as a conduit to the President; McFarlane was more of an activist.) Among other things, the battle never ends: the Pentagon can continue to come up with objections to an agreement and find other methods of throwing obstacles in its way. It would take a President both very determined to reach an arms-control agreement and very well informed on the subject to overcome this. There is little sign that that is what we now have.

According to a number of people who have met with Reagan, there is no evidence that he has given up on his dream of a defense shield protecting all of America from incoming missiles. (He has even suggested that S.D.I. could protect us from a terrorist attack.) And he still talks of turning S.D.I. technology over to the Soviet Union once the technology is developed, so that the Soviets will not have to fear that we would use S.D.I. in order to make a first strike. Many people—in Congress and within the Administration—find this idea preposterous, and dangerous if taken seriously, but the President apparently clings to it. ("And we're not even allowed to sell an Apple computer to Rumania," a State Department official says.) The President also apparently holds to the belief that the strategic-defense concept will be his contribution to history, and people who have talked with him believe that if the President is convinced that making an arms-control agreement will require him to give up proceeding with S.D.I. he will stick with S.D.I. One government official who has met with Reagan says, "If he doesn't believe that, he has been putting on an Academy Award performance." One Administration official says, "I've never heard him in private say anything other than he sees the commitment to S.D.I. as a historic turning point in strategic thinking, and I think he holds it higher than reaching an agreement."

The goal of those who oppose Reagan's making the trade is to convince him that there is no trade that will not hobble S.D.I. And they have developed a number of arguments. Adelman says, "I wouldn't be ready to decide that arms control is more important than S.D.I., or agree that there is a contradiction between them. Strategic arms control has thus far been a proven failure; S.D.I. is not. The world is not better off because of SALT I and SALT II." Adelman does not rule out the possibility that at some point the Soviets may decide that the President will not trade off limits on S.D.I., and that they would be willing to work for an agreement that dealt with offensive weapons only. But few people agree with this. In its latest arms-control proposal, the Soviet Union suggested that the United States agree to adhere to the anti-ballistic-missile (A.B.M.) treaty for another fifteen to twenty years, under a restricted interpretation that would prevent the United States not only from deploying S.D.I. but also from certain testing of it. (Last year, the forces fighting for putting S.D.I. in our arsenal took a run at arguing that the treaty permits full-scale testing and development of it; Shultz temporarily beat them down—the allies and Congress were screaming—but the issue is still alive within the Administration.) It is generally assumed within the Administration that the Soviet proposal is a bargaining position and that the President will not accept it. But that's about all that the various forces agree on. Shultz has proposed a concept developed by Paul Nitze, his chief arms-control adviser: that the President offer to withhold deployment of S.D.I. for five to seven years, on the ground that the system will not be ready for deployment within that period anyway—Congress has been told that the research would come to fruition in five to seven years—and that meanwhile research and certain testing could go forward. The Pentagon and ACDA are against this idea, and Adelman and Perle offer some similar arguments. They both argue that the Soviet Union is violating the A.B.M. treaty, so it should not be reaffirmed. Adelman argues that a defensive system makes all the more sense when both countries have a lower level of offensive weapons. He also argues that deployment of an effective defensive system is in the United States' interest, with or without a new arms-control agreement, and he rejects State's argument that there is a contradiction between going ahead with S.D.I. and reaching an arms-control agreement, and he asks why, if it would be of no great cost to the United States to place limits on S.D.I., the Soviets are so anxious for us to do so, and are willing to reduce offensive weapons in exchange. And he argues that what the Soviets are really after, in proposing limits on S.D.I., is to kill it. Also, Adelman says, "Even if S.D.I. isn't going to be one hundred per cent effective, and it isn't—say it's sixty per cent effective—that still provides more safety for the country than any arms-control agreement being discussed today. At best, the reductions in offen-



sive weapons would be fifty per cent, and they probably won't be that much." (The Soviets at first offered a fifty-per-cent reduction in offensive weapons, with no research on S.D.I., and then went to maintaining sixty per cent of offensive weapons, with limited research and testing on S.D.I.) Perle says that the important thing is to reach an offense-defense balance, not to trade off limits on S.D.I. for limits on offensive weapons. He adds, "Anyway, the Soviet proposal is paltry: it would permit over time an increase in their offensive capability."

Both men argue that arms-control agreements have a history of lasting longer than they are scheduled to, and that if Reagan agreed to a temporary ban on deploying S.D.I. future Presidents would be under pressure to continue the ban. They both point to SALT II as an example: the unratified treaty was scheduled to expire at the end of 1985, yet Reagan stayed within it beyond that, and set off a mighty roar from the allies and from Capitol Hill when he said, on May 27th, that he would no longer abide by it. They both point out that the SALT I agreement limiting offensive weapons, which was approved in 1972, was to be a five-year, interim agreement, and it lasted until the President's recent decision, which was to scrap the interim SALT I agreement as well as SALT II. Adelman also points out that the A.B.M. treaty is of unlimited duration but provides that either side can get out of it, with six months' notice, if it feels that "extraordinary events . . . have jeopardized its supreme interests," and he takes a dim view of binding the United States more tightly. So they argue—and the argument has been made to the President—that temporary agreements have a history of lasting beyond their expiration schedule. Perle said to me recently, "Interim agreements are like temporary housing."

ONE ace that those who favor a defense-offense trade believe they are holding is a formulation, offered by Nitze in a speech last year, that one of the criteria for proceeding with S.D.I. is that it must be cost-effective. This criterion would apply not only to Reagan's concept of a total defense shield (a concept that few share) but also to the idea, held by many in the government, that S.D.I. should end up as a more limited system, designed to defend land-based ballistic missiles. Proponents of making the trade believe that Nitze's formulation is an ace because it has been made official policy by the President and because S.D.I. is a long way from being proven cost-effective—or even effective. (They do worry that the Pentagon will select the earliest available but not the best technology, in order to show that S.D.I. "works.") But opponents of making the trade say that Nitze's formulation doesn't mean much. Adelman says, "Effective to do what? How do you define cost? In the end, these are subjective judgments." One official says, "As long as Cap runs the program, Nitze's formulation doesn't mean anything, because he doesn't believe it." (A couple of weeks ago, Weinberger, Adelman, and others met with Reagan to show him progress that had been made on S.D.I., and Weinberger released footage of a successful test of an interception of a fast-moving target which he said was a demonstration that S.D.I. would work. The test was applicable to a limited defense system, defending missiles, rather than to a total shield, and it did not, obviously, simulate a combat situation. Weinberger was not only trying to impress

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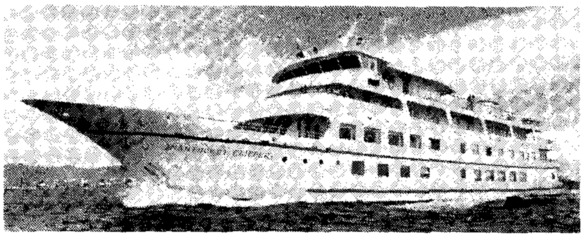

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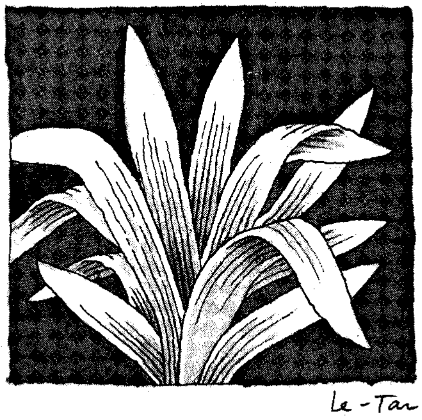
the President with the possibilities of S.D.I. but also trying to put pressure on Congress not to make deep cuts in the funds requested for S.D.I. research.) And an argument that opponents of trading off any limits on S.D.I. have been making to the President is that if he indicates he is willing to make the trade Congress will continue to cut funds for S.D.I. research. By contrast, they point out, the Soviet system is such that research on defensive systems can be made to continue by government decree. An opponent of the trade said to me recently, "Shultz would have to sell the President on the idea that putting limits on S.D.I. wouldn't really hurt S.D.I. and that in exchange he could get a really good arms-control agreement. I don't know if he can do it." A well-placed Capitol Hill observer says, "The problem is that Ronald Reagan doesn't understand any of this stuff. He still thinks we're building a Teflon umbrella over the entire country." Other observers do not rule out the possibility that the President could accept a version of Shultz's proposal, rationalizing to himself that he isn't giving up anything and, in turn, could get an agreement. Or he could, for the time being, accept some middling position—one that suggests flexibility but settles nothing. The idea of a tradeoff between defensive and offensive systems has been proposed by the State Department at least twice before, and each time the idea was shot down. Two Saturdays ago, the President, in his weekly radio talk, urged Congress not to cut spending for S.D.I., and said that the system was not a "bargaining chip." It is possible that he meant what he said.

The immediate issues before the Administration have been how to respond to the most recent Soviet arms-control offer, whether to agree to a Soviet request for a meeting in Geneva between representatives of the two countries to discuss the question of SALT II violations, and what sort of approach to take on arms control in connection with a possible summit meeting between Reagan and Gorbachev in the United States before the end of the year. The rocks have been flying. The Administration, split, as it has been, on virtually all questions surrounding arms control, was split over how to respond to the Soviet invitation for a special meeting of representatives of the two countries on SALT II soon. (The invitation was for July 22nd.) The Pentagon opposed the meeting, arguing that it would give the Soviets another opportunity to bash the Administration on the SALT II issue and that this ground had been gone over several times. One argument for going to the meeting was that it offered the opportunity to raise the issue of alleged Soviet violations of the treaty again and to tell the Soviets what they would have to do to be considered to be complying with it. Another argument was that there had been a stronger outcry against the decision to abandon SALT II than had been expected—in fact, a resolution calling on the President to continue to observe the SALT II treaty was passed by the House on June 19th, by a vote of 256–145, and a similar resolution, with forty-nine sponsors, is pending in the Senate—and that it would not be politically helpful to turn down what appeared to be a reasonable request. So the Administration decided to accept the invitation—and then fell to arguing over the instructions to its representative. The State Department was for accepting the invitation, and Adelman says that he was as well. Adelman says that the only possibility of Reagan's changing his decision to abandon SALT II "would be if they came up with new explanations of their behavior to change our thinking about whether they are violations or not—and the chances of that are very remote." Perle says, "They don't even acknowledge the violations. Anyone who thinks they're going to be contrite at the meeting is wrong."

The response to the latest Soviet offer has been under debate, as is the question of how far to go—if any distance at all—to meet the Soviet demand that the next summit be linked to some progress on arms control. In a meeting on Thursday, the President made a tentative decision on his response, to be made in a letter to Gorbachev, and decided to send emissaries to discuss it with the allies. The proposed letter spells out the President's vision of both sides' developing, deploying, and sharing defensive systems and of a transitional period in which both sides coöperate in moving toward having defensive systems, while offensive systems are reduced. The President's proposal does not include any commitment to stay within the A.B.M. treaty for any given number of years, as State proposed—yet it is a negotiated product that allows both sides in the argument here to see things as moving their way. State can see the beginnings of an offense-defense trade; others can see that the President intends to go forward with S.D.I. without hobbling it. One official told me that the President's response was "a confused position," which would leave everyone—the Soviets as well as Americans—still unclear about the President's intentions. The letter has been described to me as abstract and "thematic." Thus, the battle about limits on S.D.I. is far from over. "That argument will go on for the rest of this Administration," one official said. One possibility that is floating around is that the United States and Soviet leaders agree at the next summit on a "framework" for an arms-control agreement—as Gerald Ford and Leonid Brezhnev did in Vladivostok in November, 1974. Such a framework would not necessarily settle very much, but it would give the appearance of great progress. It might, one official told me, include wording saying that both sides agree to certain numbers of offensive weapons (some of the numbers could be left vague) and that both sides agree to discuss how this fits in with the question of defensive weapons. The Vladivostok accord led to immediate arguments within the government over what it should mean, and the arms-control agreement it led to, SALT II, was not reached until four and a half years later. If there is a sort of neo-Vladivostok, it will not happen without a major fight within the Administration. One opponent of such an approach told me, "Other elements in the government won't let Shultz do it unimpeded." He added, "You know how this Administration works. The Contadora agreement was a classic example. Some people thought they had it worked out that there would be an agreement with Nicaragua on June 6th, and then everyone else jumped up and down on it and Reagan backed off. The same thing happened with the summit communiqué. Shultz waved it

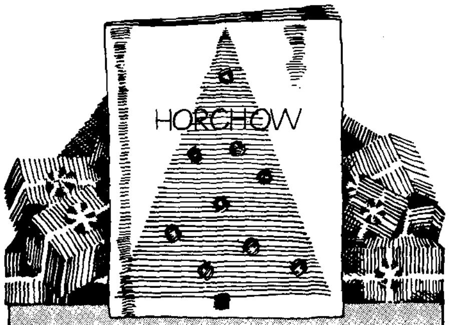


past Reagan, and then others found out about it and that was the end of it. It will be the same thing with a new Vladivostok agreement. There will be a drive toward it and then a backing off. It won't fly." He also said that if by chance something like a Vladivostok accord did happen it wouldn't necessarily lead to an agreement—because of the time it would take and the number of issues that would remain to be fought out. I asked this man what would happen if Reagan continued to refuse to trade off S.D.I. He laughed and said, "People will say he's really a cagey negotiator."

IN the case of South Africa, the State Department was once again faced with the challenge of trying to get the President to change his approach, and in this case it was dealing not with Reagan the negotiator but Reagan the man with fixed views. Reagan has said a number of things about South Africa that suggest that he has views that differ not only with those of many of his foreign-policy advisers but also with those of a great many—perhaps a majority of—Americans. His off-the-cuff remarks have been revealing: last summer, he said that "they have eliminated the segregation that we once had in our own country," and recently he described what is taking place in South Africa as "a tribal situation." And he has expressed sympathy with South Africa's President P. W. Botha, and praised him for his "sincerity" and for taking steps "to rid the country of apartheid." The fact is that Reagan has a view of South Africa that one of his advisers—a conservative—describes as "way over on the right." More than one Administration official has told me that in talking about South Africa Reagan has recommended a certain movie that depicts Africans as savages, and not at all ready for self-government. This, the officials concluded, represents Reagan's true thinking on the subject. Therefore, Reagan has yielded on the subject only when actions of Congress and political realities have left him no choice. For one thing, Senate Republican leaders, fearful of losing control of the Senate in November, have urged him to move. Other people looking to the future of the Republican Party have also urged him to move, arguing that his policy is very unpopular on the campuses just at a time when the Republicans are making inroads among younger voters, and that his policy certainly isn't popular among blacks, some small portion of whom are beginning to find the Republican Party acceptable. Last year, Reagan signed an executive order imposing mild sanctions on South Africa when the alternative was an override of his veto of a sanctions bill that was about to be given final approval by Congress—and a weakening of his position in general. There were some Administration officials who felt that the Administration could have supported the sanctions all along—but that didn't reckon with Reagan's true views. Some say they think that five years' time was wasted during the policy of "constructive engagement," which linked getting the Cubans out of Angola with urging the South African government to reform. One foreign-policy official says that getting the Cubans out of Angola would be nice, but the future of South Africa is far more important—and that now it may be too late for any peaceful settlement there.

A number of factors have converged to make Reagan face the South African question again. The increasing violence in South Africa and the state of emergency imposed June 12th have brought the subject back to the television screens and into the public consciousness—and therefore to the attention of politicians. In June, the House passed a tough sanctions bill, which included a call for United States firms operating in South Africa to leave. The approval of this proposal, as a substitute for a milder one, by voice vote, came about in part because some Republicans didn't want to cast a roll-call vote against it, and because right-wing Republicans, who oppose sanctions, thought that House passage of the more extreme bill might doom enactment of any sanctions bill at all. But now several sanctions proposals have been offered in the Senate, and Shultz is scheduled to testify before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on Wednesday. Moreover, some State Department officials recognize that the policy of constructive engagement has failed. One unhappy result, an official unhappily told me, is that the blacks in South Africa do not see us as on their side.

In the face of the recent events, the State Department and the National Security Council staff began to review the options, in the hope of avoiding once again the appearance of doing something reluctantly and only in response to domestic pressures. The problem is that, short of real sanctions or breaking diplomatic relations with



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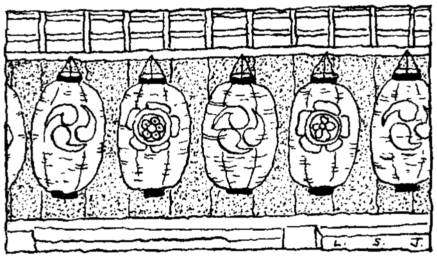
Pretoria, there aren't many options left. That the Administration considered naming a black, Robert Brown, as Ambassador to South Africa is symptomatic of the dearth of ideas: such a gesture might play well here, but it would be of little good in South Africa. The idea originated in the White House, but even some of the President's advisers considered it embarrassing tokenism and a sign of futility. However, a hitch developed over Brown's background—typically, the idea was leaked before it was checked out—and at the last minute he had to be dropped. Recently, there was another odd—but, in this Administration, increasingly characteristic—set of events: without word to the State Department, or, apparently, other White House officials, Poindexter gave a background briefing to some reporters in California during the President's late-June vacation there, saying that the Administration was carrying out a review of its South African policy, and stating some specific things it was considering, and stories to this effect appeared in the Sunday, June 29th, papers. On Tuesday, White House spokesman Larry Speakes played down the review, and said that it would be limited to how current policy is being implemented. Shultz, for his part, is said to be deeply disturbed about what is happening in South Africa but to feel that if American firms pull out it will hurt the blacks economically, and that we will have no leverage there. But he and others also say that we have just about no leverage now. Botha, apparently, isn't willing to listen to us these days. And Shultz is said to be not averse to using the threat of sanctions. Some time ago, the State Department began quiet talks with the African National Congress, an outlawed militant group based in Zambia, and was considering giving this more public play. Then Poindexter went ahead and did it in the briefing. State Department officials are aware that there is a Communist element within the A.N.C., but they believe this may be the only group that the angry young blacks will listen to. And they are prepared to urge that the South African government release Nelson Mandela, the imprisoned A.N.C. leader—not because they are certain he is the one leader who can unite and lead the blacks but because they think he may be the only possible one. But there are strong forces within the Administration opposed to any fundamental change in policy (and certainly to any dealings with the A.N.C.). Weinberger is opposed because he sees South Africa as of strategic importance to the United States. Casey believes that the A.N.C. is Communist-oriented, and, I'm told, his briefings are designed to reflect that. Patrick Buchanan, the White House director of communications, a right-winger with a pugilistic temperament, has long held that the Administration should "hang tough" against opponents of its South African policy. Buchanan recently argued that the President should give a televised speech, in prime time, on the subject, but other political advisers of the President, including his pollster, Richard Wirthlin, argued that Reagan is not where public opinion is on this matter, and got the idea rejected. It was then decided that the President might give a speech on South Africa, but a less prominent one, at the White House, on Tuesday, the day before Shultz testifies. The speech has been on again and off again as the President's advisers continued to argue about whether he should give one at all. Buchanan argued that to give a speech would show "leadership;" others said that it couldn't show leadership if the President wasn't leading—that there was no point in sending him out there with nothing to say. (The falling through of the black Ambassador left him with even less to say.) And the President's position wasn't helped by the revelation, late last week, that his chief of staff, Donald Regan, had said to some reporters, alluding to the South African diamond industry, "Are the women of America prepared to give up all their jewelry?" This quickly became a joke all over town.

Drafts of a potential speech have been going back and forth between the State Department and the White House in recent days, and the substance and tone of what the President would say remained up in the air over the weekend. The Administration has essentially decided to come out strongly for a peaceful settlement among the warring factions—including the different black factions—in South Africa, and to say that we will talk with various factions, but that any further actions will be taken in concert with the allies, so as to be meaningful. Britain's Margaret Thatcher is strongly opposed to sanctions. (When I asked one foreign-policy official whether this meant that the Administration was hiding behind Mrs. Thatcher, he replied, wearily, "Draw your own conclusions.") The Senate is not likely to be satisfied.



THE Supreme Court's decision, on July 7th, striking down the Gramm-Rudman law's mechanism for triggering automatic across-the-board cuts (sequestration) if the budget drawn up by Congress doesn't meet the levels set forth in the law was expected. The immediate issue over which the triggering mechanism failed was one that Congress had a lot of difficulty with when it wrote the law last year: how to have cuts made without either Congress having to do it or giving too much authority to the executive branch. Thus, the challenge was to find a way of having the cuts made with no one having responsibility for making them. The solution was to give the power to the Comptroller General, who heads the General Accounting Office, and who would act on the findings of the Congressional Budget Office and the Office of Management and Budget as to whether the budget met the law's ceilings. But the Court ruled that since the Comptroller General can be fired by Congress the law had given an executive function to an officer of Congress. In the expectation that this might happen, Congress had included in the law a "fallback" procedure under which Congress itself would have to vote the cuts, but this, of course, is something the members would prefer not to do—otherwise, they would not have written Gramm-Rudman in the first place. Senator Phil Gramm, Republican of Texas and one of the prime movers behind the law, proposed to deal with the Court's decision by allowing the President to fire the Comptroller General, but a large number of members of Congress are jealous of their control over the G.A.O.—Congress's agency for monitoring the carrying out of federal programs. Now Gramm and other co-sponsors of the original bill have proposed an even loopier procedure, in which the C.B.O. and O.M.B. would still report to the Comptroller General, who would, in turn, report to O.M.B., which would order the cuts.

This brings the whole idea back full circle, but to some members of Congress it has the attraction of sparing them the need to vote for the cuts—and of handing the hot potato back to the White House. But if, in the process, sharp restrictions are placed on what O.M.B. can do, this might raise new constitutional questions—as the idea did last year.

Congress just returned last week from its two-week Fourth of July recess, and began its customary milling around when faced with a new situation. Its immediate challenge was to decide what to do about the $11.7 billion in automatic cuts which had been made March 1st, as a down payment on Gramm-Rudman. The Court gave Congress sixty days to ratify the cuts. The decision on the part of the leaders of both houses was to have Congress hold its nose and go ahead and ratify the cuts, since the cuts had in effect already been made; the sooner the members did it, the thinking went, the less time there would be for pressure to build up to undo some of the cuts. So on Thursday the Senate and the House, using the "fallback" procedure, ratified the cuts. Next comes the question of what happens if the projected budget for fiscal 1987 does not meet the Gramm-Rudman ceiling ($144 billion, plus $10 billion leeway) when the "snapshot" of the budget is taken on August 15th. That would be the first step toward sequestration. The answer at the moment seems to be that Congress and the Administration are collaborating in making every effort to make it appear that the budget does meet that ceiling. Congress doesn't want to vote any more cuts—especially before an election—and the Administration doesn't want sequestration, because it would cut the defense budget still further. Even if Congress were to vote for a sequester, the White House has hinted that the President might veto it.

The budget that Congress adopted late at night just before it fled town for the recess contained all manner of gimmicks for making it appear to meet the Gramm-Rudman target. Now the Administration is at work finding ways to let it be said that the budget meets the target: by, among other things, shifting certain spending over into the next fiscal year. A few such moves and a little optimistic forecasting and, presto, the target is met. One budget expert told me recently, "The mind of man has not invented all the things the Administration might do on August 15th to avoid the sequester." A truth-in-budgeting act, he said, would require a sequester, but the Gramm-Rudman law doesn't require that the various estimates be true—just that they be made. Even if Congress slides by August 15th without setting in motion a sequester, it faces another snapshot, on October 5th, when the law calls for a reëstimate of the deficit. This has been generally overlooked. But Congress is scheduled to adjourn shortly before then, so it could simply pass a resolution that would have the effect of putting off any decisions until the next Congress meets. A Senate Republican staff member says, "Every incentive is to avoid doing anything this fall; the Republicans are particularly anxious about this." He adds, "Gramm-Rudman has just about destroyed credible budgeting. Games have been played before, but I've never seen so many games as this time."

Optimistic projections are getting a little harder to sustain, because of the continuing sluggishness of the economy. James Miller, the director of O.M.B., conceded last week what a lot of people already knew: that the fiscal 1986 deficit is far greater than had been planned (about $220 billion, an all-time high, as opposed to $171.9 billion), and that therefore the fiscal 1987 deficit will be higher than the Administration had anticipated. Miller said this meant that the Gramm-Rudman target might not be met. The view on Capitol Hill was that this was intended to put more pressure on Congress to hold the budget down. Reagan had managed to cast a spell in which people accepted the myth that the economy was robust: now the numbers, indicating very slow growth, are catching up with reality—and so is the stock market. It seems that the politicians don't mind sitting on an outsize deficit unless the stock market catches on, and they feel that Dow Jones is a political force. What has come to be termed "Reaganomics" did not in fact produce what it was intended to—while it did reduce inflation, it did not lead to substantial economic growth, or to growth in productivity. What we had was a recovery from a severe recession, in 1982, and then weak growth. Moreover, the decline in the dollar wrought by the Treasury Department has not yet yielded any improvement in our bal-

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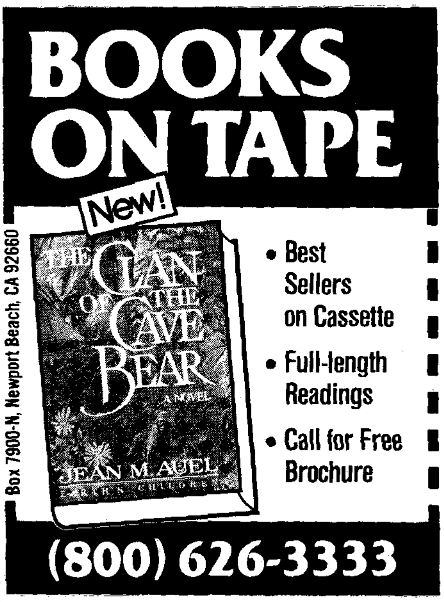
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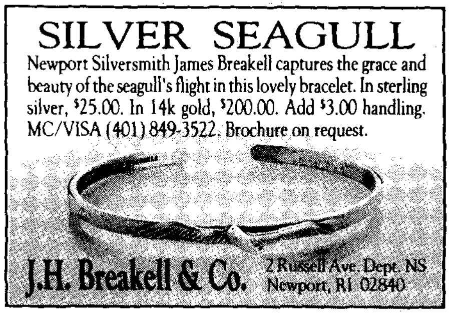
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ance of trade—on the contrary, the imbalance has been growing, and is not likely to improve dramatically any time soon. For want of any other policy, the Administration has been openly urging the Federal Reserve Board to increase the money supply, and the Fed has been largely complying. Thus, the Administration is resorting to a policy resembling that of the nineteen-sixties and seventies, of which it had been so critical—stimulating the economy through loosening the money supply. But this can lead to other problems, including inflation. Republicans used to worry about a recession around the time of this November's elections, and then the worry went away. Now it is back.

Even if there isn't a recession, the weak economy is hard on the Republicans' nerves. The impending enactment of a tax-reform bill is also said to be depressing the economy, as people hold off making investments until they see what the law says or because they know they will lose certain investment incentives. And the droopy economy will put pressure on Gramm-Rudman in two ways: government receipts will be lower, thus making the deficit higher; and in a very slow or nearly recessionary economy there will be pressure not to put such severe crimps on government spending. The Gramm-Rudman goal is to reach a balanced budget by fiscal 1991; it was always a foolish goal, and now the steps along the way will be even more difficult to accomplish. The more imagination that is applied to making the deficit appear to meet the goal in fiscal 1987 the harder it will be to meet the goal in fiscal 1988 ($108 billion); that is, unless the President yields on his insistence that taxes not be raised, or allows some way of raising revenue by another name. Once again, no one knows what he really thinks about this, or whether he has thought it through at all. Anyway, there is no real way to enforce Gramm-Rudman. A congressional staff member deeply involved in the budget process says, "Sooner or later, when the goal becomes impossible, they'll change the goal."

—Elizabeth Drew

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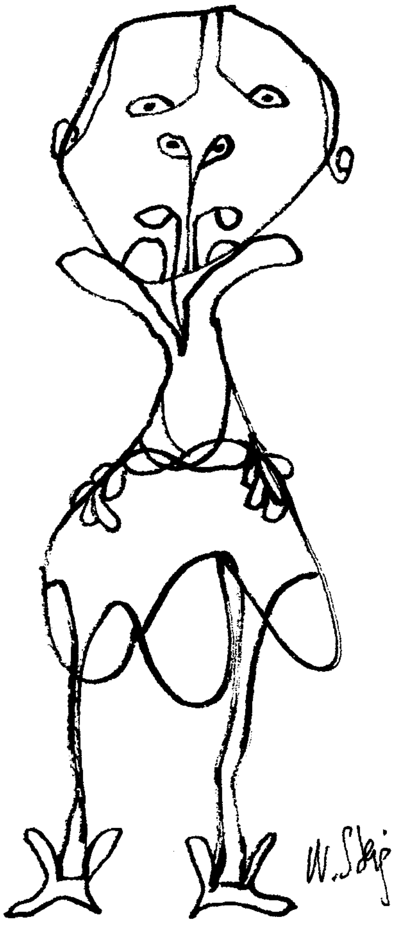
Pig Heaven

OLIVER STONE expresses his pulp sensibility to the *n*th power in "Salvador," which opened in New York in March and has just returned. He's probably aiming for a Buñuelian effect—a vision so intensely scummy that it clears the air. But if "Salvador," with its grime and guilt, comes closer to suggesting a hyper-kinetic, gonzo version of Graham Greene, that's still nothing to be ashamed of.

The Oliver Stone who made this movie isn't essentially different from the hype artist who wrote "Midnight Express" and "Scarface," and co-wrote "Conan the Barbarian," "Year of the Dragon," and "8 Million Ways to Die." "Salvador," too, is a self-righteous nihilist fantasy, and even more sensationalistic than the others. Working with Richard Boyle, a free-lance foreign correspondent and photographer, as his co-writer, Stone presents the civil war in El Salvador during the years 1980 and 1981 as some kind of ultimate bad trip. What makes the picture different from those other movies is partly that he made it "outside the industry" (he raised the money—under five million—from British and Mexican sources); that he directed it himself, on location in Mexico, except for a few scenes set in this country; and that he used James Woods, perhaps the most hostile of all American actors, as the hero, who is called Richard Boyle but represents Stone's convictions, too.

Hostility oozes from James Woods' pores, and Stone anoints him with it. A whoring, freaked-out hipster, based in San Francisco, Woods' Richard Boyle has fouled up everything in his life, and he's scraping bottom. After getting fired from the news service he was working for, he's evicted from the apartment he has been living in with his family. His wife, who is from Italy, gives up on him—he's a hopeless liar—and she takes their baby son and goes home to her parents. All Boyle wants is to get back to El Salvador—he knows that things are busting apart down there. But he's arrested for speeding, and the woman cop's computer tells her that his license has been revoked and he has neglected a raft of parking tickets. So he's plunked in jail. He rounds up a buddy to bail him out—an unemployed disk jockey called Doctor Rock (Jim Belushi), who's in worse shape than he is, except that Doc has still got a couple of hundred dollars. Boyle feeds him a line about the wonders of Guatemala, and they go tootling down to Central America in Boyle's old red convertible, drinking and doping all the way, and complaining about women. Boyle just keeps going, with Doc in tow, heading for El Salvador; he tells Doc it's "pig heaven," where the drugs and the surfing are great and you can get a virgin for seven dollars, two virgins for twelve. He's a scroungy hustler who sounds like a mercenary and expresses contempt for just about everybody and everything.

At the border of El Salvador, there's a roadblock, and Boyle and Doc see a man in flames—only one leg still has flesh on it, and a remnant of trousers. They're pulled out of their car by some paramilitary thugs, and when Boyle shouts that he's a friend of a bigwig, Colonel Figueroa, they're shoved into a jeep. They watch a student being shot for not having his identification papers before they're taken to the Colonel, who actually does know Boyle. They've entered a world where no rules apply—where authority is in the weak hands of a military junta, and right-wing death squads are slaughtering suspected Communists at random and throwing their bodies onto dumps. It's chaos, and Boyle's own scurviness and corruption—his craziness—enable him to function in it. He's like a gambler who feels most alive at the peak of the action. The squalid confusion wires him up, and he feels on top of things. His loud Hawaiian shirts and his shades are his battle uniform. He knows how to bribe jailhouse guards (when Doc has been thrown in the clink for having marijuana on him); he knows how to placate a gang of riled-up toughs by buying them beers. And, surprisingly, he knows how to wangle some work. (Richard Boyle, who was employed in El Salvador by NBC radio and Cable News Network, broke part of the story of the rape and murder of the three American nuns and the lay worker.)



Elizabethan

The film moves so fast that it seems like no more than a matter of minutes after Boyle's arrival that he's at El Playón, a gigantic dump site, photographing the fresh bodies there; he works under the eyes of a big vulture and alongside Cassady, a dedicated photojournalist, played by John Savage (and based on *Newsweek's* John Hoagland, who was killed in El Salvador). Boyle sees Major Max (Tony Plana), the Presidential candidate and head of the death squads (based on Roberto D'Aubuisson); he goes to a center run by the opposition party—it's for kids (many of them wounded or mutilated) whose parents are among "the disappeared." He talks to the principled but ineffectual American Ambassador (played by Michael Murphy), a Carter appointee, whose days in office are numbered once Reagan wins the election; he scraps with an American woman newscaster, a coldhearted bitch who parrots the official line; he argues with a pair of U.S. military advisers who are convinced that the opposition groups and the guerrillas are Communists, and that they'll take over if the Americans don't support the junta. And he visits the camp of the rebel army that is forming. Boyle is in the midst of it all, borrowing money wherever he goes, trying to dodge beatings and gunfire, and, as the movie presents it, watching the forces of evil trample good, innocent people, and raging and suffering because he can't

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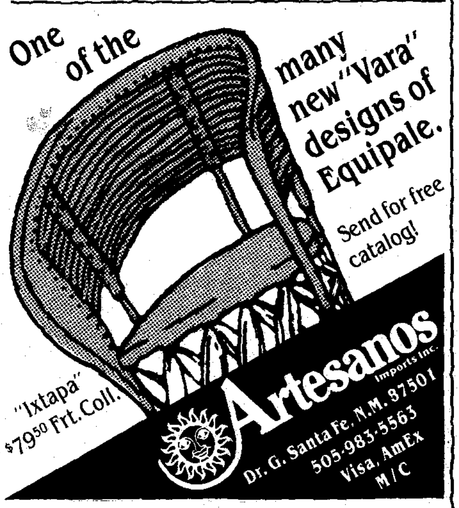

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do anything to stop it. He is shocked into a different consciousness, or into getting down to a level of consciousness deep inside himself. And he keeps blurting out what he thinks—even at such official occasions as a press conference held by Major Max.

Boyle had a reason for heading back to El Salvador that he didn't disclose to Doc: he has a girl there—a peasant madonna, Maria (Elpidia Carrillo, who played a similar role in "The Border" and has grown even more beautiful). He finds contentment with the devoted Maria—he sets up house with her and her two small children—and he's determined not to screw up, the way he has always screwed up in the past. And because of her he sees things more sanely. When Carter's men are about to be replaced by Reagan's appointees, Boyle, the compulsive gadfly, challenges the U.S. military advisers. "What are the death squads but the brainchild of the C.I.A.?" he asks. Of all the modern movies that have dealt with U.S. complicity (or worse) in Third World repression—movies such as "State of Siege" (Uruguay), "Missing" (Chile), "Apocalypse Now" (Vietnam), "The Year of Living Dangerously" (Indonesia), "Under Fire" (Nicaragua), and "The Killing Fields" (Cambodia)—"Salvador" is perhaps the most visceral. It's also possibly the most politically simplistic. It shapes the issues so that we're seeing the primal battle of good and evil. When a guerrilla girl (in a single guerrilla departure from humane conduct) executes several prisoners, Boyle is there to point out that the guerrillas have momentarily fallen from grace and crossed over to the side of evil.

Like earlier movie madonnas, Maria doesn't get to speak much. The other people barely get time to talk, either; the movie is almost all Boyle hurtling from one emergency to another. It's not just that he stands in for both authors—he's really the only character. The movie is the story of his redemption. "Salvador" means "savior," and Woods' Boyle is the one who needs to be saved. It wouldn't seem out of place if he spoke Mickey Rourke's line in "Year of the Dragon"—"How can anybody care too much?" He might even deliver Al Pacino's line from "Scarface"—"Say good night to the bad guy." The film's most memorable scene is of Boyle, after a gap of thirty-three years—Christ's life span—going to confession. He hopes that this ritual will persuade Maria to marry him (though we know that he's still married, just as we know that that little thing wouldn't stop him). Woods is of Catholic background, and he plays this scene very boyishly: Boyle tries to strike a deal with his confessor, wheedling, and trying to settle for a minimum of promises, because he genuinely doesn't want to break them. It's probably the most touching scene Woods has ever played. Hustler that Boyle is, he's on the level with Maria—in his intentions, anyway. "If God gave me this woman," he says to his confessor, "then there must be a God." His long, thin, bony face softens as he speaks, and he wrings his hands nervously, helplessly.

The film's dialogue—it sounds like typical Stone, crude and profane—fits Woods; it seems an emanation of his character's speed-freak nature. And the hand-held camerawork, by Robert Richardson, and the jittery editing rhythms that keep the audience off balance all go together and give the movie a raw, pesky force. This isn't Stone's first time out as a director. After prep school and a year at Yale, he taught English to students in Vietnam, signed on a merchant ship, and, at nineteen, went to Mexico, where he finished a novel. Then he went back to Vietnam, in the U.S. Army; when he came home, with a couple of wounds, a Purple Heart, and a Bronze Star, he enrolled at the N.Y.U. film school, where he studied with Scorsese, made some shorts, and kept writing screenplays. In his mid-twenties, he directed one of them, "Seizure" (1973), on a low budget, and in 1981 he wrote and directed "The Hand." Considering Stone's scripts that were filmed, he has reason to see himself as having been a mercenary, and, considering the new political direction his work has taken, he may see himself as a man who has become responsible. But his romantic pulp thinking is so closely bound up with his idea of redemption that it's unredeemable. (Is he, for example, aware that the film's ideal woman, Maria—stunning as she is—has been idealized into a blank? She's like a schoolgirl in a silent movie. Even when she's in serious danger and Boyle is rushing around frantically trying to get her some identification papers or get her out of the country, she's passively unconcerned; she's more worried about the propriety of marrying a man who hasn't been a good Catholic.)

Stone takes a great many liberties in "Salvador," such as showing John Savage's Cassady-Hoagland photographing the plane that strafes him, and dying despite Boyle's attempt to save him by performing a tracheotomy right there in the street. This wouldn't be offensive if Stone didn't have Cassady dying with an angelic triumphant smile, because he knows he got the kind of picture that his idol, Robert Capa, was famous for—the kind that, as he told us earlier, captures "the nobility of human suffering." The mixture of realistic death rasps and stale romanticism weighs the scene down. (What he photographed doesn't look as if it would be such a memorable shot, either.) There are also issues that go beyond aesthetic crimes. It's artistic license for Stone to show us Boyle and Maria at the Communion rail in the main cathedral, with the Host that Archbishop Romero has given them still melting on their tongues, when a man a few places down the line from them spits on the hand that offers him the wafer and shoots the Archbishop at point-blank range. But Stone goes way beyond artistic license in the earlier scene where Major Max is shown at a dinner table with a dozen of his key supporters and he designates the one who is to be Romero's assassin. (The scene is staged with enough villainous, melodramatic acting to suggest a posh, sinister version of "The Last Supper," and Major Max formalizes the assassin's task by kissing him ritually on each cheek.)

"Salvador" has the tainted, disreputable, hardboiled surface we expect from Oliver Stone, and the sentimentality that goes with it. When the rebel army makes its big push, the Americans resume aid to the government forces (which would have fallen in a few days, because they were out of ammunition, and fuel for their tanks and aircraft). Then the guerrillas know they're doomed; they embrace each other before going out to fight to the death, and we hear a men's chorus swelling on the soundtrack—Stone is jacking up "the nobility of human suffering." He's working outside the industry, in freedom, but he's got all this Hollywood muck in his soul. It's there in the way the peasant rebels are photographed to look plain and noble, and Major Max's followers are photographed to be lewd and brutish, or cold and cruel. And Stone has Woods' Boyle, who gets high on turmoil—a man for whom this civil war is like a great caffeine jag—making idealistic speeches to the U.S. military advisers about wanting human rights for "everybody on this planet," and then dickering with them, offering to swap worthless photographs of the rebels in exchange for papers for Maria.

The movie is as screwed up as its hero. As a revelation of a gifted filmmaker's divided sensibility, there's never been anything quite as spectacular as "Salvador." Stone has a fine poetic ending, but he can't leave it at that—he tacks on explanatory titles that are inconclusive and raise questions about what was fictional and what was factual. What he has here is a right-wing macho vision joined to a left-leaning polemic. When the scenes are at their crudest, it's as if John Milius had joined Mothers for Peace, but Oliver Stone's gaudiness drives the film forward. He writes and directs as if someone had put a gun to the back of his neck and yelled "Go!" and didn't take it away until he'd finished.

Rodney Dangerfield is the King of Lower Slobovia, and a case could be made that the whole point of a comedy like his new vehicle, "Back to School," is for it to be an ugly, inert mess—the kind of show at which the possibility of suspending disbelief never occurs to anybody. But this movie's inertia is too overpowering to be intentional. Its box-office success can only be due to the general affection for its star. Back in 1970, the popular-culture critic Albert Goldman described Dangerfield's entrance on the TV talk shows: "The zooming camera sets you face to face with his moist, protuberant, bloodshot eyes, his impatiently pursed, irritably drawn mouth, his lugubriously heavy, self-pitying voice, and suddenly—you're staring deep into the soul of the Silent Majority." That underdog who was funny because he was so obnoxious has been cleaned up here; he's thinner, and his hair, which used to be sparse and sweaty, is now short and fluffy. (It's a Robert Stack coiffure.) The archetypal complaining loser—the man who was always a little berserk—is now playing a winner, a generous-hearted multi-

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millionaire merchant. He's bucking the snobs, though, and he's supposed to be a common-man hero.

In this movie, directed by Alan Metter, from a script by four guys who can't have put much thought into it, Dangerfield is a swinging Santa Claus who discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. The boy's only friend is his blue-haired punker roommate, played by Robert Downey (of TV's "Saturday Night Live," and the son of the writer-director of the sixties films "Chafed Elbows" and "Putney Swope"). Downey, a free-form physical comedian with the zapped big eyes and serene, dreamy smile of a true harlequin, gives the movie its only airy touches. Sally Kellerman helps out as a throaty-voiced literature professor; she starts the first day's class by reciting Molly Bloom's soliloquy—which mesmerizes Dangerfield, who cries out, "Yes! Yes!" Kellerman also has a funny moment or two with Paxton Whitehead, as her sniffy fiancé; and Sam Kinison turns up as a history professor—he does his winding-up-to-a-shrieking-rage specialty. (It's a high-concept version of the traditional slow burn.) But these are just marginal distractions. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. He's so eager and persistent he breaks you down—I laughed a little. But I was still bored cuckoo. And after listening to his terrible jokes I've been hearing them again: they're being quoted by enthusiasts who know perfectly well that they're terrible jokes. That's what they love Dangerfield for. And they don't seem to mind the new, jovial, avuncular Dangerfield or the corn-pone script or the deadening movie-making. It's like a beer bust to them.

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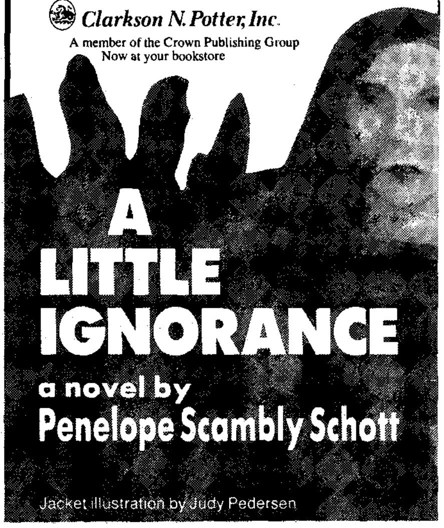

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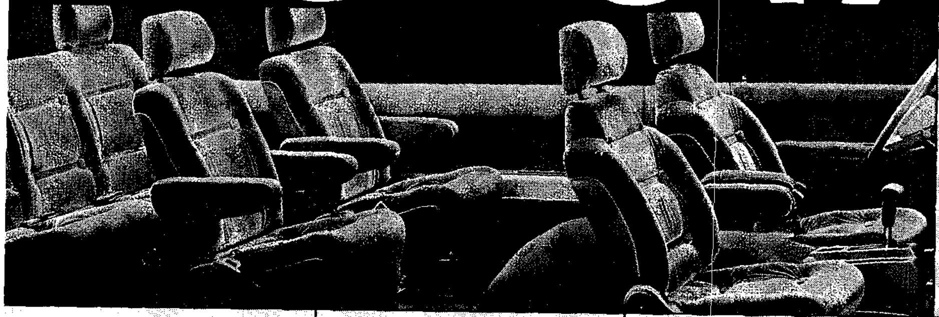

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